This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 966,467

PROPERTY OF
University of Michigan Libraries
1817
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

M.DCCC.LVIII.

JANUARY — JUNE.

1858

NEW SERIES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
WARD AND CO., 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GALLIE, GLASGOW:
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.
1858.

LONDON:

J. HADDON, PRINTER, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1858.

ART. I. — THE RELATION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM TO THE FINE ARTS.

Des Beaux Arts en Italie au point de vue religeux: Lettres écrites de Rome, Naples, Pise, &c., et suivies d'un Appendice sur l'Iconographie de l'Immaculée Conception. Par Ath. Coquerel, fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez, Editeur, 10, Rue de la Monnaie. 1857.

ROMAN CATHOLICS have always boasted that their religion has been uniformly and exclusively favourable to the growth and development of the Fine Arts, and have stigmatized Protestantism as a cold, barbarous, and tasteless religion, because she has not yet been able to furnish as long and as eminent a list of great painters and sculptors as that which graces the bright annals of Italian Art. This reproach Protestants have too easily received, and too quietly borne. They have allowed themselves to be dazzled by an imposing list of great names, without inquiring how much of their greatness was owing to their religion; they have listened to the instances in which the Church of Rome has, undoubtedly, aided the progress of the Fine Arts, without thinking of those in which she has dictated their direction, and cramped their energies. If, however, they would take the trouble to investigate, instead of taking for granted the self-sufficient assertions of their antagonists, they would speedily find that they are far too sweeping and general, and that much prejudice and not a little falsehood are mixed up in the allegations so triumphantly advanced and so confidently relied upon. We might refer to the history of the past for a refutation of the exclusive claims of Rome. We might cite

the melancholy fate of the gifted Torrigiano tortured and dying in the cells of the Inquisition, because, in just indignation, he had shivered a beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child upon receiving from the Duke of Arcos, who had commissioned it, the paltry sum of thirty ducats in maravedis. We might instance Alonso Cano, the Michael Angelo of Spain, narrowly escaping a similar fate for a similar offence. We might point to the whole history of Spanish Art, where the Roman Catholic Church, though a munificent patron, was also a rigid and intolerant censor; laying down the most minute rules for the guidance of the painter, prescribing the colour and disposition of draperies, the arrangement of hair, the position of the hands and feet, and innumerable other minute particulars, any departure from which was punished as a crime by the Inquisition, who had a censor for the purpose of enforcing these regulations, — an office which was once held by the learned Pachecho, the father-in-law of the great Velasquez. Passing from Spain to Italy, we might refer to the spoliation of the bronzes of the Pantheon by Pope Urban VIII.; to the churches of Naples adorned from the spoils of Greek and Roman Art; and to eight years of the glorious life of Michael Angelo, wasted in quarrying marble and excavating a road by the command of Pope Leo X. But we prefer coming to more modern days, and showing that the infallible Church still continues to dictate to Art, and to prescribe rules for genius just as stringent and particular as in the days of the quaint and learned Pachecho. In 1854, Cardinal Sterckx, Archbishop of Malines, published a volume bearing the title, "A short dissertation upon the manner of representing by painting the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the very holy Virgin Mary." In 1856, the Bishop of Bruges published, at Brussels, a work entitled, "Iconography of the Immaculate Conception of the very holy Virgin Mary, or concerning the best manner of representing that mystery." And lastly, a Jesuit, Father Cahier, published, in the journal called *La Voix de la Vérité* a third work upon the same subject. Of these three productions, that of the bishop is the most elaborate. It prescribes the attitude and treatment of every part of the subject,—the feet, the hands, the face, the eyes, the hair, the number, form, and colour of the garments. But this is not all. In September, 1856, the "Association for the Promotion of Christian Art," formed under the auspices and sanction of Pius IX., held its first meeting at Cologne. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne and two bishops directed the deliberations. The inaugural discourse was pronounced by Mgr. Baudri. He enlarged upon the necessity of re-uniting

the bonds between the Fine Arts and Religion, of which they ought to be the expression, and of resisting the deleterious influences of classical Paganism, and concluded in the following significant terms:—

"The unity necessary in the Arts is, that the form may be worthy of the sacred object which it ought to express. *Always confining itself within the impassable limits of the direction of the Church, and of sound tradition.* Liberty then, for all which, *within these limits*, constitutes the individuality of the artist, and honour to the tendencies which *the Church inspires and directs.*"

A liberty this, somewhat like that of the prisoner of Chillon who was perfectly free to march in all directions round the pillar to which he was fastened, as far as the length of his chain would permit. But what shall we say of a Church that arrogates to herself the exclusive patronage of Art, and yet presumes to enslave genius, to enchain imagination, and shut up inspiration within the narrow limits of ecclesiastical tradition? No wonder that in the Italy of to-day, we find servile copyists instead of great masters; that the two best sculptors in Rome are foreigners and Protestants; and that the general decadence of Art in the Eternal City is brilliantly contrasted by its wonderful progress in Great Britain; where in *tableaux de genre*, portrait, and landscape, the achievements of that heretical school, are equal to any that have graced the palmiest days of Roman Catholic Art. But, it may be said, it has been admitted for ages that the Church of Rome has been a zealous and enlightened patron of the Fine Arts, and that Protestantism cannot support and develope them in an equal degree. To this, we shall content ourselves with replying in the words of St. Cyprian, "*Consuetudo sine veritate vetustas est erroris;*" and we shall now proceed to examine the learned and elegant volume of M. Coquerel, which will clearly show how much error really exists in the prevalent and fashionable opinion with regard to the exclusively favourable influence of the Roman Catholic Church upon the progress and development of the Fine Arts, and also that Protestantism may yet give them a nobler impulse, and a higher development than they have ever yet received.

M. Coquerel considers Italian Art as exhibited at Naples, Rome, and Paris; takes a general view of Italian architecture, and concludes by a very interesting appendix on the iconography of the Immaculate Conception. On two occasions he spent a considerable time in Italy, and is familiar with her language, history, and art. His volume opens at Naples, that "*fedelissima città*" where Popery is more triumphant than in

Rome herself; where the royal family and the ministers of state figure in the ceremonies of religion, and where even the officers and Protestant soldiers of the Swiss guard are compelled to carry tapers in processions, and to adore the Host on their knees. Here, therefore, if anywhere, in this city so especially Catholic, the Fine Arts ought to have flourished with unrivalled splendour; and yet, what is really the case? The Roman Catholics of Naples have despoiled the remains of Greek and Roman Art to embellish their churches, and one may behold in a Christian temple such Pagan ornaments as the Rape of Proserpine, and a Bacchanal; and, in the Crypt of St. Januarius, the sacred and sombre chapel where repose the ashes of the patron saint of Naples, may still be seen, among the Pagan bas-reliefs which decorate the walls, the Triumph of Venus, drawn by her votaries harnessed to her car. Thus the inspiration of Romanism has led the Neapolitans to pillage the beautiful but obscene remains of ancient Art, and to desecrate with their spoils the interior of Christian temples. It has also led them to destroy the beautiful Gothic churches built by the Normans, who conquered Naples in the twelfth century, and by the Angevin dynasty in the thirteenth, by transforming them into modern Italian.

"In truth," says Mr. Coquerel, "it is luxury, the love of display, the passion for brilliant colours and colossal proportions, which have destroyed Catholic Art. The taste which reigns here is Jesuitical. Look at their principal church, the *Gieau Nuovo*. It is not very large, but the pilasters which sustain the roof are enormous; the paintings and statues are more gigantic and more extravagant than anywhere else, and a Saint Philomena in wood and wax, magnificently dressed, and adorned with splendid jewels, is placed upon the altar in a glass tomb. All this appears extremely beautiful and in the most delicate taste to the greater number of the Neapolitans."

The origin of this saint, as related by M. Coquerel, is very curious. She was born of a philological conjecture, in 1802. A skeleton was found in one of the Roman catacombs under a broken stone, on which were distinguishable the olive branch and the anchor, ordinary emblems on Christian tombs, and, besides, two arrows and a javelin, which appeared to indicate the burial place of some martyr. These symbols were accompanied by an inscription, the beginning and end of which were wanting, "*. . . . lumena pax tecum fi . . . .*" It was impossible to make it out; *lumena* was either the end of some word, or an unknown word, *fi* the commencement of another word. At last, a clever fellow extricated the Romish clergy from their difficulty. He wrote the inscrutable inscription in a circle, and

then joined the syllable *fi* to the truncated word *lumena*. The whole, thus arranged, signified, "Peace to thee, Philomena!"—a charming name for a saint, meaning "beloved." In this way the saint was compounded of several pieces; of the end of one word and the beginning of another. Pius VII. presented the skeleton of this new saint to a Neapolitan prelate who was sent to compliment him. Soon afterwards a priest was favoured with a vision, in which the saint appeared to him, and informed him that she had suffered martyrdom because, having made a vow of celibacy, she refused to marry the emperor; and these interesting historical details were further supplemented by an artist, who also had a vision, in which it was revealed to him that the name of the emperor was Diocletian. Thanks to the Jesuits, Saint Philomena has had a rapid success; she has churches in Naples and several in Paris; and thus, in this enlightened nineteenth century, with some unknown bones, and some fragmentary syllables, they have created a name, a saint, a complete legend, and a new worship. In his second letter, M. Coquerel most truly points out that, in painting as well as in architecture, Naples has most signally failed. The greatest masters that have ever wrought within her walls have been foreigners, and her school presents but a deplorable and disgraceful history, rich in acts of perfidy and revenge, poor in genius, but fertile in presumptuous and successful mediocrity. The national religion has covered two or three hundred churches with pictures without creating a single *chef-d'œuvre*. The little that Naples possesses she owes to strangers. M. Coquerel thus eloquently sums up his views of Neapolitan Art:—

"That with which I reproach Neapolitan Catholicism, is to have made itself on all occasions subservient to the grossest credulity, in making itself the eager accomplice of that false, puerile, and corrupted taste. These imaginations so easily impressed, that impatient and unreflecting levity, that vulgar passion for display, have been adopted and favoured by the clergy with all their might. In this way, Art has died under the false glare of luxury,—a just and natural punishment; but a punishment hard to bear for a Church which calls herself the mother and the fountain of the Fine Arts, and which has succeeded in making the world believe that she has merited these noble titles."

Several eloquent letters are devoted to Rome; the most important of which treat of "Modern Art," the "Exigencies of Art and of Worship," "Christian Antiquity at Rome," and "Protestantism at Rome." It must not for a moment be imagined that M. Coquerel is animated by any feeling of fanatical hatred towards the Church of Rome; the whole spirit

and treatment of his work contradicts such a supposition. It is throughout calm and moderate in tone, and remarkable for fairness and candour.

"Huguenot as I am," he says, "at heart and from conviction, I would be ashamed of myself, and would bring disgrace upon my Church if I hesitated for a single instant to recognise the good that there is in the Church of Rome; it is with this feeling that I have traversed the city of the Cæsars and of the Popes, filled with the monuments of her double reign over the world."

The distant view of the dome of St. Peter's aspiring heavenward, like a symbol of prayer, fascinated the imagination of M. Coquerel; but, on entering Rome the illusion vanished:—

"The false taste which harassed me at Naples, and which I had simply hoped to leave there behind me, reigns here in full sovereignty, with less frivolity, but in a still more painful fashion, because the artist has often the appearance of having sought what he has most signally failed to find. Rome is filled with statues which date from Bernini and his school. The hair and draperies are twisted and distorted in every possible way, as if the person represented had been on the open sea during a hurricane, and had sustained the shock of the raging winds. As to the attitudes, it seems as if the sculptor had chosen for his models actors in a melodrama, or bad singers supplying by extravagant gesticulation their musical incompetence; and this is all the more painful as the proportions of these abominable statues are colossal. What a series of awkward, fat, stuck-up angels decorate the Bridge of St. Angelo! What would the Emperor Adrian, the builder of that bridge, think of them, though he witnessed but the decline of the Arts? In the church of St. John Lateran, *mother and chief of all the churches of the city and of the world*, a long range of colossal statues represents the apostles, and these are scarcely in better taste than those upon the bridge. At St. Peter's it is still worse; there are a number of statues of this kind, which are sixteen feet in height. Do we, therefore, assert that there are no good modern statues in Rome? They exist, it is true, but one perhaps in 500, and among the 500 we may reckon 400 at least which are not merely indifferent, but absolutely detestable."

As a specimen of the way in which the Popes have sometimes patronized art, our author alludes to Urban VIII., who despoiled the Pantheon of 456,250 pounds weight of metal, and had afterwards the effrontery to vaunt this piece of Vandalism in an inscription engraved upon marble and placed under the portico of the plundered temple, thus giving occasion to the celebrated satire of Pasquin, "*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecêre Barberini.*" In the second letter from Rome there is a glowing and brilliant eulogy upon Raphael's masterpiece—"The Transfiguration":—

"One thing only," says M. Coquerel, "seems in my eyes to be beneath the subject, and that is the head of Christ. It is, indeed, admirably painted, which was most difficult to effect; as seen in front from below, the face is widened and foreshortened, which makes it lose something of its nobleness. These difficulties have been vanquished with consummate art. However, the expression, although bearing the impress of a loving majesty and a glorious serenity, remains far below what it ought to be. To me this is the only fault in the picture—a serious, but, I believe, inevitable defect. Which raises the important question, Does there exist in the whole domain of Art a single head of Christ which fully satisfies the Christian sentiment?"

In the third letter from Rome there is an admirable criticism of the celebrated "Dispute of the Sacrament," where the whole Roman Catholic system of theology is depicted with unequalled skill and grandeur. The following remarks are equally true and curious:—

"It represents not the Romish Church, but the Christian dogma as defined by that Church in the year 1500. The Christian sentiment, the Christian life, love, and duty, the meditations and the struggles of a strict conscience, or of a fervent heart, have scarcely any place in that official theology, in that faith of outward show. Nothing is personal or heartfelt; all is brilliant, but formal and external. The heavens and the earth are only a magnificent theatre where God and the Church appear before the painter and before his admirers. Christ there, is but a king of heaven, and would almost resemble the supreme divinities of paganism, the bloody marks on his hands alone recalling the crucified one. As to our world, no one there lifts an eye towards the open heaven filled with beings superior to humanity. It is towards the Host that every regard is turned; that material God, that Christ physically present, is the true God and the true Saviour for that crowd of fathers, popes, bishops, and faithful servants of the Church."

M. Coquerel afterwards contrasts with this picture of formal, official Christianity, so full of genius and marvellous in execution, the equally celebrated "School of Athens," which sprung directly from the inspiration of Renaissance, and which he considers a far superior work of Art.

An amusing account is given of a public consistory at Rome, and of the capping of three new cardinals, which is thus eloquently summed up:—

"The arranged programme is as perfectly filled up as it can possibly be with a great deal of external dignity and elegant gravity. In general, everything ceremonial is performed here with consummate ability, with an exquisite feeling of taste and propriety. The talent of playing a part well appears universal at Rome. I shall recapitu-

late the impression which all that solemnity produced upon me, by saying, that these pomps, often ridiculous in their details, are, as a whole, magnificent and imposing. It is not Religion; it is Art. It is a satisfaction given to a people greedy of spectacles. It is an answer to the famous cry, *panem et circenses*, or rather it is an answer to the second of these demands; for the first, in consequence of the exorbitant luxury, has become somewhat difficult to gratify. But what is there in common between all this and the Gospel? between all this and Jesus of Nazareth, the man of sorrows, who had not where to lay his head? I ask in vain. I have seen beneath the vast roof of the Basilica of St. John Lateran all hung with red silk damask, Pius IX. borne on the shoulders of a dozen men clad in crimson; his cardinals preceded him, their long purple robes sweeping the marble floor. His noble-guard, his Swiss, and a multitude of bishops and priests surrounded him; and he, clothed in ample robes of white silk, a golden mitre on his brow, passed along the central nave, borne to his throne above the kneeling crowd, whom he smiled upon and blessed with with a gentle and venerable air. But what seemed to me infinitely curious, was the occasion and the object of this majestic and tranquil triumph, preferable assuredly to those of the Roman generals. All this was done in honour of St. John Baptist, the rude prophet of Bethabara, the indomitable martyr of Herodias, that terrible preacher, nourished upon wild honey and locusts, clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of skin about his loins, who cried in the desert, 'O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'"

M. Coquerel was present at Rome during the illumination of St. Peter's, and he gives an eloquent description of its magnificence, and of the appearance of its vast interior during the *fête* of the saint. When the Pope enters the church he is preceded by a splendid *cortège*, at the head of which are borne three episcopal mitres, and three papal tiaras, which (as our author was informed by a priest) are intended to symbolize that the Pope is bishop and chief of three churches; the Church militant upon earth, the Church purifying in purgatory, and the Church triumphant in heaven. On inquiring how a man who acknowledged God and Christ, and who pretended to have had 269 predecessors, could call himself chief of the Church in heaven, he learned that he did so because he possessed the key of it. The following is the conclusion of the able and interesting letter in which M. Coquerel describes the ceremonies of the *fête* of St. Peter, the superstition of the "*Santissimo Bambino*," and a sermon in the Coliseum by Father Joseph, one of the most celebrated preachers in Rome:—

"There are three catholicisms: that of external pomp, which is only vanity; that of superstition, which is the debasement of the

human spirit; that of moral and religious teaching where is preserved a living spark of the light from on high, which is the soul that yet keeps alive that vast body of the Romish Church of which one half is already struck by the chill of death, and the other by its corruption."

One of the most important letters in the volume before us is that devoted to the consideration of the "Exigencies of Art and of Worship;" and, as the principal objects of the work, and the peculiar views of the author are there clearly expressed, we need make no apology for the following lengthy quotation:—

"It would be absurd to deny that the Catholic Church has rendered eminent service to artists, were it only by the call which she has made upon the fertility of their talent. It is evident that, in a purely industrial and material point of view, in what is commonly called demand and consumption, the Romish worship has opened up to those skilled in all the Fine Arts a career of work, of profit, and of reputation. We doubt not that this may often be to the detriment of religion; but it is not that which we wish at present to prove. We think that it is to the great damage of the Arts themselves, and we request permission to insist upon this point, shortly glanced at in our previous letters. It is by facts and proofs, not by abstract reasonings, that we shall support our assertion. And that assertion is shortly as follows: the Catholic religion and Art have opposite interests; conditions of existence and success, which are irreconcileable. That which is indispensable to the one, is often hurtful, sometimes fatal, to the other. We have mentioned some pictures of Raphael, of Giotto, and of Fra Angelico, where true and simple religious feelings are expressed with a rare elevation. Other names might be added to that list. But it must be confessed that these are only brilliant exceptions; and, to state our real opinion, in spite of the genius of the greatest masters, Catholic painting, far from serving the cause of piety, far from elevating the soul to things above, has done just the reverse. Art has only given to faith a gross and earthly aliment; it has debased the ideal and materialized heaven; it has compelled believing souls to live in those lower regions which are neither pure nor bright. Of Christianity, the religion of love, of holiness, of simplicity, and of peace, it has formed a catholicism intolerant and cruel, sensual and luxurious. But if artists have thus badly served the Church, has the Church on her part treated them any better? Not only has tradition, in consecrating certain types, in stereotyping incorrect costumes and conventional attitudes, enchained genius, fettered spontaneity, and destroyed independence; but one feels too often, even when face to face with a masterpiece, that what speaks to you from that animated canvass, is not the living emotion of a human soul, the throbbing heart of a man who loves and adores, but the thought of the Church, the tradition of the Church, that is to say, a collective thought, an imposed tradition, an abstraction, a

government, the official style in place of the emotions of the heart. Besides, with the exception of a very small number of chosen souls, the great Catholic painter is, in general, but a Pagan in his actual life. The most licentious manners do not hinder Raphael from giving all the conventional purity, all the necessary piety, to a picture of the Virgin, for which the Fornarina has sat to him as a model. That purity, that piety is a costume in which the Church clothes her Madonnas, and which she prescribes to her artists; —happy imposture, springing from a Pagan Art and the service of a formalist Christianity. But is it impossible to conceive an Art more free and true? Let us first examine the subjects which the Church ceases not to prescribe to painters and sculptors. A great number of these she has stamped with a deplorable vassallage by dint of everywhere reproducing them. The most tragic events, the most touching histories become veritable commonplaces, of which one is weary; we look at without seeing them; we turn from them the wearied attention which nothing awakens. That most mournful of all the scenes of the Gospel—the Crucifixion, has it not lost much of its moving horror by being constantly represented by the pencil and the chisel? What more fatiguing to find without end from church to church, these Annunciations, almost always so cold and conventional? The same subjects treated according to fixed rules, have inevitably made Art a matter of routine, and have rendered invention useless, almost impossible, and sometimes even hazardous for the artist."

M. Coquerel afterwards adverts to the monotony of many pictures of sacred subjects, such as the Madonna; to the absurdity of others, such as the representations of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; to the indecent, cruel, and ridiculous nature of many of the pictures from the legends of the saints. And he gives examples of all these, showing how unworthy an employment the Church has too often assigned to the rare gifts and brilliant genius of the most celebrated painters. He subsequently refers to the ancient church of San Stefano Rotondo at Rome, the walls of which are covered with about forty paintings by Tempesta and Pomarancio, all representing scenes of martyrdom, in which the most refined and varied cruelties are depicted with a sickening minuteness of detail; and he then demands, and with reason: Is not this a debasement, a sullying of the Arts, to employ them in such disgusting, such harrowing representations? And yet this is the Art prescribed and made use of by the Romish Church for her own purposes. To visit her sanctuaries, to study the marvels of Art with which they are enriched, is at the same time to graduate as an executioner, to become learned in every species of torture, and familiar with every description of punishment possible and impossible; and it must be remembered, that in all

these scenes of martyrdom the fury of the executioners, and the apparatus of torture, are necessarily more conspicuous and impressive, because more easily represented by painting, than the courage and constancy of the victims. What then, we may ask, must inevitably be the consequence of the daily contemplation of such abominable pictures upon the development of character, and the habits and modes of thinking of a people? Necessarily the production of a hardness of heart, an indifference to suffering, and a love of cruelty.

Our author also considers the question, how far the representation of the nude figure ought to be allowed in pictures hung up in churches intended for Christian worship; and he particularly refers to the Sistine Chapel, with its unrivalled frescoes, the figures of which, after being finished by Michel Angelo, were afterwards clothed by Volterra (who thence acquired the name of Bracchettone, or the Breeches-maker), and by Pozzi; and he thus concludes his argument:—

"I have brought forward these facts, to which I could easily add a number of others borrowed from various churches in Rome and Italy; but the example of this single chapel is sufficient; that series of corrections so necessary for worship, so ever-to-be-regretted by artists, that manifest impossibility, maugre the efforts of two Popes, to make the richest sanctuary of painting suitable for a place of worship, are proofs of the fact of the real incompatibility which will always exist between the exigences of even the Roman Catholic religion and those of Art. That with which we reproach the Romish Church is, the having tried to bring about an impossible alliance, and while so doing, inflicted serious injury upon the Fine Arts—even while constantly making indecent concessions to them. We do not wish to dwell upon this point, which we might prove by a crowd of decisive examples. One will be sufficient: the grand central portico of the Basilica of St. Peter's is of bronze; modern bas-reliefs, taken from the history of the apostle, are there set among the magnificent ancient arabesques, which comprise a number of mythological scenes: amidst these, at the height of the eye and hand, we observe the story of Ganymede and that of Leda. It is between these representations that the Pope makes his solemn entry into the sanctuary on St. Peter's Day, and at Easter. In truth, a Church so intolerant about her dogmas and authority, might be a little more particular with regard to morality and religion—might send that mythology into a museum, and purify her temples from Pagan fables."

Let us now examine for a little whether the Romish Church treats the finished works of her greatest artists in the way which might be expected from a church which boasts of her enlightened and exclusive patronage of the Fine Arts, and we shall speedily find that nothing is more fatal to a picture than

government, the official style in place of the emotions of the heart. Besides, with the exception of a very small number of chosen souls, the great Catholic painter is, in general, but a Pagan in his actual life. The most licentious manners do not hinder Raphael from giving all the conventional purity, all the necessary piety, to a picture of the Virgin, for which the Fornarina has sat to him as a model. That purity, that piety is a costume in which the Church clothes her Madonnas, and which she prescribes to her artists; —happy imposture, springing from a Pagan Art and the service of a formalist Christianity. But is it impossible to conceive an Art more free and true? Let us first examine the subjects which the Church ceases not to prescribe to painters and sculptors. A great number of these she has stamped with a deplorable vassallage by dint of everywhere reproducing them. The most tragic events, the most touching histories become veritable commonplaces, of which one is weary; we look at without seeing them; we turn from them the wearied attention which nothing awakens. That most mournful of all the scenes of the Gospel—the Crucifixion, has it not lost much of its moving horror by being constantly represented by the pencil and the chisel? What more fatiguing to find without end from church to church, these Annunciations, almost always so cold and conventional? The same subjects treated according to fixed rules, have inevitably made Art a matter of routine, and have rendered invention useless, almost impossible, and sometimes even hazardous for the artist."

M. Coquerel afterwards adverts to the monotony of many pictures of sacred subjects, such as the Madonna; to the absurdity of others, such as the representations of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; to the indecent, cruel, and ridiculous nature of many of the pictures from the legends of the saints. And he gives examples of all these, showing how unworthy an employment the Church has too often assigned to the rare gifts and brilliant genius of the most celebrated painters. He subsequently refers to the ancient church of San Stefano Rotondo at Rome, the walls of which are covered with about forty paintings by Tempesta and Pomarancio, all representing scenes of martyrdom, in which the most refined and varied cruelties are depicted with a sickening minuteness of detail; and he then demands, and with reason: Is not this a debasement, a sullying of the Arts, to employ them in such disgusting, such harrowing representations? And yet this is the Art prescribed and made use of by the Romish Church for her own purposes. To visit her sanctuaries, to study the marvels of Art with which they are enriched, is at the same time to graduate as an executioner, to become learned in every species of torture, and familiar with every description of punishment possible and impossible; and it must be remembered, that in all

these scenes of martyrdom the fury of the executioners, and the apparatus of torture, are necessarily more conspicuous and impressive, because more easily represented by painting, than the courage and constancy of the victims. What then, we may ask, must inevitably be the consequence of the daily contemplation of such abominable pictures upon the development of character, and the habits and modes of thinking of a people? Necessarily the production of a hardness of heart, an indifference to suffering, and a love of cruelty.

Our author also considers the question, how far the representation of the nude figure ought to be allowed in pictures hung up in churches intended for Christian worship; and he particularly refers to the Sistine Chapel, with its unrivalled frescoes, the figures of which, after being finished by Michel Angelo, were afterwards clothed by Volterra (who thence acquired the name of Bracchettone, or the Breeches-maker), and by Pozzi; and he thus concludes his argument:—

"I have brought forward these facts, to which I could easily add a number of others borrowed from various churches in Rome and Italy; but the example of this single chapel is sufficient; that series of corrections so necessary for worship, so ever-to-be-regretted by artists, that manifest impossibility, maugre the efforts of two Popes, to make the richest sanctuary of painting suitable for a place of worship, are proofs of the fact of the real incompatibility which will always exist between the exigences of even the Roman Catholic religion and those of Art. That with which we reproach the Romish Church is, the having tried to bring about an impossible alliance, and while so doing, inflicted serious injury upon the Fine Arts—even while constantly making indecent concessions to them. We do not wish to dwell upon this point, which we might prove by a crowd of decisive examples. One will be sufficient: the grand central portico of the Basilica of St. Peter's is of bronze; modern bas-reliefs, taken from the history of the apostle, are there set among the magnificent ancient arabesques, which comprise a number of mythological scenes: amidst these, at the height of the eye and hand, we observe the story of Ganymede and that of Leda. It is between these representations that the Pope makes his solemn entry into the sanctuary on St. Peter's Day, and at Easter. In truth, a Church so intolerant about her dogmas and authority, might be a little more particular with regard to morality and religion—might send that mythology into a museum, and purify her temples from Pagan fables."

Let us now examine for a little whether the Romish Church treats the finished works of her greatest artists in the way which might be expected from a church which boasts of her enlightened and exclusive patronage of the Fine Arts, and we shall speedily find that nothing is more fatal to a picture than

to become an object of adoration. All those which are not protected against the homage of their votaries by being placed in a museum, are speedily damaged or destroyed by the exigences of worship. Look at the "Last Judgment" of Michel Angelo. When the Pope worships in the Sistine Chapel, tapers are lighted before it, incense ascends in clouds, and soon the lofty building is filled by a thick, warm vapour, which adds a new coating of smoke to those which have for three centuries been accumulating upon the fresco. Beneath such an ordeal, in a given time, this noble effort of genius must inevitably be destroyed, and thus the necessities of worship in a regular and systematic manner ruin the labours of the artist. Such is the way in which a church calling herself the mother of the Fine Arts, treats the masterpiece of one of her most illustrious sons. Twice she has intrusted it to the correction of inferior artists; at regular intervals she subjects it to destructive fumigations; and she has erected opposite to it an altar surmounted by a canopy of red velvet, whose glaring hues entirely destroy the effects of the fresco. Nor is this grand work of Michel Angelo an exception; many other masterpieces of Art are suffering from a similar course of treatment:—

"The Romish Church," says M. Coquerel, "would deny it in vain. She prescribes to artists representations of subjects often monotonous, sometimes impossible, ridiculous, or repulsive, and when the works which she has inspired are delivered up to her, she exposes them to the chances of certain destruction within a given period, sacrifices them to the incompatible requirements of Art and worship, and subordinates them to the caprices of a false taste, which charms the vulgar eye."

In his letter upon "Christian Antiquity at Rome," M. Coquerel makes the following excellent remarks, upon the mutual and deplorable effects of Paganism and Christianity when brought into contact, during the decline of the Roman Empire:—

"It is true that Roman civilization was decaying of old age; but upon that soil, covered with such mighty *débris;* encumbered with the foundations and the ruins of a monarchy, a republic, an empire (already frail at its birth), and, finally, of polytheism, the regenerating river, the torrent of living waters, could not spread itself out without becoming defiled, like the Tiber, with the filth of Rome, and without rolling along, on its mighty waves, the innumerable ruins of bygone days. Catholicism is nothing else than this: Paganism and Christianity interpenetrating one another. In the final struggle between the religions, that of the old world has fallen, like the mystic serpent; but not without having wounded its adversary, and

having instilled the poison into all his veins. It could not well be otherwise. A civilization, so glorious, so truly great; a mass of facts and ideas, so profoundly human, does not suffer itself to be swept away from the face of the earth in a single day; but re-acts for a long time against its very conquerors. Two circumstances contribute to this result. The *Roman* spirit has always been essentially traditional and conservative, by superstition, by policy, and by instinct. It was a characteristic trait of such a people to make a sort of fusion of the new and Christian spirit with the secular forms of polytheism. It was at Rome, if anywhere, that such a result might have been expected; and we need not be astonished to read on one side of the obelisk, in the *Piazza del Popolo*, that it was brought from Egypt by the *Pontifex Maximus*, Cæsar Augustus, and upon the opposite face, that it was raised to its present position by the *Pontifex Maximus*, Sextus V."

M. Coquerel proceeds to point out, at considerable length, how the influences of Paganism are to be traced, even in the frescoes of the catacombs; where Jesus Christ is often represented converting the world, under the symbol of Orpheus playing on the lyre, and ravishing wild beasts, rocks, and trees. Christianity, introduced into the heathen world by converted Jews, was at first but little favourable to the Fine Arts. The most ancient sepulchral stones bear no symbols, but often the most touching inscriptions; the Christian idea of life and peace after death is constantly reproduced; Christ is frequently designated merely by the two first letters of his name in Greek, and sometimes also by the Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. Still later, palms appear engraven upon the tombs, as emblems of the victory of the Christian, and especially of the martyr. The dove with the olive branch, also appears, as a token of safety. And the fish designates the Christian, according to the saying of our Saviour to Peter and Andrew, "I will make you fishers of men." The anchor, too, is another common symbol of the Christian hope. It is somewhat singular that during the first three centuries, when the Christians were continually exposed to persecutions, torture, and martyrdom, no emblems of pain or terror are to be seen on their tombs; only symbols of security, hope, and triumph, as the anchor, the lyre, and the crown; as if the faith of these early warriors of the church militant was so lively and fervent, so capable of realizing the unseen, of grasping the future, that the heavenly glories which awaited them were unceasingly present to their view, and entirely dwarfed or shut out the evils and sufferings of their earthly career.

In 691, a council of the church declared, that for the future, Christ ought to be represented under the similitude of a man

as the most suitable. The first human figure met with in the ancient Christian tombs is that of Jesus, under the emblem of the good shepherd. On these the Saviour always appears as a beardless young man, with a short Roman tunic, bearing upon his shoulders the lost sheep. At other times, he appears as a doctor, surrounded by his disciples, always in a Greco-Roman costume, and generally without a beard. When Christian Art begins to show itself, the taint of Paganism is immediately apparent; nothing is more common than to see rivers, mountains, towns, day, and night, represented by divinities. The god of the Jordan, for instance, leaning upon an urn, assists at the baptism of Christ; and, to descend to more modern days, Dante, Michel Angelo, Camoens—all the Middle Age—mixed up without scruple the *débris* of Pagan mythology with the mysteries of Christianity.

The favourite themes of traditional Roman Catholic orthodoxy have no place in the catacombs. These remote witnesses of the early Christian faith are very curious and instructive. The Gospel scenes which are there engraven, are Christ as the good shepherd, and Christ teaching; the changing of the water into wine; the miracle of the loaves and fishes; the cures of the lame and blind; the raising of Lazarus; and, sometimes, the adoration of the Magi, and the entry into Jerusalem; that is to say, an asemblage of subjects where Christ alone gives life, nourishment, and healing to the souls who believe in him. Scenes from the passion and death of our Lord, especially the crucifixion, are never found before the eighth century, and the reason is obvious: those whose tastes were formed by the spirit of ancient Art could not take pleasure in scenes of horror, and desired that even suffering itself should appear with a calm and noble aspect. For them the cross was enough; the effigy of the Crucified One would have been painful. And this distinction ought especially to be kept in view between the modern church and that of the earlier ages; that while the former has specially adored the body of Jesus nailed to the cross, the latter preferred to think of and contemplate him as a living Saviour. In the first centuries of Christianity, too, the mother of our Lord is never depicted except as a completely secondary personage; and there is good reason to believe that the Virgin and the infant Jesus were never represented alone before the sixth century. The *portrait* of our Saviour only occurs twice in the Roman catacombs, and cannot belong to the earliest ages of Christian art. God the father is never represented under a human figure in the catacombs; and many ages subsequently, the subject was treated with the greatest reserve, the presence of the Eternal being indicated merely by a hand

coming out from a veil of clouds. In short, the tombs, the paintings, the mosaics, and bas-reliefs of the early Christians, show us that the unhappy idea of representing God in a work of Art is a modern invention; that the traditional figure of our Lord was rarely depicted, or even indicated; that the pre-eminence since assigned to the Virgin was absolutely unknown; that the early Christians began by avoiding images; and, that when they were had recourse to, the first were symbols far more than actual representations. For all these outrages against good taste, for all these melancholy innovations upon the pure faith and simple worship of the early Christians, the Roman Catholic Church has to answer; and yet she pretends to be the exclusive patroness of Art, and the most munificent rewarder of genius.

The eighth letter of M. Coquerel is employed in considering "Protestantism at Rome."

"In general," he tells us, "the official position of the Holy See, with regard to Protestantism, is an affectation of ignorance. It is obliged to consent, in spite of itself, that the Prussian Embassy may have a Protestant chaplain; but it wishes to be considered ignorant of his existence; it does not wish to recognise him under a title that would recall his pastoral functions; and it is, therefore, necessary for him to be named attaché to the Embassy by the King of Prussia, in order that he may have on his passport a laical, and, at the same time, an official qualification. Is not all this puerile? It is because actual Protestantism is presumed to have no existence! It is supposed to have been vanquished in the past; and one may see, at Rome, three public monuments of its defeats: in the Vatican, in Santa Maggiore, and in the church of the Jesuits."

M. Coquerel considers that the brightest era of Roman Catholic Art was anterior to that of the highest artistic excellence. From Giotto to Perugino comprises the palmiest days of painting inspired by the Church of Rome, and the true chiefs of that school are Giotto and the Dominican monk Fra Angelico. But when the revival of letters illuminated the world—when that trio of mighty geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, and Raphael—all three at the same time, engineers, architects, sculptors, and painters of the first class—the Roman Catholic school no longer existed. The arts, emancipated from their fetters, shone with unrivalled lustre, which they owed to the study of antiquity, and to that new impulse of the human spirit, which had for its most glorious and fruitful result, the Reformation. M. Coquerel denies that the Romish Church has ever created a great artist; she has made use of those she found, and if great Popes, like Nicholas V. and Leo X., have protected

the Fine Arts in all their splendour, Bernini, and a number of other indifferent artists have experienced no less support; while the Church has often permitted, and sometimes commanded, these men to accommodate to their own false, puerile, and detestable taste, the most pure and elevated remains of antiquity and of the greatest masters.

A beautiful and interesting letter is written by M. Coquerel from Pisa, that ancient capital, noble even in decay — that tomb of the Middle Ages—that funeral city where Catholic Art, with its stiff beauty and fervent expression, lies buried for ever. The walls of the vast galleries which surround the cemetery of the Campo Santo, are consecrated by the genius of Orcagna, from whom even Raphael and Michel Angelo deigned to borrow, and did not always improve upon what they had taken. Curious and interesting is the Cathedral of Pisa; and a miracle of Gothic architecture in miniature, her church of *Santa Maria della spina;* and her museum, one of the most perfect collections of pre-Raphaelite art; but all these pale before the treasures which the Campo Santo presents to the student of the history, the religion, and the Art of the Middle Ages. There, Orcagna was charged to represent the four ends of man, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; the first and second of which are undoubtedly by his hand. On these lofty walls we may yet behold, though sometimes half effaced by time, the whole Middle Age, with its strange manners, barbarous and poetical, shameless and devout; its knights and noble ladies in the costume of their time; its monks, its diablerie, and its miracles. Here is M. Coquerel's opinion of the Campo Santo:—

"The general impression which we receive from this extensive museum of the dead, is that of a vast and sad whole. We are overwhelmed by a feeling of unmeasured greatness, of unquiet multiplicity, of efforts without result, and of movement without effect. Human life, as conceived by the Middle Age, had nothing collective about it. The popular idea of our times, the idea of solidarity, of progress, of a general development in which all ought to take part, of a future amelioration which all ought to strive to hasten, was unknown to the artists of the Pisan cemetery. Every one for himself in this world, for good or for evil: the hermit in the desert, afterwards in heaven; the voluptuary in his pleasures, afterwards in hell; responsibility reduced to a sad and stern law, the law of penitence and maceration; man the sinner, destined to suffer, and only appeasing his offended God and avoiding eternal punishment, by making a hell of this world. There is no trace of either love or progress in this popular and terrible theology. God is pitiless; Jesus Christ, a judge not implacable, but offended; and the difference between the angels and demons is only that between the policeman who seizes the criminal, and the executioner who tortures him. If God is compassion, if Christi-

anity is love, if moral sanctification is the end, and pardon through Christ the means, that is a religion entirely different from what we behold in Campo Santo, which rather resembles Judaism, except that it adds to it the complications and the terrors of a pitiless dogmatism."

In another part of his Pisan letter, M. Coquerel remarks:—

"Nothing, in our opinion, more strongly proves the religious superiority of the painters anterior to the great epoch of art, than the contrast between the last judgment of Orcagna and that of Michel Angelo. The former is much more Catholic, more Christian, more pious; he also rises higher, if painting is only a language intended to speak to the soul. The latter, on the other hand, is much less touching, much more pagan; but, as a painter, he is not the less superior. New proof with what degree of truth the Church of Rome boasts of what she has done for artists. Those whom she has most powerfully inspired are not the greatest. The Renaissance, antiquity, the study of nature, have produced the greatest masters, while the inspiration of Catholicism has failed to do so. Orcagna is a mystical artist, depicting what he believes; Michel Angelo, a genius exempt from all mysticism, who, in the treatment of a given subject, displays a marvellous skill, an incredible power, and that anatomical science which he had acquired in dissecting, thanks to the prior of the convent of San Spirito."

M. Coquerel was delighted with the freshness, purity, and fervour of the works of Fra Angelico; and also with those of Giotto, whom he terms the most biblical of all Italian painters; and, while commenting on the fervent and unaffected piety of the monk of Fiesole, he alludes to a mawkish modern imitation in a note which we are tempted to translate:—

"Only, it is precisely when one has witnessed the rare elevation of the piety of the fourteenth century, that one feels most the puerility of Puseyism, which believes it possible to resuscitate, to galvanize, or, in truth, to copy such things. That which is beautiful and striking in Angelico, is the spontaneity, the perfect sincerity, of his feelings and beliefs; that which constitutes his merit is, that he belongs to his age and his country. Of what country and of what age is that contemptible counterfeit, that mediæval imitation which they have attempted at Oxford?"

In his "glance over Italian architecture," M. Coquerel points out, that although there is an architecture which may be considered peculiarly Catholic, its masterpieces are not to be found in Italy, but in Germany, Belgium, France, and England. The cathedral of Milan is not pure Gothic. Santa-Maria della Spina at Pisa, though beautiful, is extremely small; at Rome, one church only, that of Santa-Maria sopra Minerva, represents the true

style of Catholic architecture; and almost all traces of Gothic Art have been carefully effaced from the churches of Naples.

"What then (he says) is the ecclesiastical architecture of Italy? An innumerable series of combinations, in general unfortunate, where the round arch of Rome and the Greek triangle alternate, intermingle, intersect one another, almost always without character and without taste; occasionally some of the elements of Gothic art are mixed up as if by chance. Nothing in the world can be colder in a religious point of view, and we never feel at Rome the profound religious impression that steals over us, for example, under the long nave of the church of St. Ouen at Rouen. Nothing, as art, is falser, more distorted, more pitiful, than these perpetual façades which one encounters at Rome in all the streets, and often the interior is no better than the exterior. It is a mélange of vertical, horizontal, oblique, straight and curved lines."

Our author afterwards proceeds to criticize the façade of St. Peter's; its interior, whose vastness unhappily does not at first strike the eye; and the fatal change of M. Angelo's plan of a Greek cross into a Latin one, by Carlo Maderno, at the command of a pope, which has destroyed the effect of its distinctive and principal feature, the stupendous dome. Some other celebrated Italian churches are subsequently examined, and the inability of the Italians to construct the spire is noticed; there was too much paganism in the fine arts of Rome to permit her to invent that simple Christian symbol arising from earth to Heaven, like prayer breathed from the soul to God. The conclusion arrived at is, that Rome, with all her vast resources, with the treasures of a world at her command, has failed to create in Italy an ecclesiastical architecture worthy of the name. It is to civil, and not to ecclesiastical buildings that we must turn, if we desire to study the architecture of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in all the riches of its development, in all the variety of its powers, in all the affluence of its life and expansion. In church architecture, as in painting and sculpture, Art subjected to sacerdotal tradition constantly failed; while, in civil architecture, the same art left to itself has achieved signal successes, and has even turned the difficulties it encountered into occasions for new beauties and fresh triumphs. The finest buildings in the great cities of Italy are proofs of this. At Verona the *Porta de' Borsari*, the *Piazza dei Signori*, the tombs of the *Della Scala*; at Padua the *Palazzo della raggione*, which contains the largest hall in Italy, adorned with astrological emblems; at Bologna the ancient University; at Sienna, the *Palio*, and the Palace of the Communes; at Vicenza, the two columns marking the dominion of Venice; at Florence the *Loggia de' Lanzi;* at Genoa, the Exchange and the Bank of St. George; at Venice, the Palace of the

Doges, with its superb *Porta della Carta*, and its Giants' Staircase, connected by the Bridge of Sighs with that other palace, whose smiling façade was the dwelling of the principal jailor, while behind, along the Orfano Canal, stretched the prisons from which many a captive never returned.

In the conclusion of his work M. Coquerel repeats and enforces what he has been previously endeavouring to prove, and also glances at the future of the Fine Arts. He states that he has nowhere asserted that, in the infancy of Art, Catholicism, or rather the Christian elements which it contained, has not sometimes communicated a happy inspiration to artists; while, at the same time, he has affirmed that it has also kept them in bondage and materially impeded their progress. Priestcraft, and the authority of tradition, sadly oppressed the Fine Arts until they were delivered from that bondage at the epoch of the Renaissance. Indeed, in spite of the important, far too important part, which Catholicism has assigned to the fine arts in her worship, it is not too much to say that the Romish Church has not been able to keep them at their true height for a single instant. She has hastened their downfall by a triple and fatal influence; by always more and more materializing religion, which is the fatal defect of Catholicism; by seeking the colossal and the unmeasured, instead of the beautiful, which is the malady of Roman taste; by sacrificing Art to luxury and show, which is the tactic of Jesuitism.*

M. Coquerel afterwards inquires, how it happens that the masters of the French school of painting have not equalled the great artists of Italy, Belgium, and Holland, in originality, power, or fertility. And he replies, because the double absolutism of Catholicism and of royalty destroyed in France the liberty of art. The truly national, bold, independent, fertile school of French art—a school in the highest degree original and initiative—died Huguenot and proscribed. It perished in the dungeons of the Bastille, with Bernard Palissy; in the carnage of St. Bartholomew, with Jean Goujon, and Goudimel;† and we cannot too deeply regret the untimely

* M. Coquerel adopts as his own the following remarks of a celebrated critic: "Whilst painting and sculpture are subjected to sacerdotal influences, they remain in infancy, and consequently incomplete. Art only merits the name when philosophical ideas combine themselves with religious habitudes. In Italy, Dante and Petrarch opened the path along which Raphael and Michel Angelo proceeded. But, between these last geniuses, there appeared a man essentially a philosopher, who mastered and developed with the utmost power and sagacity all the resources of art. That man was Leonardo da Vinci."—M. Delécluze, *Journal des Débats*, 25th Nov., 1856.

† Goudimel is the principal author of the melodies of the French Pro-

destruction of that promising and brilliant school. To these Protestant artists may be added the names of Jean Cousin, painter and sculptor, the true founder of the national school; Androuet Ducerceau, the architect who joined the Louvre to the Tuileries; Salomon de Brosse, the builder of the Luxembourg; the painters and engravers, Sébastian Bourdon, Abraham Bosse, Petitot; and, among the labourers in the industrial arts, Gobelin and Boule. A crowd of other distinguished artists might be referred to, but, says M. Coquerel:—

"Are not these great names sufficient to prove the radical falsity of that prejudice, often accepted without reply by Protestants themselves, that Protestantism is essentially hostile to the fine arts? If that were the fact, it would condemn our church and our faith; because the sentiment of art is a sublime gift of the Creator, one of the *talents* which he has given us to be made use of; all religion which would deny the beautiful, or forbid the love and the study of it, would mutilate and debase, instead of entirely regenerating man. It is very true that the Puritans proscribed, with ignorant and illiberal rigour, most of the forms of the beautiful. They were in the wrong, but let us be just towards them, and remember that imagination, banished by them from all the realms of art, except a single one, strictly confined within the field of poetry, sought out the beautiful under that, the most immaterial of all its forms, and found, what will always be awanting to the genius of France, an epic poem. Milton is our Homer, and Italian Catholicism, in spite of Tasso and Ariosto, has nothing comparable to what Algarotti terms the *Gigantesca sublimita Miltoniana*. All the grandeur of Michel Angelo, with more love, more faith, more purity, is to be found in Milton; and his faults, with which he has been so much reproached, cannot be weighed against the sublime elevation, and the incomparable power of his genius. The double poetry of Protestantism, that of the Bible and that of personal faith, is there in its energy and splendour, its deep religion, its richness of colour and of imagery. Like Milton in England, and Luther in Germany, the illustrious French Protestants above-named prove the fact that the glories of the imagination are not forbidden to us. There is but one thing more to say. We believe it clear that the time when religious art was merely a matter of formality, is past, never to return. Painters, sculptors, architects, would you wish to create? which is, after all, the ultimate object of art. Would you attain to a sublime originality? Would you be fertile and powerful? Know assuredly that we only express with greatness, that which we think or feel with freedom. Learn that there is no moral resort of equal power with that to be found in one's own mind, no vivacity or freshness of imagination comparable to those of a soul at once independent and believing. The individual

testant Psalter. At Rome, he was the master of Palestrina, and, through that illustrious composer, has exercised a mighty influence upon modern music.

spirituality, the free faith, the frank, spontaneous piety of the Protestant, can alone open to you that glorious career. There only burns the sacred fire; there only breathes the spirit of life; there only is the assured conquest of the future."

We have thus endeavoured, at considerable length, to give some idea of M. Coquerel's learned and interesting volume. He has shown himself an eloquent writer, as well as a bold and original thinker; occasionally, perhaps, he may push his conclusions a little too far, and venture upon assertions somewhat too sweeping; but, in the main, we believe him to be thoroughly in the right, and we hail his work with pleasure, both as a vigorous defence of Protestantism against an undeserved reproach, and as a most valuable contribution to the literature of the Fine Arts.

Art. II.—THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHRYSOSTOM.

1. *Chrysostomi, S. Joannis, Opera omnia quæ extant, vel quæ ejus nomine circumferuntur, ad MSS. codices Gallicanos, Vaticanos, Anglicanos, Germanicanosque; necnon ad Savilianam et Frontonianam editiones castigata, innumeris aucta; nova interpretatione, ubi opus erat, præfationibus, monitis, notis, variis lectionibus illustrata; nova sancti doctoris vita, appendicibus onomastico, et copiosissimis indicibus locupletata. Gr. et Lat.* Studio D. Bernardi de Montfaucon, Monachi Ordinis S. Benedicti. Editio Parisina altera aucta. 8vo. Tom. XIII. Parisiis: 1837.
2. *Histoire de Saint Jean Chrysostome, Archevêque de Constantinople, Docteur de l'Eglise: sa vie, ses œuvres, son siècle, influence de son genie.* Par M. l'Abbé J. B. Bergier, Missionnaire de Beaupré. Paris: 1856.

The troubles which attended the infancy and early growth of Christianity gave place to troubles of another, and scarcely less pernicious, order in the fourth century. By means of the pressure of persecution from without, and the consequent greater cohesion within, the church grew up through three centuries of trial heavenward, like a city built upon a narrow base, to which story after story is added, as is Coleridge's fine figure. But when it had conquered its freedom, and was at liberty to expand at will, it shot out with a weakening effect on every side, like a primitive town encroaching upon unoccupied territory, the principle of disintegration operating upon its fortunes and principles without any countervailing

check. While, therefore, there is in the history of this period no little to thank Heaven for in the disarmament of the forces of paganism, in the recognition of the social status of the Christians, and in the very general diffusion and acceptance of the religion of Jesus throughout the Roman Empire, there are nevertheless some serious drawbacks to be taken into account. This was the age of heresies. The mind, flung at liberty from the conservative influence of persecution on the one hand, and on the other, left free to canvass the modifications of paganism of all sorts and shades, no few of which had by this time contrived to infuse a portion of their vices into the Christian system, recklessly pursued, in too many cases, a career of heretical pravity and superstition. To this age belonged Arius and Apollinaris, and Marcellus of Ancyra, and Photinus, and Macedonius, and Priscillian, and Audeus, and heretics of inferior name besides, while the Donatists, the Manicheans, the Gnostics, Euchites and the Collyridians form only specimens of the mosaic into which the unity of Christian doctrine was distributed. Nor were these multifarious opinions maintained with the unclouded front of philosophy, or put forth with the quiet assertion of speculation. The many-headed Cerberus of ecclesiastical disputation barked with all his mouths, and wounded and killed wherever he could fasten his teeth. The persecution unto death of ecclesiastical opponents was as rife within the Church, as the violence and oppression of heathen rulers had once been from without. Mercy, which could weep over a broken bone or an untimely grave, was bereft of its bowels when only a heretic was concerned—could sentence a recusant in the early morning to the mines or the scaffold, and coolly eat its breakfast afterwards, with the consciousness of having done a meritorious action. But this course of procedure has not been confined to those days; for the weapons of the persecutor are marked by a strange uniformity of temper, and keep that temper long. To crush the body with a view to cure the soul is not merely the device of the self-macerating ascetic; others are prepared to do it for him, should he be unconcerned about the state of his soul's health. Now, to persecution from heretics we owe one half of John Chrysostom's history; his sufferings being, at the same time, professedly due to the heresies ascribed to himself. But ere we enter on the details of that history, let us glance at the scenes amid which he was born, where his character was formed, and that perilous celebrity was obtained which advanced him to the highest ecclesiastical dignity in New Rome.

Antioch was built on the Orontes, but rather on the south side of that river than on the north, which only boasted an

insignificant suburb. On the breast of hills sloping down to the stream, and in the intermediate plain, lay widely spread the beautiful city, which boasted in the fourth century of being only third to Rome and Constantinople. Three leagues in circuit, with a population of a quarter of a million, it must have been somewhat larger than modern Dublin, while in the picturesqueness of its site, the rifted ravines that scarred the surface of its hills, and the dark mountain torrents that divided its streets, it must have far surpassed in its local attractions the elegant capital of the sister island. Thus the city which Seleucus built, and the Syrian kings made the stronghold of their power and the metropolis of their splendour, was even more signalized by the endowments of nature than adorned by the contrivances of art. Yet these latter were not wanting. Macedonians, Syrians, and Romans, for hundreds of years, lavished their resources upon its embellishment with no inadequate success; and temple and shrine, academy and portico, theatre and circus, palace and basilica, rose in all quarters, the growth of luxury, the ministers of pride, to attest the wealth and skill of the contrivers. Of the excellence of their architecture, proof remains to this day in the massive portions of the huge encircling walls and towers of cut stone, which have defied the efforts of time and incessant warfare for two thousand years to demolish, to which we must add the shocks of repeated earthquakes, which, while they have shattered all less substantial works to ruin, have been forced to spare these enormous ramparts. Power had its home here, for it was the capital of a monarchy; commerce its mart, for it was the highway along which passed the merchandise of the East and West; science its schools, for philosophers follow rank and cultivation; and luxury its hot-bed, where the corruptions of Europe and Asia met, and from their conjunction sprung a prodigal outgrowth of vice and debauchery, such as neither of them singly had been able to produce. The virtues as well as the vices of civilization were there, but the vices predominated from the character of the soil whence they issued.

The glory of the city within the walls was outshone by the Switzerland of varied beauty without. Let us take our stand on that western hill, which kingly jealousy has fortified with especial care as the citadel of the place, and the *dernier ressort* of its defenders. With that gallant centurion's leave, who commands the gates to-day, we shall mount the topmost tower, and take in at a glance the panorama of splendour around. Not far distant to the south rises Mount Casius in solitary grandeur, a perfect cone; more south and east, the northern term of the range; due east, along the upward course of the Orontes, the

lake backed by mountains in the far distance and in front, while directly under the walls, stretches that extensive plain up and down the river which, though less picturesque than the bolder scenery around, like the Vega of Granada, has a beauty of its own in its rich gardens, vineyards and oliveyards, flowers and fruit.

Fringed with an arboreal vegetation of the most varied and luxuriant sort, the Orontes takes its way westward to the sea, in as lordly state as the Jordan with its palmy swellings to its bed in the Asphaltic gulf. During this brief transit, its majestic bluffs of 300 feet high may compare to no disadvantage with "the castled crag of Drachenfels," or the Bastei of Saxon Schweitz. Often and often, when Antioch was the metropolis of an empire, and not as now the echo of a name, must those bluffs have rung with the music of the royal galley, as one after another Antiochus sought relief from the *ennui* of pleasure on shore, by courting it on the stream,—to pall anywhere, for of all earth's vanities, pleasure is the most evanescent. Now, however, tracing the course of the river by occasional gleams of its waters, but chiefly by its bordering myrtles, the eye of the observer at last rests upon that object which alone compensates for lack of beauty in a landscape, which is in itself, in all moods, scenery to the most fastidious eye,—the glorious sea, and that sea of all seas the ancientest and best known—the blue Mediterranean, about as distant from Antioch as Ostia from Rome.

But is there no intermediate object to detain the eye? Whither tends that merry-making mob, with so much of the gaiety of holiday, and somewhat of the pomp of procession? What mean those banners and canopies, those cymbals and trumpets, festal robes, and incense, and song? These are bound for Daphne, that grove in the distance, where the rose and laurel vie for pre-eminence,—the rose by its flowers and fragance compensating for the brevity of its life, the laurel by the perpetuity of its verdure making amends for its lack of flowers. And other embowering trees and shrubs are there, fair to look upon and sweet to smell, while most luxuriant to shelter the fainting frame from the heat of day, and to hide questionable license from the prying eye of curiosity. A coarse and licentious worship holds its revel there to-day; but every day in the glades and recesses of that greenwood is in this respect nearly alike. The votaries of Venus and Adonis have their home amid those voluptuous shades, tempt all comers with soft delights, and blend the monstrous materialism of the Orient, and the scarcely more refined imaginations of Greece, into an unending liturgy of sensuality and sin. The scene we describe might have been witnessed any day down to the date of Chrysostom, for our

chronicler is Cyril of Alexandria, who could not have written sooner than A.D. 412. Of the extent and magnificence of the city in the Middle Ages, when the alternate conquest of Saracen and Crusader, a fair idea may be formed from the information supplied by the *Gesta Francorum*, that it contained 360 convents for men and women, besides a due proportion of churches, while its patriarch had 150 bishops within his jurisdiction. A grand, picturesque, and potential city was Antioch, both pagan and Christian, until the last thousand years. As the Crescent grew, Antioch waned—the history without an exception of the entire East, once so populous and flourishing,—a damning judgment of the social incapacity of Mohammedanism. Its streets are now silent which were full of people, its temples demolished, its marts forsaken, its inhabitants poor and few, cooped up in a corner of what was once the queen-city of Syria, and of all that was little remains but the beauty of nature to testify what once it had been.

There, in the most thriving days of its prosperity, and in the most degenerate of its moral character, did Chrysostom labour year after year, "a workman" that needed not "to be ashamed," —we speak of the conscientiousness of his labours, not of the clearness of his views,—according to his light dividing "the word of truth."

JOHN, surnamed CHRYSOSTOM, was the son of a gentleman, his father having been an officer of rank in the Roman army in Syria. Secundus, when commandant of the cavalry in that region, had married a young and accomplished wife, Anthusa, in Antioch, her parentage like his own, being Greek or Roman. What is more important is to be able to state that the parents were Christian soldiers in the army of the Cross, enlisted in the sacramental host of heaven. Although the dates assigned to the birth of Chrysostom range between A.D. 344 and 354, we are disposed, with the most trustworthy writers, to adopt the year 354, as nearest the truth. While yet an infant in arms, his gallant father died, leaving his widowed mother burdened with the care of him and of his sister, little older than himself. Means of support were fortunately not wanting, for without trenching upon the property of his father to which Chrysostom was heir, his mother supported in fitting style her orphan children on her patrimonial estate; nevertheless, all the cares of widowed maternity were hers.

The orphans were fortunate in their mother, singularly so, yet who has heard of Anthusa, the guardian of her son's morals, the steward of his estate, the "widow indeed" of the gallant Secundus, the Christian parent of Chrysostom? The world has rung with the praises of Monica, the mother of

Augustine, yet amongst the mothers of the great and good must we not omit the virtuous and prudent trainer of one of the greatest orators in the world. The reason is to be found in some two or three considerations. The fame of Chrysostom himself is over-shadowed—at least has been so up to a recent date—by the denser, loftier laurels of Augustine. Chrysostom was a great preacher, but Augustine an eminent theologian; the one a brilliant speaker, the other a weighty writer; Chrysostom would, therefore, be admired as an expositor, while Augustine would be appealed to as an authority. The church of the West, moreover, has been exclusively dominant over Europe for fifteen hundred years, and Africa had the closest connexion with the Western church, bound up with its fortunes, professing its creed, acknowledging its influence, and more or less owning its control. The prominent post, therefore, assigned to his mother in the story of his conversion by the great African divine, would naturally spread her name through those regions where his writings were popular, and render her, in the common imagination, the type of all that is hallowed, superior, and successful in the training of perverse youth. The very faults of the man, the confession of which has made him an object of such enchaining interest among all persons who have heard his name, have likewise contributed to the celebrity of that saintly woman, who, aided by the grace of God, successfully combated those faults, and made him what he afterwards became. The Eastern Patriarch, who wrote in Greek, was never so well-known in the Latin churches—nor consequently his mother; and, known by misfortune, he never could become so interesting as a man known by his faults. A pauper is common-place in comparison with a criminal; in popular appreciation the usurper is ever the hero, not the degraded monarch. The comparative blamelessness of Chrysostom's life at all periods militated against his obtaining so wide-spread a reputation as Augustine, whose splendid sins were in harmony with his otherwise splendid career. Be these modes of accounting for the fact true or false, the fact itself is undeniable that Chrysostom's mother's name strikes with an alien sound on most ears, while Monica is as familiar as Lois and Eunice in almost every Christian household. Yet was Anthusa a matron possessed of every Christian virtue, a vessel of election, and filled with the grace of God. Without that gaudy splendour which bespeaks vanity but ministers in no degree to comfort, she supplied her son with an equipage befitting his birth and station, gave him the best education the city could supply, and allowed nothing to be wanting which could develope his talents, and fulfil her trust. So well, on the

other hand, did the son profit by the instructions of the rhetorician Libanius, a pagan philosopher of great repute, that when the question of a successor to occupy his chair was mooted, Libanius is reported to have said of his pupil, "Chrysostom would have been the man if the Christians had not got hold of him." It was by a refinement in cruelty on the part of the apostate Julian, that the Christians had been debarred at this time from supplying the higher order of instruction in Christian schools. The policy of that emperor was a crafty and base one, and succeeded no doubt, in some instances, in corrupting and apostatizing the educated youth of the Christian families. Chrysostom himself was not beyond the reach of unfriendly influence, and might have fallen into utter worldliness, open vice, or confessed paganism, but for a salutary association with some pious Christian youth, Theodore afterwards Bishop of Mopsuestia, Maximian of Seleucia, and above all Basil of Raphanea, whose friendship helped to fan the flame of his Christian convictions. On his being called to the bar, however, when about twenty years of age, and mixing somewhat more directly with the world and its distractions, his heathen education interposed but an imperfect check between his temptations and his weakness. The business of his calling and the pleasures of the theatre led him into a temporary forgetfulness of the counsels of his friends and the pious training of his mother. But in a very short time he recovered himself. Basil regained his influence, and with the natural impulse to get as far from his fallen self as possible, Chrysostom assumed the garb and profession of an anchorite. This led, after four years of seclusion, study, and discipline, to his solemn reception of the rite of Christian baptism at the hands of Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, and his induction into the Order of Lectors. Conscientious in a high degree, and devoted to that sacred calling on which, in its lowest grades, he had entered, we find him now contriving to slip the sacerdotal noose over the neck of his friend Basil, by a device which we scarcely know how to characterize. Scattered as the officiating clergy of Antioch were from their flocks by the persecution of Valens, the neighbouring bishops determined to replace them by the ordination of Basil and Chrysostom in their stead. But Chrysostom entertained scruples which sprang from an overwhelming sense of his unworthiness, yet allowed all the while his bosom friend to suppose that they should both receive the rite of ordination together. Nothing could be further from his intention; he himself records the transaction in his "De Sacerdotio," without the slightest apology for his disingenuousness, or even the seeming suspicion that the proceeding was on

any account censurable. Nay, the Greek father goes further than this—he involves the officiating bishops in the same charge of dissimulation, for he expressly says that Basil was inveigled into their midst under some other pretext than that of consecration; that when he discovered the *ruse* he exclained against the violence that was attempted to be done him; and that his opposition was finally overcome by some one crying out, that if he waited for Chrysostom, his friend, to encourage him to submission, that friend of his had already bowed his head beneath the hand of the consecrating bishop, and was a priest of God. When good men did such things as these, and counted them religion, we may well hesitate to receive a fourth-century Christianity as the most correct interpretation of the sacred records and most vital apprehension of the mind of Christ. Those who would see the transaction described will find it in the "Treatise on the Priesthood" (book i. chap. 3).

Chrysostom was now twenty-seven years of age: his mother, the admirable Anthusa, was dead, and with her died his chief attraction to Antioch, and the only hindrance which lay in the way of his adopting the seclusion of the monastic life. His own personal views of religion decidedly leant towards retirement, and these received confirmation from the troubles of the times. The Arian heresy was in the ascendant throughout the Roman Empire, and wrought wrong upon the orthodox in Antioch with especial virulence. Short as his life had been up to this period, Chrysostom had, nevertheless, seen strange changes in the religious polity of the successive emperors, and almost every change was evil. Had these civil rulers but confined themselves to their own province—the civil government of the state; extending their protecting arm alike over Jew, pagan, and Christian; and where professing Christianity themselves, lending it rather the weight of their moral influence than the patronage of their position—at the least refraining from the persecution of all those who did not profess its creed—it had been well. But, mistaking their function, Constans, a declared Arian, emperor at the time of Chrysostom's birth, pursued the orthodox with his displeasure; Julian, apostate from Christianity, favoured the pagans; Jovian, indeed, gave the churches a brief interval of rest; but Valentinian and Valens were now ravaging their borders with utmost fury, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the saints. It is not to be wondered at that under such circumstances Chrysostom should virtually cry, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest." He acted in strict accordance with such an aspiration, and withdrew to the solitude of the mountains, consulting his own safety, and the salvation of his soul. Partly

from stress of circumstances, and partly from superstition, there was early in the history of the Church a very remarkable development on the side of monasticism, *but not in the earliest age*, that of our Lord himself, and of his apostles. The system of religious seclusion was not that of the immediate followers of Christ, for they were the apostles of the city and the synagogue, of the sea-shore and the highway-side, of the market-place and of Mars' Hill. They were the salt of the earth, to be diffused; the light of the world, to be disclosed; and they understood their mission. But unhealthy hypochondriasm, nursed by the climate and fed by superstition, for it was nothing new either to Judaism or the Oriental paganism, soon shrank from "the clash, the hum, the shock of men," and consigned itself to a living tomb in the desert. Men resigned their higher function—that of being ambassadors of heaven—to others, for the more narrow and selfish office of working out their own salvation. They thus became apostles of the crag, the cavern, the torrent, and the forest, peopling the wild with inhabitants, and vocalizing the silence with prayer, but left human nature uncared for, or only benefited by distant intercessions.

Yet were many of these "the excellent of the earth," mistaken but sincere, of willing spirit but infirm of flesh. The case of Chrysostom is one in point. He then, as ever, had but one chief inquiry to make, "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" and his life and spirit, whatever the tortuosities of either, had but the single aim—to answer it aright. He certainly thought himself acting in obedience to that will, when escaping from Antioch, then under the heel of the persecuting despot, Valens, he threw himself into one of the three hundred monasteries which at that period had their existence in the mountains of Antioch and Syria. His object was seclusion and safety, not idleness and repose. To the most austere practices—among which we may name the absurd one of preventing sleep by pulling himself up out of bed by means of a rope suspended over his head, every time he found himself dropping into slumber—he added the diligent study of the Holy Books under such able teachers as Diodorus, Bishop of Tarsus, and Carterus, whom Gregory of Nazianzum eulogizes as *a master of divine science*.

At the instance of his fellow-cenobites, who looked upon him with admiration as a man apart, he wrote one of his treatises, after a two years' residence among them, namely, that upon "Compunction," taking for his text our Saviour's words, "Woe unto you that laugh now; for ye shall mourn and weep!" His work, in two parts, was highly valued and commended; but he soon had occasion to use his pen in a case of greater

emergency, and of more painful complexion. A young monk and early friend of his, grew weary of his life of solitude, violated his monastic vows, and, after indulging in open debauchery, married a person of no repute, called Hermione. To this Theodorus, Chrysostom addressed a series of letters, of which only two have survived to our day, and these breathe the very fire of religious fervour, and the soul of pathos and affection. In no productions of the great orator's pen do his moral qualities appear to greater advantage. Though the effect of these touching effusions did not appear at first, they told upon the mind and heart of Theodorus, and led him ere long to re-embrace the service of God in the priesthood. At the close of some years, he became Bishop of Mopsuestia—led an edifying life, and died a Christian death, but was unfavourably known as holding the heresy of two persons in Christ. He died in A.D. 428, and his writings were condemned in the fifth general council held in Constantinople, A.D. 553.

The next service of the same kind to which Chrysostom was called was the defence of the monastic institution itself. However highly the monks may have thought of it, their lofty self-appreciation was not shared by three very numerous classes: one, the haughty and adverse officials of the government; the second, the Arian party, in all its ramifications and connexions; the third, a large body of the orthodox themselves, who could not recognise the utility of an unmanly seclusion from the cares and conflicts of life on the part of their brethren. To all these Chrysostom addressed his treatise in three parts, as "The Opponents of Monastic Life." Part I. is directed against opposition to the monastic life in general. Part II. condemns the pagan parent who refuses to sanction his child who wished to make a profession. Part III. bespeaks the favour of Christian parents to the institution. This general characterization is all we feel incumbent upon us to furnish of his essay, beyond the quotation from St. Matthew in favour of voluntary poverty, as the quotation is made by the Abbé Bergier in his life of Chrysostom. The citation is represented as the words of our Saviour, "Happy the *voluntary poor*, for the kingdom of heaven is theirs." After an attempt at leading the life of a solitary in a dreary cavern, which issued in the injury of his health, Chrysostom found himself obliged to return to public life in Antioch.

The persecutor, Valens, perished in an engagement with the Huns and Vandals, and Gratian, his nephew, who had succeeded him, gave peace to the long-suffering Church. The orthodox party were restored to their sees, and Theodosius, who was friendly to them, associated in the empire with

Gratian. Chrysostom, at his return to Antioch, found the exiled Meletius in possession of his diocese, and was admitted to the order of the diaconate by that venerable bishop in A.D. 381. Along with the instruction of the catechumens, to which he now devoted himself with a burning zeal, he completed at this period his work on the "Priesthood," his "History of St. Babylas," and his work against the "Clergy residing in the same house with women." This also is the period of the composition of his treatise on "Providence," in three books, addressed to the afflicted Stagyras. At the close of five years, namely, in 386, Chrysostom was ordained a priest by Flavian, the successor of Meletius. Next day, from the tribune of the church, he preached his first sermon, in which strangely enough he says, that from humility he will not speak in it of the perfections of God, but turns it into a eulogium of Flavian, his servant. This was but the beginning of a course of diligent preaching, which he pursued for twelve years, delivering a sermon every day in Lent, and preaching two or three times a week at other periods of the year. As in the population of Antioch were pagans, Jews, Arians, and undevout believers, he addressed himself in turns to these several classes. With a view to the conversion of the pagans, he passed in review the absurd fables and innumerable follies of the heathen mythology; unveiled its ridiculous tenets, its profound immorality, its brutalizing principles, together with the cruelties and infamies of its social life, consecrated by the example of its heroes and gods; to all this he opposed the beauty and simplicity of the religion of Jesus, the sublimity of its doctrines, the pureness of its morality, the miracles which attested its divinity, the charity of its saints, the courage of its martyrs, the accomplishment of its prophecies, and the other evidences of its heavenly origin.

Of the Jews, there were many in this city which bordered so closely on Palestine, and which was so devoted to that life of merchandise in which the Jews have ever excelled. Judaizing Christians, too, laboured there, true to their character in Apostolic times (Acts xv.); who continued to frequent the synagogues, observe the new moons and the feast of trumpets, and with special solemnity the three grand festivals of Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles. Against this union of Jewish and Christian observances, Chrysostom launched his most unmeasured denunciations, calling the synagogues temples of Satan, and threatening with the loss of their souls all those who frequented them. Homily upon homily the preacher devoted to this theme.

In the fourth century the heresies of Sabellius, Eunomius, Arius, the Tritheists, and the Anomeans, were rife on every hand; and against these, in one form or other, Chrysostom directs

twelve of his homilies. He requires humility in the discussion of the Divine nature, and shows how incomprehensible it was even to the mind of angels. Marcionites, Valentinians, Gnostics, Manicheans, Macedonians, and all the current heretics of the day come impartially under the preacher's lash, and are discussed in the extant homilies of Chrysostom with his usual power.

Amongst Christians, to allay their schisms and correct their vices was his daily task, with how little encouragement let this passage show:—

"The evils which now-a-days prevail in the Church are not less, nay, are much greater than those which assailed it in preceding ages. I dwell not here upon superstitious practices, auguries, divinations, horoscopes, signs, ligatures, enchantments, sortileges, magical operations, nor a hundred similar practices to which Christians addict themselves; but I look among the sheep of the flock for true Christians, and I find none. Where are those who do not injure their brother, who envy not, who yield not up themselves to hatred and vengeance, who abandon not themselves to impurity or avarice. What gross wickedness in youth! What utter carelessness in old age! No one cares for the religious training of the young. The pagans watch our proceedings attentively; the holiness of our life ought to convert them and lead them to God; but alas! it is not so."

In A.D. 387, occurred the circumstance of the insurrection in Antioch which occasioned the overthrow of the statues of the Emperor Theodosius, and led to the delivery of those homilies which were addressed thereon to the people of Antioch. In a moment of frenzy, the inhabitants with their magistracy had revolted against a new and heavy imposition of taxes which the exigences of the war against Maximus demanded, and had shown their disgust at the demand, and resentment against the sovereign, by the outrages just named. But the fury of the populace spent itself soon after this outburst of impotent anger, and fears of imperial retribution took place of resentment in their bosoms. Flavian, the venerable bishop, was deputed to visit Constantinople and appease the displeasure of Theodosius, who threatened to plough up the city from its foundations to glut his imperial ire. During this period of universal consternation, the inhabitants crowded the basilica to listen to the solemn and impassioned reproofs and tender consolations of their favourite orator. In twenty homilies delivered before them on this occasion, this great master of eloquence seems almost to have exceeded himself in the mingled pathos and power of his address.

Meanwhile, the political horizon was charged with indignation. Antioch was degraded from the rank of metropolis, which was

transferred to its rival, Laodicea. The baths were closed, the theatres were interdicted, and every municipal privilege was withdrawn in anticipation of still direr woes awaiting the inhabitants. But Flavian's intercession averted the impending storm; Theodosius was open to Christian impressions; and with every assurance of his favour, the bishops were hurried back to Antioch to still the fears of the justly trembling populace. No sooner did these good tidings arrive than Chrysostom delivered his twenty-first homily to the people of Antioch, in which he recounts the circumstances of Flavian's journey and their deliverance in the most moving terms.

By the appointment of Theodosius, at the instance of his minister, Eutropius, Chrysostom was at length promoted to the see of Constantinople, but not without great reluctance on the part of the self-denying and laborious presbyter. Such a field of labour would increase his responsibilities and chagrins, and it was doubtful whether it would increase his usefulness. After some scruples on the part of Theophilus of Alexandria, who sought the promotion of a creature of his own, and who was disappointed at his want of success, the Alexandrian bishop took part in his consecration. No sooner was the archbishop in his new see than he commanded universal attention by his singular eloquence of speech and energy of rule. The former won him thousands of admirers, the latter unnumbered foes. The admiration of his hearers was shown in ways that appear strange to colder Northerns; the joyous temperament of the Greeks abounding in more vivid demonstrations than are considered with us compatible with good manners or the decorum of religious service. The manners of the Athenian agora were engrafted upon the Christian basilic, and the evangelical homilies of Chrysostom were saluted with the same bravos and applauses as had erewhile attended on the scenic stage the operas of Sophocles and Euripides. Often as the golden-mouthed expositor preached, he did not preach often enough to satisfy the itching ears of the excitable crowds of the capital. The court and the commons were alike emulous in showing their estimation of their archbishop; Chrysostom was raised to a seventh heaven of reputation, and the metropolis was attacked with a church-going mania, which it mistook for devotion.

But his sermons were a small part of Chrysostom's duties. Luxury and self-indulgence, both in laity and clericy, he denounced with unfaltering voice,—he curbed with unsparing hand. Everything in the shape of an ecclesiastical abuse he rooted out of his see without ceremony, setting in his own person an example of frugality, order, and the observance of a hermit-like

propriety of life. In his charities to the poor he so abounded that he was called John the Alms-giver; for his denunciations of those ladies who kept the houses of the priests, and those ambiguous virgins who cultivated the intimacy of the clergy more than the observant approved, he might have been called John the Woman-hater. Against these two classes of females he had written a book, and required his clergy to shun the scandal to which such associations gave rise. We learn further from his addresses to the people, when Eutropius found sanctuary in in his church, that he had been faithful enough often to reprove and warn that ungodly minister when in the height of his power. The fidelity of the man of God to his high functions, the weaknesses and mistaken views of duty of a person not free from faults, and the corruption of many whom he encountered made him countless enemies; and all resulted, after a six years' tenure of his see, in an ignominious expulsion, the court acquiescing, the queen being active in procuring his banishment.

To some persons the exile or deposition of a patriarch has seemed a measure of too great importance to have resulted from the seemingly impotent dislike of an angry woman; and such persons are in their general principle right; but it must be borne in mind that Eudoxia the Empress was not impotent, nor do we represent court intrigue as the only cause of the exclusion of Chrysostom from his archiepiscopal see. In the paragraph immediately preceding, we have hinted at a cause of a totally different kind, namely, the virus of bigotry, acting without control on hearts unsanctified by the Spirit of God, and wholly abandoned to the dominion of natural lust and heretical pravity. This cause was one of those in most vigorous and effective operation, for Arianism in those days divided the Christian church along with orthodoxy, and claimed the larger moiety of the realm for its own. An intensely orthodox and actively propagandist archbishop was little likely to be looked upon with favour by men who held views on essential doctrines, such as the Divine constitution of Christ's person, and all that depend thereon, so diametrically opposed to their own. But yet, as if John Chrysostom's orthodoxy must sustain a cross-fire from different directions and parties, the very suspicion of being himself a participant in any degree in the opinions of Origen—a suspicion grounded on fact—awakened another class again to arms against him. This enmity was directed against him chiefly from Alexandria, where the opinions of Origen were held in the greatest discsteem, and had been formally pronounced contrary to the verity of Scripture, and the consistent tradition of the Church. We

may well suppose that there was a heathen element involved in the tide of detestation and persecution which eventually swept the great preacher away. Paganism still subsisted in more secret or open forms, raising its head probably in various rural quarters of his diocesan jurisdiction, if not in the metropolis itself, and encountering in the intensely Christian bishop an unslumbering and most formidable foe. His own clergy too, their parties and machinations, their corruption and indolence, their pride and insubordination, ought not to be overlooked as contributing their envious and malignant *quota* to the fall of their chief. But court intrigue, as it had the main hand in raising him to a conspicuous situation, had doubtless the principal merit of pulling John Chrysostom down. The elevation of the patriarch was owing in great part to the influence of the prime minister of Arcadius, the eunuch Eutropius, the first nomination of John of Antioch to the vacant see having been in fact made by that high official; so that, as the influence of the patron waned, it is at least nothing improbable that the fortunes of the client should be obscured in the same degree. Eutropius was sacrificed to the treachery of an intriguing commander-in-chief of the imperial troops, and was driven to take refuge from the queen's displeasure in the church of St. Sophia, the metropolitan church of the patriarch. Emboldened by the success of his treachery, Gainas, an Arian in his sentiments, demanded one of the churches of Constantinople to be ceded for the purposes of worship to the Arian party. This, with all the weight of his position and eloquence, Chrysostom withstood, with more success than he had withstood Eutropius's court scheme of robbing the clergy of the right of sanctuary in their churches.

This right had much to be said in its favour in barbarous times, however much in a normal and desirable state of society any authority should be condemned which came between the secular authority of states and its subjects. The right of asylum had been conceded under Constantine, and in an unsettled state of affairs, like the Israelitish institution of the cities of refuge, was an auxiliary rather than a hindrance of justice. But as it sometimes interfered with the instincts of vengeance, and the gratification of personal pique, more especially on the part of those in power, who could obtain assassins and *scelerats* in abundance to wreak their will upon the life of obnoxious persons, Eutropius, the prime minister, found it easy to revoke that privilege in the year 398, through the weak assent of the Emperor Arcadius. But fallen from his high estate, he was himself among the first to need the refuge of which he had sought to strip the endangered, whether innocent or guilty. The minister, driven from his palace to avoid arrest and an

ignominious death, betook himself to the church of the man, whose elevation he had in the first instance secured, whose faithful monition in the prosecution of his office he had spurned, and whose privileges he had sought to curtail in this matter of asylum. There Chrysostom defended him against the rescript of imperial vengeance, against the fury of an angry soldiery and a fickle populace, and against the vindictive feelings of the Christian congregations, who had witnessed his career with pain and displeasure. To his own people, while the miserable Eutropius crouched trembling before the altar, the sacred orator addressed an impassioned appeal from the tribune, ringing the changes on the caducity of high estate, the refrain of his oration being the inspired preacher's burden, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Chrysostom, moreover, did not confine his merciful interposition to his powerful and tender discourse, but, when himself conveyed before the court to answer for his protection of the culprit, he obtained of the facile emperor the immunity of the sacred precincts of Santa Sophia. The issue in the case of Eutropius was this: whilst he continued under the worthy bishop's wing he was safe; but endeavouring to make his escape he was apprehended and banished to Cyprus, whence after a time he was brought back to Chalcedon, tried, and condemned to lose his head.

Honest and disinterested himself in the highest degree, Chrysostom raised his voice against avarice and selfishness; and the friend of the oppresed poor, he never failed to champion their cause against the oppressive rich. The possessions of a patrician were coveted by the empress, and there was little scruple exercised as to the means whereby these should come into her hands; while greedy of gain, nothing was too small to excite her cupidity, for she longed to grasp the vineyard of a poor widow living near the city. These crying wrongs reached the ears of the advocate of the poor; and with such vigour did he ply his remonstrances, that shame surrendered what power had grasped, and the mortification of defeat was added to the pangs of disappointed desire. The haughty queen and covetous woman were not soon likely to forgive the intrepidity which had baulked the one and defied the other. Opportunities of vengeance were furnished in abundance, and were not allowed to pass unimproved.

As the abuses of Church factions and the evil conduct of Church functionaries in those days are fraught with serious instruction to us of modern times, and the more so as those days and men are held up to admiration and imitation as the model epoch of Christianity, we deem it incumbent on us to dwell at some little length on the development of those enmities

and incidents which resulted in the ruin of John Chrysostom. We shall endeavour to put on record here a consecutive narration of that chain of events which immediately preceded, and led to the banishment of the patriarch from Constantinople, deriving our details chiefly from the History of Sozomen. The record will not fail to make us thank God for something better than Nicene Christianity, namely, English and nineteenth-century Christianity.

Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, was at one time on such cordial terms with his priest Isidorus, that he had endeavoured to secure him the see of Constantinople, when vacated by the death of Nectarius. But this feeling of regard was ere long supplanted by feelings of enmity, arising from the following circumstance: A wealthy widow lady intrusted Isidorus with an expenditure of a thousand pieces of gold on the poor women of the city, swearing him, at the same time, on the holy table, that Theophilus should not have the fingering of the money, lest he should expend it on some architectural vagary, or any other ecclesiastical object. When Theophilus found this out, he was filled with displeasure. Sozomen hints, that besides this, Isidorus had not been sufficiently pliant to dispense with the obligations of truth and justice in order to please the patriarch—another cause of deadly offence. But motives, even the basest, are so freely ascribed to the most sacred personages in the pages of contemporary historians about this period, that we hesitate to receive them as in every case literally true. Nevertheless, these odious caricatures convey probably the prevailing impression of the characters they consign to historical infamy. Theophilus having disguised his enmity for a time, at last convoked a synod of his clergy, and there produced a memorial against Isidorus, which he alleged had been lodged with himself eighteen years before; that he had forgotten it, and had only turned it up recently, when rummaging certain papers in his desk, and that he now required Isidorus to answer the charge. Isidorus replied, that though the patriarch had forgotten it, the person who preferred the complaint, must surely have asked after the fate of his memorial. To this Theophilus said, that he had gone to sea; whereupon Isidore rejoined, but he must have come back from his voyage after two or three years at farthest; which rejoinder non-plussed the patriarch. The session was adjourned. Meanwhile, Theophilus bribed a false witness to testify to the facts, the *douceur* being of the amount of fifteen pieces of gold. Isidore was condemned, but only a few days afterwards the suborned wretch, tormented by conscience, confessed the perjury, and vindicated Isidore. There was a terrible outcry against Theophilus, but

Isidore, fearing for his life, dared not remain any longer in Alexandria, lest the man who had stabbed his character should not hesitate to spill his blood. He betook himself to the monastery of Nitria, where he had spent his youth; a *cœnobium* containing not less than five thousand inmates devoted to religious seclusion.

Theophilus was not thus to be baulked of his revenge. He charged, in some measure justly, the Nitrian community with Origenism; but Theophilus himself might have been charged quite as correctly therewith, for when it suited his purpose he could defend Origen. When Epiphanius required the patriarch of Alexandria to condemn the writings of that suspected father, he replied, "The books of this doctor of the Church are a magnificent meadow; I gather the wholesome flowers, and I leave the poisons untouched." Ammonius, a man of sixty years, one of the most venerable and religious of the recluses of the desert, presented himself before Theophilus to vindicate his community from the charge of holding heretical views, when the patriarch burst into a storm of passion, threw his pallium at the old monk's head, struck him with his fists till he drew the blood, and cried, "Scoundrel, heretic, hypocrite! anathematize Origen." We may not follow too closely the thread of the narrative, but sum up the particulars in the general statement, that Theophilus deposed the heads of the monastery, pillaged the buildings, and dispersed the monks, who fled in great numbers to Jerusalem and elsewhere. The persecuting policy of the patriarch, who forbade his suffragans to receive the refugees into their dioceses, drove the miserable men to the most distant regions, and led many to Constantinople, to seek the protection of the emperor, and the sympathy of Chrysostom. This latter was not withheld; the patriarch lodged fifty of the aged monks in the precincts of the church of St. Anastasia, secured the alms of the pious for their support, but with a cautious wisdom not to give offence to any in authority in the Church, did not admit them to full communion with the Christians of Constantinople till he had made reference to their metropolitan, Theophilus. To this person Chrysostom wrote, begging him as a son and brother to pity the sorrows of the exiled monks, and to re-admit them to his diocese, that they might end their lives in their beloved desert-convent, and in the Divine service which made their solitude a paradise to their souls. The reply of Theophilus was a mission of five brethren charged with most serious accusations of false doctrine against the solitaries, amounting in some cases to the charge of magic and sorcery. Chrysostom still stood by the monks, the μάκροι, or tall brethren, as they were called from their stature;

and Theophilus, full of all wrath and subtlety against them, prepared to pursue them even to the death. The patriarch of Alexandria, not to be baffled in his contest with Chrysostom, engaged on his side, by false representations, Epiphanius, the bishop of Salamis, in the island of Cyprus, who was an impassioned anti-Origenist, and hunted heresy with the keen zest and scent of the bloodhound. This new element in the strife, Epiphanius, arrived at Constantinople, and, without permission asked of the bishop of the diocese, celebrated the offices of worship, and ordained a deacon, in open violation of all ecclesiastical order. To all this Chrysostom only replied with a procession of his clergy to meet and honour Epiphanius, and to invite him to share the hospitalities of his home. The zealous bishop answered, that he would not eat with him till he had condemned the votaries of Origen, the refugee monks under his protection. Epiphanius pushed his opposition to Chrysostom in the patriarch's own city, and amongst his own clergy, to an extreme degree, requiring all the forbearance of the magnanimous divine to withstand the trial put upon his patience when good but mistaken men, like Epiphanius and Jerome—for the recluse of Bethlehem too was involved in the matter—so cruelly and unjustly opposed him.

Denied justice at the hands of their own metropolitan, and finding Chrysostom unable to restore them in honour to their home, the brethren of Nitria appealed to the secular power, and after due investigation, secured the condemnation of those presbyters, the tools and emissaries of Theophilus, who had brought charges against them to Constantinople. Some of these were imprisoned, others banished by the imperial prefects—a dose of gall and wormwood to their ecclesiastical employer—and he himself was summoned to court to answer for his proceedings.

Theophilus came, taking the precaution to bring in his train thirty-six bishops, but refused to see, converse with, or enter the house of Chrysostom. Chrysostom, on the other hand, although requested by the emperor to decide upon the conduct of Theophilus, declined the invidious office, either from delicate feeling, or from respect for canonical rules. His antagonist observed no moderation. He plied all measures, good and bad, to excite enmity against the object of his dislike. Courtiers, women, parasites, laymen and clergymen, the rich and the poor, were assailed by every artifice and temptation, to steal them from the side of Chrysostom; and at last, with the signatures of two deacons of Constantinople, whom their patriarch had excluded from orders, the one for murder, the other for adultery, a memorial was addressed to the emperor, demanding a council

to sit upon the opinions of the archbishop. Gold plied freely, obtained access for the document to the royal presence; flattery adroitly offered to Eudoxia, contrasted with the unwelcome reproofs of the more honest Chrysostom, engaged her co-operation, and the council was decreed. It was held just across the Bosphorus, at the suburb of the Oak Tree, hard by Chalcedon, Rufinus, who had supplanted Eutropius, Chrysostom's patron, having a magnificent palace there, and the bishop of the place, Cyrinus, cherishing a theological hatred to his incomparable metropolitan. The council being assembled, in which sat the thirty-six bishops of Theophilus's party, the proceedings were opened by a presentation of twenty-nine heads of accusation against Chrysostom, by John the Archdeacon of Constantinople, whom Theophilus had summoned to the council, just as if the see of Chrysostom had been vacant. The charges against the archbishop were: 1. That he had excommunicated the aforesaid archdeacon for striking his servant. 2. That he had caused a monk, named John, to be dragged to prison. 3. That he had injured the clergy by directing against them his treatise on keeping unmarried women in their houses. 4. That he had accused three deacons of robbery and fraud. 5. That he had not received with honour the thrice-holy Acacius, Bishop of Berea. 6. That he had handed over the priest Porphyry to the secular arm. 7. That he had struck and ill-used some other person. 8. That he ate his meals alone from inhospitality or pride. 9. That he refused invitations to visit. 10. That he was haughty, distant, avaricious. 11. That he gave money to his bishops in order to bribe them to persecute their clergy. 12. That he entered and left the church without prayer. 13. That he robed and unrobed himself on the pontifical throne. 14. That he ate *pastilles*, and recommended the faithful to use water or pastilles after communion. 15. That he had the water of his bath warmed for himself. 16. That he sold the marbles which Nectarius, his predecessor, had provided to adorn the church of Anastasia. 17 to 29. To overwhelm the hated prelate, serious charges against his morals in other respects were expanded into the remaining items.

The summons to appear before the council was couched in these terms: The holy synod assembled in the suburb of the Oak, to John—We have received a long memorial against you recounting an infinity of crimes; we, therefore, order you to appear before us, and to bring with you Tyrius and Serapion, whose presence is indispensable. But Chrysostom declined compliance. The forty bishops who were with him indeed replied to Theophilus: That but for the regard they had to the canons of the Council of Nicea, they would have condemned the

patriarch of Alexandria first; that they had forty bishops on their side, and he but thirty-six; that theirs, moreover, were collected from divers provinces, including seven metropolitans, whereas those of Theophilus were only from a single province; and that further, they entertained against him no less than seventy heads of accusation. Chrysostom confined himself to protesting against the jurisdiction of Theophilus's synod, declaring himself ready all the time to meet the charges in their presence, if only they would exclude from their council the persons whom he named to them, who were unfavourable to his cause. Even the emperor's rescript commanding his attendance, gained no other answer. At last, the crafty and unscrupulous Theophilus secured the deposition of his antagonist, having first sought a politic reconciliation with his own injured monks. The emperor, led by the faction about him, and frightened by the violence of the enemies of Chrysostom, yielded to the clamour of priests, women, and nobles, and signed the decree for the exile of the uncompromising patriarch.

As soon as the people of the city knew of the outrage aimed at their chief pastor, they ran tumultuously from all quarters, surrounded the church and the palace, demanded a general council to decide the fate of the patriarch so unjustly dealt with in the packed synod, and drove away the imperial officers sent to apprehend Chrysostom. For some days and nights this state of things continued. The conflict at last ended by Chrysostom secretly surrendering himself to the soldiers sent to apprehend him, fearful lest loss of life should ensue if his followers came into collision with the troops. He was hurried off to the sea, and as he crossed the Bosphorus in the galley, the weeping pastor quoted the words of the bereaved patriarch of Uz, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

But this was not the end of the affair. It was not simply an imperial sentence and summary execution. Thus it was as far as the royal will availed, and the machinations of the prelate's foes; but thus it was not with the agitated populace, nor thus with the round world on which they stood. When the people ascertained that their pastor was gone, their affliction and indignation knew no bounds; their hands could scarcely be kept off Theophilus and his guilty partners; and they rushed in frantic wise to the forum, the church, and the palace, with loud requests and impassioned cries. On the ensuing night, too, there occurred an earthquake, which shook the city to its centre, and awoke superstitious fears in every breast. The powers of nature were expressing their sympathy with Chrysostom, and he must be recalled. The intriguing empress con-

fessed herself baffled by the attachment of the people to their priest, and by the singular coincidence of the earthquake. The banishment was revoked by order of the emperor, and Eudoxia, with her own deceitful hand, implored the patriarch to return. He came, and his return was an ovation. The waters once hidden beneath the keels of the invading Xerxes, were now concealed by barque and barge of exulting myriads, their songs—hosannas, and the grateful comment of Chrysostom, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." In that procession across Homer's "ocean-stream" music did its best with trumpet and oboe, with tabor and song, and "the loud-sounding cymbals;" and mirth laughed its loudest peals in unison with the beat of happy hearts; and the waters flashed their brightness back upon the shining faces of the multitude, while the oars kept time with their musical chime to all that was sweet and tuneful in that holiday pomp.

But this was only a rehearsal of a drama of expulsion: the drama itself was to be enacted in serious earnest thereafter. The interval was spent in perfecting the parts, and in maturing the catastrophe. The storm the good man bowed under was lulled, not spent. The fire of hate was smouldering, not extinguished, and Chrysostom, consciously or unconsciously, walked *cineri doloso*. Nevertheless, of the confidence and love of his people, the acclaim which attended his return is ample proof. He wished to decline the performance of the divine offices till his ecclesiastical attainder was revoked by a conciliar authority superior to that which deposed him, but the congregation of his metropolitan church would not hear of it. They dragged him by a gentle force up the steps and into the tribune, and listened once more to the voice of exhortation and thanksgiving from his golden mouth: with the ardour of orientalism, and in obedience to the custom of the day, they so loudly applauded and testified their approval of his harangue, that Chrysostom burst into tears, and abruptly closed his address.

The immediate occasion of the ultimate expulsion of the patriarch from his see was the erection of a silver statue of the Empress Eudoxia on a porphyry pillar in front of the senate house, close by the entrance of the metropolitan church. All the usages of heathenism, including its vices, were indulged in at the inauguration of the statue—play, dance, farce, pantomime—a noisy and impure revel, offensive to good manners, and totally unchristian. In name Christian, the capital teemed with pagans. The mob, the multitude, was greatly made up of bad women and worse men. The dregs of Asia and Europe met in this common sink, and their united

corruption was intolerable. Christianity did its best to sweeten it, but Christianity itself, between court patronage which was thraldom, and incorporated heathenism and natural deterioration, had itself become a degenerate thing, and was incapable of coping successfully with the giant evils around it. It still retained fine principles, and produced noble characters, for the worst Christianity was many grades superior to the best paganism, but it was sorely altered for the worse. The gold was become dim, the most fine gold changed. Yet men of piety and zeal, even under that tarnished system, were too enlightened to endure the gross licentiousness of the lingering idolatry, and protested by word and example against these enormities. Chrysostom was too plain-spoken to cloak his detestation of such things in silken phrases, and too frank not to express his indignation. He had evidently no liking for statues of crowned personages: it was Christians who had warred against them at Antioch. They were too often the offering of idolatrous veneration, not civil respect; and it seemed a duty to Heaven to throw them down. Eudoxia was his personal enemy; and the celebration of fixing her statue disturbed the devotions of the church. These were sufficient motives to call him into opposition again, and the excited prophet launched his invections against the abuses attending the ceremony, not sparing, we may be assured, those who had given occasion for those abuses to appear. All this was reported with tenfold exaggeration to the court, and it sealed the patriarch's doom. Arcadius and his wife refused to receive the sacrament any longer from his hands; and sought his formal deposition, in conjunction with the enemies of Chrysostom, in another council. This was summoned: Chrysostom had many friends in it, but his defence would not be heard, on the point of order that he had resumed his episcopal functions without reinstatement by a competent authority. The patriarch was deposed, and exile was his doom. Thus his second tenure of the see was confined to two months; but he did not leave Constantinople at once. Stout-hearted to the last, animated by a conviction of right, by the fidelity of many of his clergy, by the support of upwards of forty bishops, and by the strong affection of his Christian people, Chrysostom would not give way, but bade defiance to imperial power, queenly hate, the decrees of councils, and the machinations of foreign prelates. At length, outrage apprehended and done upon his people, the peace of the city disturbed, bloodshed and conflagration in prospect, he yielded to the force of circumstances in the Midsummer of A.D. 404, and left his church by the eastern door, having ordered his horse to the western, lest he should be intercepted on his way. His

departure was the signal for the most cruel treatment of his adherents male and female, the lector Eutropius and the priest Tigrius, with others, being cruelly tortured to make them confess that they had set fire to his church. Chrysostom went to Nicea, in Bithynia, and thence in due time proceeded to Cucusus, a miserable village seated amongst the Taurus mountains, in a cold and barren region, eighty days' journey from Constantinople. He was more than two months on the road, and suffered humiliations and chagrins from the clerics and the civil authorities of the places which he traversed that must have been inexpressibly painful to his soul; while his body alternately burned with fever and shivered with cold. But he solaced his sorrows and the tedium of his way with correspondence with his most pious and trusted friends, especially the widows and deaconesses of his church. But the rigid clime of Cucusus was too much for the already shattered health of Chrysostom. Snow covered the mountains of that region early in autumn, and the exile was almost confined to his chamber. Perpetual headaches, stomach derangements, and want of sleep were his dismal ailments, and prostrated the powers both of mind and body. Famine, pestilence, and mountain brigands were daily companions in that ungenial district, and added the perils of a campaign to the weariness of exile. But even this was considered not sufficiently severe by his implacable persecutors. Those who made Constantinople a place of torment to that whole party which Chrysostom represented, a jail to some, a shambles for the butchery of others, had influence enough with the emperor to have the bishop removed from Cucusus to a place more rugged, inhospitable, and inaccessible still, Pityus, beyond the Euxine. After leaving Cucusus, where he had abode for three years till 407, Chrysostom was hurried along by cruel guards under every variety of weather, whether he was well or ill, without compassion or consideration. He was nearly done to death. With difficulty he reached Cumana in Pontus, and there lay down to die. It is true that next day his guards forced him on about three miles farther, without his having tasted food; but they were obliged to return; and there, preparing for death, the worn-out prelate assumed his priestly robes of spotless white, received the emblems of the Saviour's dying love, and with the words so familiar to his soul upon his lips, "God be glorified for all things, amen!" passed on to the presence of that Maker and Judge to whose glory he had consecrated his great talents. He consummated his career on the 14th of September, 407, happy amid misfortune, glorious amid shame. His persecutor, Eudoxia, died three weeks afterwards in the pangs of childbirth—a miserable caitiff amid the

splendours of loyalty. His clerical foes pursued him with their malignity beyond the tomb, for they refused to inscribe his name on the sacred diptych containing the names of those who died in the communion of the Church, and who were remembered in the holy mysteries; while Theophilus launched against his memory a pamphlet in which the least offensive terms applied to the patriarch were *impure* and *impious, the enemy of humanity, the prince of sacrilege, a hypocrite.* The Emperor Arcadius died eight months after Chrysostom, but without having done justice to the name of his most gifted servant. The body of the saint was translated thirty years afterwards with great pomp to the seat of empire, his own patriarchal see.

Deposited at last in an honourable grave, the younger Theodosius presiding at the ceremonial, which was a virtual revocation of his deposition, and a justification of his character from criminal blemish, the reputation, the influence of the great patriarch became greater than ever; his reputation, in fact, wide as the world, his influence lasting as time itself. His influence, we venture to predict, will extend itself with the enlargement of liberal studies in the Church. The rush of exegetical comment into our literature will necessitate this, and even now we often find appeal made to the expository works of the great Greek Father, but this will certainly become more common as our attention is increasingly directed to the original text and language of the New Testament Scriptures. But the widest extension to the influence of Chrysostom we expect in another direction,—as an invaluable aid to the oratory of the pulpit. For this purpose his works have never been sufficiently studied, and yet here they present an inexhaustible mine of wealth. And this is the key to our estimate of the man,—that he was beyond all dispute the greatest sacred Orator who has ever existed; nay, we go further, and place him at the head of all public speakers, whether they be "of Grecian or of Roman fame." Demosthenes was undoubtedly a great politician—of doubtful honesty, we may subjoin; and Cicero a wonderful pleader and patriot, and a man of profound and varied attainments, but neither the one nor the other bears a moment's comparison with the copious, creative, torrent-like flow of Chrysostom's eloquence. It never ceased; it never stinted; it never shallowed or ran dry. Picturesque and varied as the scenery of his native Orontes, it was broad, majestic, and deep as his adopted Hellespont. No one that we can think of comes near him in his peculiar eloquence, except Jeremy Taylor; but the English divine is more designedly fanciful, quaint, and affected than the great Grecian. Taylor is that in

the closet which Chrysostom is in the pulpit, with the difference between passion and premeditation. Taylor is a great painter, Chrysostom a great musician. Taylor is elaborate and smooth, Chrysostom impassioned and abrupt. The one, the perfection of fancy; the other, the perfection of effective address, running over the diapason of the human soul in its every changeful mood with a master's skill, with an under tone sustaining the whole of ample learning and strong common sense. But let us not be mistaken in the verdict we have just pronounced. Those will greatly misapprehend us who fancy they will find in Chrysostom's pages elaborate and flashing paragraphs of word-music designed for effect; lengthened harangues appealing to the imagination or the heart, aiming at the excitement of the passions of his hearers; sky-rockets that mount heaven-ward by the help of a little extraneous matter in their head kindled with the fuse of a false enthusiasm, to glare, and flash, and rattle, and surprise. This is quite unlike the natural and manly eloquence of the Greek ecclesiast, who, if he knew such arts, would scorn to practise them, refuse their help, and utterly contemn their effects. His aim is rather so to expound Holy Scripture, and the Christian duties enforced therein, with the assistance of all the appliances in his reach—his own boundless talent, conscientious industry, and painful earnestness—as to bring out the sense of God's holy word to the understanding of his hearers, and make it the law of their life. Too much stress is laid upon Chrysostom's fancy. For our own part, we find it hard to recognise such a faculty in his writings. We perceive a copious rhetorical fulness of figure and illustration in his works, such as a well-furnished and ingenious mind will spontaneously supply, but neither predominance nor cultivation of fancy. His sermons are not overlaid with ornament; indeed, it would be hard to say in what part of his works ornament could with propriety be said to be *laid on*. All that appears to us is a natural genesis of good and obvious thoughts expressed in that vein of mingled poetry and prose which has ever lain within the province of the effective rhetorician; the variety and redundance of these resources of his eloquence being in proportion to the unexampled richness of the stores from which he drew. Chrysostom was a student more than an artist; and his results the combined effect of industry and unequalled genius, not of artifice and design. Who does not read in his persistence in "dining alone,"—a sin against the traditional housekeeping of the patriarchate not to be forgiven,—the secret of much of his success? A solitary by his monkish profession, he was so still more by the exigencies of his pursuits and his unintermitted preaching. Sermons five or six times in the week,

addressed to a cultivated and exacting auditory, carefully written beforehand, and delivered without a manuscript, would have tasked the powers of the most extraordinary orator; and did so in the case of this distinguished Father. He was ever equal to his work, for he might have relaxed it if he felt so disposed; but he continued to prosecute it at a fearful expenditure of time, and pains, and health—of studious seclusion and continuous thought. The people, fed on his honied accents, became fastidious in their tastes, and would listen patiently to no other in Chrysostom's church but the patriarch himself. The distinction was flattering to the orator, but it entailed an enormous amount of labour, and is the simple key to much of the obloquy that befel him for his presumed distance of manner and reserve. His unsocial habits arose from no unsocial disposition—he neither despised nor renounced his species—but from the demands of the pulpit. *A great preacher must be a diligent student,* and Chrysostom was both.

To quote favourable opinions of this magnificent divine, would be to quote from almost every one that has ever written upon the subject. Suffice it to say, in the words of our own Savile, "Johanne Chrysostomo, nemo Græcorum patrum plura dedit, nemo meliora." No preacher of any communion will repent of making Chrysostom a frequent study; we refer chiefly to his expository and hortatory works. The times are favourable to such studies, for the Fathers of the Church have their merits recognised now-a-days as they have not been for two centuries past. The conviction is arising on all hands that they were not so puerile and besotted as it has been the fashion in unlearned or secular circles to represent them; but that the estimate formed of them in earlier days, and within the pale of the Greek and Latin churches, must have been based upon considerable merits. With our views and known convictions, we must allow that there is much chaff in their writings, arising from their superstitious training and ecclesiastical position; nevertheless, candour will own that the chaff bears no proportion to the wheat. They were learned men, they were conscientious men, they were earnest and influential men, and filled a very large space in the eyes of their contemporaries and immediate successors, and this could not be without indisputable intellectual and moral pre-eminence. Jerome, Augustine, and especially Chrysostom, we would urge upon the daily, the nightly perusal of the ministers of all communions, as voluminous and learned writers, zealous and distinguished divines, and one or two of these, powerful and popular preachers. The Puritans and the early Nonconformists, whose folios have been the nurture of our piety, and are still the admiration of the

world and the fortune of the booksellers, were devout students of the Fathers. Their text and margins are studded with quotation and reference from these long-neglected authors, and they feel happy when they can clench a doctrine or close a period with an authority from the early Church. When we advocate their more habitual study now, it is with a view to their legitimate use: not to foster the vanities of pedantry; not to innoculate with an exaggerated ritualism; not to lead astray from the "green pastures" and "still waters" of the only inspired Book; not to reproduce, with the loathing of the auditory, Chrysostom and Augustine in a modern pulpit; but in order that the learning, the method, the eloquence, the plenitude, the earnestness, the fire of these holy men, which charmed contemporaries, and have won everlasting renown, may be transfused into the present generation of servants of the sanctuary. The English translation of the "Library of the Fathers" facilitates the adoption of our advice; but our advice extends to the Greek of Chrysostom, as cheaper for the pocket, and more satisfactory to the student himself.

Art. III.—GEORGE STEPHENSON.

The Life of George Stephenson. By Samuel Smiles. Third Edition; Revised with Additions. London: Murray.

Was it the excitement of youth, or the exhilaration incident to that mode of travelling, that made us, with a zest which the railroad never inspires, mount in Basinghall Street, or at the White Horse Cellars, the "Company's Coach," about six o'clock on a fine summer's evening, with four fine horses in sparkling gear before us, and Bath or Bristol for a terminus? Very luxurious was the evening ride through the varied scenery of the Western road; very pleasant was it to watch the setting sun, the deepening twilight, the starry host coming forth into full revelation, the rising moon; pleasant to chat with fellow-travellers without being compelled to raise the voice to a bawl; pleasant when after midnight, the pealing notes of the guard's horn seemed to give new life to the pattering hoofs of the horses till they drew up at the half-way house, where a bright fire and a well-spread table presented charms such as the most spiritual could not withstand, and the "Refreshment Room" knows not. It were vain to call in question the triumph of locomotives, as exhibited in the intensely interesting "Life of George Stephenson;" but

reviewers, whose hair has long been grey, may be forgiven for remembering with lingering fondness those chronometers, the Manchester "Telegraph" and "Defiance;" and that Shrewsbury "Wonder," with its five or six mile stages, the coachman never handling his whip, and almost afraid to suffer to break into a gallop that noble team, which proudly trotted over the six miles, so as to leave two minutes or nearly of the half-hour for changing horses. We do not wish to forget how once as that famous coach was rolling up the hill near Barnet, with steeds that did not seem to know the difference between ascending and descending gradients, the guard pointed, with such admiration as guards only could express, to a post-chaise, as we passed it, in which were two ladies unattended: "There, sir, those ladies came out of Shrewsbury with me this morning; not many ladies in England would keep up with the 'Wonder,' in that way, sir." For the mere pleasure of travelling, nothing has yet matched the outside of a first-rate coach in fine weather, as such coaches were worked just before the introduction of locomotives:—

"But it had its dark side also. Any one who remembers the journey by stage from Manchester to London will associate it with recollections and sensations of not unmixed delight. To be perched for twenty hours, exposed to all weathers, on the outside of a coach, trying in vain to find a soft seat—sitting now with the face to the wind, rain, or sun, and now with the back—without any shelter such as the commonest penny-a-mile parliamentary train now daily provides,—was a miserable undertaking, looked forward to with horror by many whose business called upon them to travel frequently between the provinces and the Metropolis. Nor were the inside passengers more agreeably accommodated. To be closely packed up in a little, inconvenient, straight-backed vehicle, where the cramped limbs could not be in the least extended, nor the wearied fame indulge in any change of posture, was felt by many to be a terrible thing. Then there were the constantly recurring demands, not always couched in the politest terms, for an allowance to the driver every two or three stages, and to the guard every six or eight; and if the gratuity did not equal their expectations, growling and open abuse were not unusual. These *désagréments*, together with the exactions practised on travellers by innkeepers, seriously detracted from the romance of stage-coach travelling; and there was a general disposition on the part of the public to change the system for a better."—Pp. 346, 347.

George Stephenson was the main instrument in effecting that change—a change great in itself, and in its consequences to England and the world, incalculable. The volume before us is the third edition of the history of that remarkable man, and contains many particulars illustrative of his private life and

habits, while residing at Liverpool, Alton Grange, and Tapton, which supply an admitted defect in the earlier editions of his biography. The work exhibits clearly and fully, the triumphs of Mr. Stephenson's moral character and mechanical genius. They who wish to trace the locomotive in all the stages of its advance to its present perfection, will find here the requisite information: yet the book is a biography, not a dissertation on mechanics. The numerous scientific details which its five hundred pages contain, are all made to revolve around the engineer; and by the help of a few master-strokes, in which this third edition excels, Mr. Smiles makes his reader thoroughly conversant with his hero, from the time when his home was in Jolly's Close, where father, mother, four sons, and two daughters, all lived and slept in one room, till he had won for himself one of "the stately homes of England," and the two most illustrious of living monarchs, Victoria and Leopold, sought to shower honours on his head, and were not able; for, to the name of George Stephenson, any addition from the Herald's College would have been not glory, but a shadow.

George Stephenson, the real railway king, was the son of parents "who had very little to come and go upon—honest folk, but sore haudden doon in the world." His father was "an exceedingly amiable person," who encouraged the robins to feed around his engine fire, and delighted the boys and girls by his stories of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor. His mother, though somewhat nervous, "was a rale canny body." At an early age George was delighted to obtain employment as a cow-keeper, his wages being twopence a-day. His favourite amusement was, in conjunction with his chosen playmate Tom Thirlaway, to erect clay engines, the wild hemlock serving for imaginary pipes. Gradually, but surely, he gets better work, and about the age of fourteen, is appointed assistant-fireman to the engine, at one shilling a-day. Three years afterwards he becomes plugman, taking precedence of his father as a workman; and despite some obstacles, he pushed his way onward to yet more responsible occupation. Intending to marry, he added shoe mending and making, and the manufacture of lasts, to his other labours, as a means of increasing his slender resources. From the time an engine was placed under his care, it became his practice to take it to pieces on Saturday afternoon, for the twofold purpose of cleaning it and gaining a perfect knowledge of its parts and working. When he had reached the age of twenty-nine, an engine set up to pump water from a pit, failed to accomplish its purpose, though kept at work for nearly twelve months. Stephenson had repeatedly from curiosity marked the failure, and examined the

works. "Weel, George," said one of the workmen, "what do you mak' o' her? Do you think you could do anything to improve her?" "Man, I could alter her and make her draw: in a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom." The speech was reported to the head viewer, and George was asked to try. Making only one condition, but insisting on that, namely, that he should select his own workmen, he consented. He commenced on Sunday morning; on Wednesday, the engine was at work again; on Friday afternoon, the men were sent to the bottom. At the age of thirty-one, he was appointed engine-wright of the colliery, at the salary of £100, and a horse for his use, his business being now to superintend the construction of engines and railroads, and to watch the working of both. The locomotive was not then unknown, but was regarded very much in the light of a curious and costly toy. But Stephenson's eye was upon it, and his mind pondering the vast importance of the invention; and the more he thought, the deeper became his conviction of its practicability, its power, and its growing use.

Wooden rails were used near Newcastle very long ago, probably as early as the year 1630. About a century later, iron began to be substituted for wood; and in 1800, Mr. Benjamin Outram "used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails." Hence the name Outram roads, abbreviated into tram-roads. On the 2nd of September, 1813, a locomotive was tried on one of the roads, which drew sixteen waggons, weighing seventy tons, at the rate of about three miles an hour; but it was unsightly and costly, and pulled the road to pieces, and shortly afterwards burst. The colliery owners did not feel disposed to repeat the experiment. Among the spectators was Stephenson, who was heard to say that he thought he could make a much better engine than that. Obtaining the consent of his employer, Lord Ravensworth, he forthwith applied himself to the task, and produced one, which, on the 25th of July, 1814, drew after it thirty tons on an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, with a speed of about four miles an hour. It was cumbrous, clumsy, noisy, barely cheaper than horse-power, and its speed only that of a horse's walk. The idea of increasing the rate of combustion, by causing the steam to escape through the chimney, at once doubled the power of the engine; and by this simple expedient, Stephenson really decided the question as to the use of locomotives for the traction of coal. In 1815, he produced another engine, "containing the germ of all that has since been effected."

George Stephenson was a truly great man, and, therefore,

not a man of one idea. In the year 1806, he was employed as brakesman at the mouth of a pit. Four men had just descended for some special work, and he had ordered a fifth to accompany them, and set them to work. They had scarcely reached the bottom ere an explosion took place, and wood, stones, and trusses of hay were blown out of the mine, and into the air like balloons. Ten men were killed, and a loss of about £20,000 incurred. From that time Stephenson studied the subject of fire-damp by the aid of books and of his own experience, his inquiries being quickened by the dreadful accidents too often spreading gloom over the neighbourhood in which he dwelt; and at length he succeeded in planning a safety-lamp; and one made according to his instructions was taken to his house on the 21st of October, 1815, where he himself arrived at nightfall. Moodie, the under-viewer, was there by appointment. Mr. Wood, who was expected, had not arrived, and a messenger was despatched a mile in the darkness, to seek him. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the three went down into the mine to try, for the first time, the daring experiment, whether a safety-lamp might be harmlessly carried, where an unprotected candle would produce a deadly explosion. Reaching one of the foulest galleries, they boarded up a part of it to confine the gas, thereby rendering it as foul as possible. After waiting about an hour, Moodie, whose practical acquaintance with fire-damp was greatest, was sent without a light to examine the spot; who, returning, reported that if a candle were introduced an explosion must inevitably follow, and warned Stephenson not to risk life and the pit, by proceeding; but, confident in his lamp, he lighted the wick, and advanced. His companions declined to throw away their lives, and retired to a place of safety; the glimmering lamp and its dauntless contriver soon disappeared in the windings of the mine. Alone he reached the spot in which the most fearful elements of destruction had been imprisoned, entered within the partition, and held out his lighted lamp where the noxious current was the strongest. The flame at first increased, then flickered and went out. He had produced a lamp which would light the miner while it was safe to work, and by its extinction warn him of his danger, when safety was at end. To this day it is doubted whether the "Geordy Lamp," the prior invention, be not preferable to the "Davy."

Resuming now the history of Stephenson's greatest achievement, it will be remembered that all the locomotives, excepting his, had been abandoned; and though his was kept at work daily, it was not at such a saving of expense as could lead to its general adoption. His next step was to diminish expense

by improving the road; then followed the contrivance of springs, which further facilitated the working of the huge machine. Amidst all difficulty and ridicule, the master-mind clung with undoubting faith to the certainty of eventual success.

In 1819, the owners of the Hetton Colliery, in the county of Durham, resolved to have their waggon-way, about eight miles in length, altered into a locomotive railroad, and Stephenson was appointed engineer. It was opened on the 18th of November, 1822, amidst crowds of spectators, five engines of his manufacture being at work upon it, which moved about four miles an hour, each engine drawing after it sixty-four tons weight. The experiment was perfectly decisive as to the value of the locomotive for the traction of heavy goods, where the traffic was great, and a nearly level road could be secured; but the way was by no means clear to its adoption for the transit of general merchandise, much less of passengers.

While the Hetton road was being formed, a far more important project was also advancing to completion, namely, the Stockton and Darlington Railway *for the use of the public*. The history of the undertaking has the charm of a romance. Its originator was one of that rapidly diminishing class of men, whose attire and creed seem to separate them from the sordid and even material interests of the present world, and to belong rather to the monastery than the exchange; but who are found in practice to be, in mercantile energy, and sharpness, and success, second to none. Edward Pease discerned in 1817, the desirableness of a railroad from the neighbourhood of Darlington to Stockton, his main object being the delivery of coals along the line of the road. Not twenty shares were subscribed for in Stockton; but, influenced by Mr. Pease, the Quakers took up the project, and in 1818, a bill was before Parliament. The proposed line ran near one of the Duke of Cleveland's fox covers; and, for that reason, the noble duke opposed, and just succeeded in defeating the measure. In 1819, the sturdy projectors were ready with another bill for a line, so altered as to leave the foxes undisturbed; but the turnpike-road trustees raised an alarm of the total ruin of their trusts; whereupon Mr. Pease issued a notice, offering to buy up their securities, or any of them, at the original price; and so that clamour was hushed. In January, 1820, George III. died, and the proceedings were suspended. On the 19th of April, 1821, the bill passed. Stephenson still, to use his own words, "only the engine-wright at Killingworth," introduced himself to Mr. Pease, roundly told him that locomotives would entirely supersede all horse-power upon railroads, and strongly urged him to adopt them on his projected

line. "Come over," said he, "to Killingworth, and see what my 'Blucher' can do; seeing is believing, sir." The sharp-sighted Quaker discerned in the applicant the man he wanted; and employed him, first to make a new survey, and afterwards to construct the road. As the time for the opening approached, an eager discussion arose whether horse-power, fixed engines, or locomotives, should be employed. Mr. Pease, influenced by the engineer, induced the directors to give the locomotive a trial; and three engines were ordered for the purpose of Stephenson and Co. On an experimental trip they were found capable of running from twelve to fifteen miles an hour; but were better fitted for the slow and heavy work for which they had been built. The day of opening approached, but previously to its arrival, Stephenson, accompanied by his son and John Dixon, made a survey of the works, and then went to an inn at Stockport to dine; where he adopted the very unusual measure of ordering a bottle of wine, to drink success to the railway. To this select audience, he made this remarkable speech:—

"Now, lads, I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country—when mail coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth." —Pp. 196, 197.

The 27th of September, 1825, was the day of opening. The assembly to witness it was immense. Some were there to gratify curiosity, some to rejoice in the event, some to see the bubble burst.

"The train consisted of six waggons, loaded with coals and flour; after these was the passenger coach, filled with the directors and their friends, and then twenty-one waggons fitted up with temporary seats for passengers; and, lastly, came six waggon-loads of coals, making in all a train of thirty-eight vehicles. The signal being given, the train started, and it accomplished the first eight and three-quarter miles in sixty-five minutes. The arrival at Stockton excited deep interest and admiration."—P. 198.

The success was decisive. A passenger and goods traffic

sprung up immediately; and in a set race between the engine "Active," and one of the regular stage coaches, "Active" won the race by about a hundred yards.

During the progress of the bill for the formation of this road, a curious incident occurred, showing the helplessness of the poor, through their want of representatives in Parliament; the tricks which even the best of our legislators will play, and the manner in which cunning often defeats itself. Mr. Lambton, afterwards Earl of Durham, held extensive colliery property near Stockton, and was anxious to guard against competition with the collieries near Darlington; and he, therefore, got inserted into the bill a clause, forbidding more than a half-penny a ton per mile to be charged on any coal brought along the line, to Stockton, for shipment; neither he, nor any one else, dreaming that its conveyance at that rate was, or ever would be, possible. His object was to establish a monopoly at the expense of the public—and he had his reward. The half-penny rate proved the vital element in the success of the railway; and in the course of a few years, the annual shipment of coal from it exceeded five hundred thousand tons.

This line was worked partly by horses, partly by fixed engines, and partly by locomotives. The passenger traffic was very rudely provided for, and did not create any general hope of the substitution of locomotives for coaches. For that, the last and crowning achievement, we have to look to the next great railway project.

The very pressing want of some improved means for the transit of merchandise, between Liverpool and Manchester, led the enterprising merchants of those towns to form a company for the construction of a double line of railway between them. A deputation was sent to Killingworth, to inspect the working of the railroad there, and they reported favourably of the locomotives, both for economy and speed. Stephenson was appointed surveyor; and when, despite the most pertinacious and annoying opposition, he had completed his survey, he was called as a witness before a committee of the House of Commons, and tormented by a three days' cross-examination, conducted by men trained to the art of perplexing witnesses, and hired to defeat the purpose he had most at heart. The bill was lost, poor Stephenson being made the butt of ridicule by the leading counsel, and stigmatized as an ignoramus, a fool, and even a maniac; though he was the only man present, and indeed the only man in the world, who understood the business for which that committee had been convened. Thoroughly honest, and, as to railroads, the wise man of all the earth, he lacked two things on which—humbling as the

confession is—the weight of words very much depends, namely, a great name and glibness of speech.

The bill was speedily introduced again; but it was not deemed wise to venture a second time on Stephenson as a witness, and his place was supplied by engineers and surveyors of the highest reputation. The route was slightly changed to avoid game preserves, and other means were adopted to conciliate opponents. The bill passed; and Stephenson was appointed engineer, at a salary of £1,000 a year. The work involved the peculiar difficulty arising from Chat Moss, a bog four miles across. The engineer had no experience to guide him; public opinion predicted utter failure; "for weeks and weeks" he went on pouring materials into the insatiable bog without the least sign of being able to raise the solid embankment one single inch; his assistants were fast losing all hope; the directors began to speak of the task as impracticable; other engineers were consulted, and they reported unfavourably; a board meeting was called to consider whether the work should be abandoned; fortunately, the indomitable engine-wright of Killingworth never for one moment doubted the issue, and six months after that board meeting, he took a party of the directors' friends over the Moss by a locomotive, on their way to dine at Manchester. Kilsby Tunnel, less than a mile and a half in length, cost £350,000: the cost of the four miles over Chat Moss was £28,000.

When the line was approaching completion, it was necessary to determine what motive power should be employed upon it. To us, now, it must appear marvellous and almost astounding, that after the experience which has been explained, there should have existed the slightest doubt. There did exist the greatest doubt. Telford and the Rennies discountenanced the locomotive; and the directors, deluged with all sorts of plans, called in two professional engineers of high standing, Mr. Walker of Limehouse, and Mr. Rastrick of Stourbridge. These gentlemen examined the Northern railways, and then concurred in recommending the use of fixed engines in preference to locomotives. *George Stephenson stood alone.* Not a single professional man of any eminence countenanced him; but, firmer than the pillars of Staffa amid the swell of the Atlantic, he held fast his confidence; pointed out to the directors the prodigious disadvantages of working so long a line by fixed engines; challenged them to let him produce an engine for the purpose of trial, pledging himself that it should work heavy goods along the line with speed, regularity, and safety. Swayed by his resoluteness, they offered a prize of £500 for a locomotive which should best fulfil certain con-

ditions, be ready not later than October 1st, 1829, and not exceed £550 in price. The trial commenced on the 6th, and was not concluded till the 14th. Four engines started, one of them being the "Rocket" from Stephenson's manufactory at Newcastle. The other three, from different causes, failed. The "Rocket" drew its appointed load at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, ten being the speed required; and when the prize had been adjudged, Stephenson ordered it to be brought out and disengaged from its load of twenty tons, and to the admiration, if not awe, of the spectators, it made two trips at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The shares of the company immediately rose ten per cent. The grand triumph of the age was won.

The sublime invention which is changing the aspect of the whole world, owes its existence, progress, and perfection entirely to voluntary effort, and chiefly to individual energy. Government, from first to last, did nothing to develope, but much to obstruct, an enterprise which might have seemed, beyond almost any other, to justify and require the interference of the state. So early as 1812, Stephenson produced his first engine, and remarked to his friends that "there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, if the works could be made to stand it." For the following seventeen years, instead of seeing the worth of this mighty instrument and fostering the invention, government had to be fought, and conquered or bribed, at every step. So late as 1825, Stephenson appeared before a committee of the House of Commons; told them that he had laid down or superintended six railways, improved three others, and constructed fifty-five engines, of which sixteen were locomotives; that his locomotives had been at work eleven years, and had exceeded his most sanguine expectations; that twenty tons might be drawn eight miles, and forty tons four miles an hour; that indeed he had no doubt they might go at the rate of twelve miles an hour; but the testimony of this man was overborne by the vague assertions of theorists, the babbling of conceited advocates, and the covetousness of senatorial landowners. The following year the bill was again brought forward, and after its promoters had expended £27,000, leave was granted, or rather extorted, to make a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester. During the progress of the works, application was made to government for monetary aid. Telford was consulted, and replied that he did not know whether either fixed engines or locomotives would answer, and though both had answered for fifteen years, the aid was refused. After the all-decisive experiment of 1829, the government was directing its attention to the improvement of the old

turnpike roads, and voting large sums of money to reward Mr. MacAdam. In 1832, a bill was presented to Parliament for a line from Birmingham to London. It passed the Commons. The sum of £10,000 was asked as the price of withdrawing one part of the opposition to which it was exposed in the Lords; in short, the opposition had been got up for the purpose of being bought off. The bribe was refused, and the bill rejected. The directors, however, found that if they would succeed with noble lords, they must pay. The estimate, therefore, of money for land, which was £250,000 in the first bill, was raised to £750,000 in the second; and then the patriotic senators suffered the bill to become law; but not till £72,868 had been consumed in parliamentary expenses. Such is gove-nmental patronage of the greatest national works.

Mr. Stephenson was accustomed to attribute his success in life mainly, if not entirely, to one quality, perseverance. "He never would have it that he was a genius, or that he had done anything which other men, equally laborious and persevering with himself, could not have accomplished." The same notion appears repeatedly in the pages of the biography, and is much more to the credit of Mr. Stephenson's modesty than of his judgment. Unquestionably the miseries of society are to be traced chiefly to the want of two virtues, which it is in every man's power to practise, thrift and perseverance. It cannot be too sedulously impressed upon young men, that if they have health, and will but be steadfast and economical, they are absolutely certain of success. Let them banish the word "luck" from their vocabulary; and set out in life as faithful disciples of Solomon, who says, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" "seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." But when an authority like Stephenson conveys the impression that almost any man is competent to do what he did, he is betrayed into gross and not harmless exaggeration. There is as much difference between man and man, as between the Shetland pony and the London dray-horse, as between the Suffolk cart-horse and the winner of "the Derby." It is only here and there a man that can bear a staff "like a weaver's beam." To tell the multitude they may do all a giant does if they will, is but to mislead and dishearten them. Their powers are limited. To be diligent and faithful within the limits assigned them, is the whole of their duty; and to that duty they are not at all schooled, by being encouraged to imitate the frog in the fable. Sebastian Bach might say, "I was industrious, and whoever is equally industrious will be equally successful;" but the assumption that every man has the capacity to produce the music of

Bach, or the dramas of Shakspere, or the engineering feats of Stephenson, is simply absurd; and can but delude those who are weak enough to be flattered by it. A moderate amount only of mental capacity is possessed by men generally. In their own sphere, they may be happy, useful, loved, honoured of God, educated for the highest honours of the kingdom of Christ, which will be meted out according to moral excellence; but they ought not to be told it is their own fault if they are not as tall as the son of Kish, or as strong as the son of Manoah.

George Stephenson, though a very modest man, unwittingly attributed far too much to himself, when he resolved his achievements into his own industry and perseverance. He possessed unusual bodily strength and endurance, and mentally he belonged to the class which are both shrewd and powerful beyond their fellows. Hearing some one read from a newspaper a description of the Egyptian mode of hatching eggs, he tried the experiment with birds' eggs by his engine fire. When a man grown, he acquired the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic; mastered reduction while his comrade was wearying himself with the mysteries of simple division; and eventually outstripped his teacher. He tried his hand at perpetual motion; when his clock had been injured by fire, he took it to pieces, and repaired it, and so acquired a new and profitable business. From the difficulties created by the war, his enterprising spirit suggested an escape by emigration, and he was kept in England only by having spent his savings on his needy parents. He had a small garden, and no finer leeks or cabbages were to be found in the neighbourhood than there. In after life, he bore away the prize for pines from his friend Paxton, and for grapes in a competition with all England. The cucumbers, indeed, for a time baffled all the efforts of the engineer to make them grow straight, but at length he hit upon the plan of having glass cylinders made for them to grow in, and carrying one of the first successful specimens to his visitors, he exclaimed, "I think I have bothered them noo." He was a man qualified corporeally, mentally, and morally, to be foremost in the race of life.

Railroads will be ever associated in English history with some of the most discreditable tricks ever practised. It is greatly to Mr. Stephenson's honour that, while connected more closely than any other man with their construction and working, he unswervingly kept in the pathway of integrity and honour. His engines were thoroughly well made; and in the formation of new roads he took care to have good materials, and good workmanship, and would tolerate no "scamping." In the wild excitement of 1844 and 1845, he never speculated in shares, and did his best to convince all—and they were very many—who

endeavoured in vain to secure his sanction as engineer of worthless lines, of the ruinous consequences of their procedure.

As far as the memoir supplies any evidence in point, it presents Stephenson to us as an amiable child, a good son, a kind husband, an affectionate and wise father. Gladly should we have learned more than is revealed of his character religiously considered. When the head viewer went to ask him about the engine which failed to pump the water from the pit at Killingworth, he was dressed in his Sunday's suit, about to proceed to "the preachings" in the Methodist chapel, which at that time he attended. In later years,—

"Whilst walking in the woods or through the grounds, he would arrest his friends' attention by allusion to some simple object,—such as a leaf, a blade of grass, a bit of bark, a nest of birds, or an ant carrying its eggs across a path,—and descant in glowing terms upon the creative power of the Divine mechanician, whose contrivances were so exhaustless and so wonderful. This was a theme upon which he was often accustomed to dwell in reverential admiration, when in the society of his more intimate friends.

One night, when walking under the stars, and gazing up into the field of suns, each the probable centre of a system, forming the Milky Way, a friend said to him, 'What an insignificant creature is man, in sight of so immense a creation as that.' 'Yes,' was his reply, 'but how wonderful a creature also is man, to be able to think and reason, and even in some measure to comprehend works so infinite!'"

With these exceptions, there is scarcely a reference to be found to the religious views or practices of this distinguished man. The slight incidental evidence which the history supplies, is certainly not such as a pious man would desire. At page 357, a brief journal is given, extending from August 4th, 1836, to September 10th. We extract the only Sunday entries it contains:—

"August 14th. Meeting with Mr. Hudson at York, and journey from York to Newcastle." "21st. Carlisle to Dumfries by mail, forward to Ayr by chaise, proceeding up the valley of the Nith, through Thornhill, Sanquhar, and Cumnock." "28th. Journey from Edinburgh, through Melrose and Jedburgh to Horsley, along the route of Mr. Richardson's proposed railway, across Carter Fell." "September 4th. Sunday at Manchester."

Earnestly have we looked at the tale of his advancing life till in his 67th year he gave up the ghost, in quest of some intimations that he knew Him who is "the way, the truth, and the life," and that his great soul thrilled with the thought of eternity, and of that state amid the stupendous realities of which the

achievements of earth shall appear as do now to man the feats of childhood. We have looked in vain. We can only hope that, in this respect, the written life is not a perfectly accurate transcript of the actual life.

ART. IV.—THE ATHEISMS OF GEOLOGY.

1. *The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Shepherd & Elliot. 1857.
2. *Atheisms of Geology: Sir C. Lyell, Hugh Miller, &c., confronted with the Rocks.* By J. A. S. London: Piper, Stephenson, & Co. 1857.
3. *Voices from the Rocks; or, Proofs of the Existence of Man during the Palæozoic, or most Ancient Period of the Earth: a Reply to the late Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks."* London: Judd & Glass. 1857.

WE much doubt whether the attempt so frequently made to reconcile the Mosaic narrative of the Creation and the discoveries or deductions of Geology have been to the glory of God, and the honour of His word. The authors who, with great confidence in their several modes of concordance, have claimed for their theories the authority of Revelation, have greatly over-estimated the value of their speculations. Every Christian mind is fully convinced that whenever a want of harmony is perceived between the declarations of the Bible and the deductions of science, man has been a false interpreter of one or both. The schemes of the Mosaical geologists have, therefore, whether received or rejected, no influence upon the faith of believers in Revelation, for they have already accepted the conclusion of the Apostle—"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that those things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." To the sceptic these pseudo-geological hypotheses are absolutely valueless. If he desire to bring his faith into harmony with his reason, and doubting be a state of painful suspense, he will seek for more convincing proofs of the authenticity of the Divine revelation than this subject is adapted to supply; and if his incredulity be a fictitious condition of mind, assumed as a justification of the habitual neglect of religious duties, or breaches of the moral law, a comparison of Sinai and Calvary will better suit his case than a reconciliation of the mineral and Mosaical geologies.

But we are disposed to go a step further in our depreciation of this class of books; for in many instances, we believe, they have encouraged the scepticism their authors honestly intended to remove. The Mosaic narrative of the Creation is singularly brief and explicit, and speculative minds have taken advantage of the brevity to interpolate explanations after their own fashion. If a number of artists were to paint pictures from the same bare outline, their works would prove, by dissimilarity, how little the greater number must resemble the original conception, or the living subject. The narrative of the Creation supplies a series of such outlines, and minds differing in character and in cultivation perceiving them under different lights, one has given prominence to parts which another has put in distance, and many have thus lost the spirit of the sketch altogether. This dissimilarity in the protended copies has, we fear, often excited a doubt as to the truthfulness of the original; and careless, ignorant minds have been taught to despise when they were asked to admire. But in making this statement, we have no desire to repress the expression of opinion, nor to condemn controversy within the legitimate area of scriptural research, and in the spirit of Christian candour.

Although we fully admit the necessity and benefit of a rigid examination of scientific deductions, we dispute both the propriety and right of those who use science for the purpose of denouncing the conclusions which stand in the way of preconceived hypotheses; and in so doing we again enter our protest against a large number of books on the mineral and Mosaical geologies. Their authors, confessing their dependence upon scientific research, in which they have taken no part, build up their several theories, as diverse as the tongues at Babel, though announced as confessions of faith, by a systematic denunciation of the deductions and characters of the men on whom they depend for facts. Nor is this all; for these theorists are apt to abuse each other, and some make the reception of their speculations the test of individual Christianity. If a man should believe that the earth was in existence, and "without form and void," prior to the first day of the Mosaic narrative; or, with Hugh Miller, that "the six days of the Mosaic narrative were not natural days, but lengthened periods," he must take his place with "atheistical geologists," and submit to be denounced by those who hold opposite opinions as a despiser of Revelation. The author of "Voices from the Rocks" has written a comparatively sensible and modest book, less disfigured than many others teaching the same theory, by violent attacks upon the faith of those who differ in opinion, but he cannot lay down the pen in that charity which "thinketh no evil."

"Although Geology," he says, "is confessedly yet in its infancy—although it mutters only a feeble and inarticulate language—although its professors are notoriously at variance as to its fundamental positions, yet it has ventured to set itself in opposition to the declarations of the Scripture of truth. Diverse theories concerning the past history of our globe swarm every season, and buzz like ephemera for a time, until they perish before a fresh generation of their kind. Various as these speculations are, however, they agree in one particular: they completely ignore, and set at nought, the revelation which it has pleased the Creator himself to give us, respecting 'the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created.' This is strange; and stranger still, Geology is believed, and Revelation is rejected; or if not positively rejected, its plainest statements are so twisted and tortured by learned critics, that they are made to harmonize with whichever theory happens to be for the nonce in most favour with geological *savants*."

There is inconsistency as well as unfairness in this accusation. The author condemns Geology because it has "set itself in opposition to the declarations of the Scripture of truth." Geology is a science of facts, and the hypotheses of geologists are rather accidental than necessary to its development. The deductions drawn from geological facts are the opinions of individuals, and for the greater part, especially for those of a theological tendency, the science is not answerable. The author of the "Vestiges of Creation" is a geologist, and so was the late Hugh Miller, but Geology cannot teach both theories—one is pure Atheism, the other is Mosaical, for even if it be heterodox, it is a hypothesis which admits the obligation of the human reason to the Divine revelation, and seeks to reconcile the scientific opinions of the author with his reading of the Mosaic narrative. Geology cannot teach at one and the same time that there is no God, and that God has given a revelation which cannot be rejected without sin. A man may be thoroughly acquainted with the chemical composition and physical condition of rocks, their superposition and organic remains, and yet his mind may be undecided as to the circumstances under which they have been produced, and the time occupied in their formation; but he is nevertheless entitled to call himself a geologist. The author is in error when he says that geologists "are notoriously at variance as to *its* fundamental principles." It is not possible that a science can have antagonistic principles. Difference of opinion may exist among a certain class of students, and the author has pointed out the class to which he refers—it is that to which he belongs. It embraces all those who avail themselves of the investigations of scientific men to support the speculations by which they propose to reconcile the testimony of the works and word of God. Such are the men who "every

season" publish "diverse theories concerning the past history of our globe," and whose speculations, according to the author, "set at nought the revelation which it has pleased the Creator himself to give us respecting 'the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created.'" Geology is no more to be blamed for the follies or sins of these men than the laws of society are chargeable with the crimes which they have specified and defined. We heartily wish these men would leave the science alone, for if it be "confessedly in its infancy" we have not yet the information necessary for a comparison of the works and word of God.

We need not look beyond the three books before us, to sustain the position we have taken; and we might add, to prove the uselessness of their speculations, if the influence of two out of the three were not absolutely pernicious. Presuming them to have been written by Christian men, holding the authority of the Bible to be supreme, and anxious to remove every appearance of discord between the narrative of the Creation and the deductions of scientific men, we have in the results of their serious and patient research, a distressing instance of discord in their representations of the meaning of the history, as well as in the theories by which they severally attempt to explain the geological facts. Hugh Miller who, without controversy, possessed a knowledge of Geology to which the other authors before us can lay no claim, applied his earnest mind and the force of his genius to the subject, and with high authority as a Christian and a geologist, explained his method of reconciling the testimony of the works of the Creator with the words of the lawgiver. But the position he took, and the theory he proposed, are indignantly rejected. The author of the "Voices" cannot "conceive how any honest believer in the inspiration of the first chapter of Genesis, can hold to a scheme which so plainly contradicts some of its most evident statements;" while the author of the "Atheisms" believes, "that metonymy, carried so far as it is in the 'Testimony of the Rocks,' is only calculated to destroy the credit of the Bible altogether, to justify infidelity, and to sap, even in the mind of the Christian himself, the whole foundation of his hope and trust." If from this apparent agreement in denouncing Hugh Miller's scheme of reconciliation, any hope of further unanimity between these writers should be entertained, it will be disappointed; for, except that they both believe the Mosaic day to be a period of four-and-twenty hours, the hypotheses by which they explain the formation of rocks are as opposed to each other as to the one they mutually condemn. Would that these authors had been actuated by that noble faith in the ultimate conquest

of scientific truth, and the virtue of patience, which Kepler evinced, when, in anticipation of the scepticism of his contemporaries, he said of his "Harmonies of the World,"—"It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer."

It is not our intention to examine the safety of the position Hugh Miller has taken in his "Testimony of the Rocks," or to criticize his hypothesis. We will, therefore, quote one passage from which the reader may form his own opinion of both, and pass on to some remarks upon the "Atheisms of Geology."

"I occupy exactly the position now," he says, "with respect to Geology, that the mere Christian geographer would have occupied with respect to Geography in the days of those doctors of Salamanca, who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Columbus that the world is round—not flat; or exactly the position which the mere Christian astronomer would have occupied with respect to Astronomy in the days of that Francis Turrettine, who deemed it unscriptural to hold with Newton and Galileo, that it is the earth which moves in the heavens, and the sun which stands still. The mere geographer or astronomer might have been wholly unable to discuss with Turrettine or the doctors, the niceties of Chaldaic punctuation or the various meanings of the Hebrew verbs. But this much, notwithstanding, he would be perfectly qualified to say—However great your skill as linguists, your reading of what you term the Scriptural Geography or Scriptural Astronomy, must of necessity be a false reading, seeing that it connects Scripture to what, in my character as a geographer or astronomer, I know to be a monstrously false Geography or Astronomy. Premising, then, that I make no pretensions to even the slightest skill in philology, I remark further that it has been held by accomplished philologists, that the days of the Mosaic Creation may be regarded, without doing violence to the genius of the Hebrew language, as successive periods of great extent; and certainly, in looking at my English Bible, I find that the portion of time spoken of in the first chapter of Genesis as *six* days, is spoken of in the second chapter as *one* day. True, there are other philologers, such as the late Professor Moses Stuart, who take a different view; but then I find this same Professor Stuart striving hard to make the phraseology of Moses 'fix the antiquity of the globe;' and so, as a mere geologist, I reject this philology on exactly the same principle on which the mere geographer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of the doctors of Salamanca, or on which the mere astronomer would reject, and be justified in rejecting, the philology of Turrettine and the old Franciscans. I would, in any such case, at once, and without hesitation, cut the philological knot, by determining that the philology cannot be sound which would commit the Scriptures to a science that cannot be true."

In this course of reasoning the author assumes the impossi-

...ing for geological facts without admitting the ... longer period of time than that which intervened ... commencement of human chronology and the ... opinion he attempts to prove by an appeal to the ... the rocks and their organic remains; and we need ... interesting these researches are made by the simple ... ce of his style, and the amplitude of his genius. ... and the argument by which it is supported, may ... the book is interesting. This is the substance of ... made by the authors of the two books we have, at ... ment of this paper, associated with the "Testimony ... and upon them we have a few remarks to make. ... the "Atheisms of Geology" charges geologists ... lies of Atheism be a denial of the existence of ... a reasonable attempt to prove that they hold ... and as we cannot understand why these ... hard-working, scientific men should be ... thinking minds to adopt the doctrine of ... inconceivable difficulties, in preference to a ... a First Cause, some proof of the fact must ... to the assertion. The author's object is to ... and establish his own, and, strange to ... accomplish his purpose by the use of arguments ... attribute of omnipotence. Surely the ... a logician is not necessary to prove that ... must be based upon some acknowledged ... assumption admitted by the disputants. ... who believes geological theories to be false, ... theists, could, we think, attempt to dis- ... conclusions by arguments drawn from the ... We must, therefore, either believe that ... to us is a misnomer, or that the author ... the precise meaning of the words he ... the most charitable conclusion we can ... immediately supplied, in the commencement ... of his misapplication of the offensive ... geologists, and thus provided an antidote ...

...her heard a lecturer announce the ... facts of mathematical science are ... Thus one and one added together ... than two. It is impossible they ... with God. We are warranted ... sequence, for on the authority of ... things are impossible with God, ... Now this statement, strange

to say, the author believes to be atheistical, or, to use his own words, it "is a system of logic calculated to ignore omnipotence and to negative the existence of an Almighty God, on the misapplied authority of his own apostle." Much as we condemn the immorality of applying deductions from moral or intellectual premises to scientific facts, opinions, or assertions, and of comparing God's inability to sin with his inability to make an abstract mathematical truth a falsehood, we are quite unable to perceive Atheism in the denounced assertion. Far more strongly do we condemn the author's attempt to refute the lecturer by an illustration drawn from our Saviour's first miracle and the science of chemistry. His reasoning may be thus expressed: Oxygen is one element, hydrogen another, and the two, in certain proportions, make water; but of water Christ made wine, and as wine contains more than two elements the assumed miracle was a deception, or one and one do not necessarily make two. Expressed in this form the fallacy of the argument is at once perceived. The author deals with created things and creative power as if they were the same existence. Christ had before him two elements, as chemistry asserts, and by the exercise of his creative power there was an instantaneous transformation or creation, and the elements or created things were many. This miracle does not prove that in the Divine prescience one and one can be some other number than two, though Omnipotence can from two substances produce any other number of substances. Had Christ broken up the two elements of water in the miraculous production of wine, and created seven out of the two, it could not be said that one seven times repeated make two, nor could the exercise of the creative power be said to throw a doubt upon the fact that one and one make two. It may be said that God has spoken to man in the terms he is accustomed to employ; but, by way of illustration, we may remark that if such an argument as that introduced by the author could be sustained, the Bible itself would be an enigma, and some of its most encouraging and consoling promises would be as valueless as the mystical dreams of the enthusiast, or the ambiguous declaration of a heathen oracle. If when Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be in the midst of them," he did not mean the numbers so designated by men, but some number he could create out of two or three, how could we in pleading his promise anticipate the fulfilment.

We shall not discuss the question raised by the author whether the apostle meant that "the impossibility of God condescending to lie, was from choice and merit in Him, and not from the force of any superior law or necessity upon Him." But we

principles the condition of the earth at the commencement o the Mosaic chronology, and the manner in which the whol series of stratified rocks may have been formed in sixteen hun dred years, that is to say, between the creation of Adam and th Deluge, we must devote two or three pages to a review of hi hypothesis, though the task is neither easy nor pleasant, for hi motto should be—

"Nunc huc, nunc illuc, et utrinque sine ordine curro."

In reference to the state of the earth, antecedent to th formation of the metamorphic rocks, our author agrees with th geologists. "The earth," he says, "must have been at on time a molten mass, and in this condition obeyed the law o Divine command, to the supremacy of which it was introduced and took the form of a spheroid." But upon the question of th time when the earth was in this condition, the geologists an our author, as already stated, differ essentially, for he believe this to have been its condition on the first day of the Mosai narrative. The cooling or refrigeration of the earth, sufficien for the formation of a hard granitic surface, is supposed to hav been rapidly effected, as it was surrounded by gases waitin combination for the production of water and atmospheric air, an within eight-and-forty hours after the consolidation of a crust volcanic vents and subaqueous formations may have bee produced.

Compare with this hypothesis the statement of Hugh Miller:—

"Addison's popular illustration, drawn from one of the calculation of Newton, made in an age when comets were believed to be sol bodies, rendered the reading public familiar, considerably more tha a century ago, with the vast time which large bodies greatly heate would take in cooling. 'According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculation said the exquisitely classical essayist, the comet that made it appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approach to th sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red-h iron had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as bi as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fift thousand years in cooling before it recovered its natural temper. . . . It is now ascertained from the circumstance that no dew i deposited in our summer evenings, save under a clear sky, that eve a thin covering of cloud—serving as a robe to keep the earth warm— prevents the surface heat of the planet from radiating into the space beyond. And such a cloud, thick and continuous, as must hav wrapped round the earth as with a mantle during the earlier geologic periods, must have served to retard for many ages the radiation, an consequently the reduction, of that internal heat of which it wa itself a consequence."

to say, the author believes to be atheistical, or, to use his own words, it "is a system of logic calculated to ignore omnipotence and to negative the existence of an Almighty God, on the misquoted authority of his own apostle." Much as we condemn the impropriety of applying deductions from moral or intellectual qualities to scientific facts, opinions, or assertions, and of comparing God's inability to sin with his inability to make an abstract mathematical truth a falsehood, we are quite unable to perceive Atheism in the denounced assertion. Far more strongly do we condemn the author's attempt to refute the lecturer by an illustration drawn from our Saviour's first miracle and the science of chemistry. His reasoning may be thus expressed: Oxygen is one element, hydrogen another, and the two, in certain proportions, make water; but of water Christ made wine, and as wine contains more than two elements the assumed miracle was a deception, or one and one do not necessarily make two. Expressed in this form the fallacy of the argument is at once perceived. The author deals with created things and creative power as if they were the same existence. Christ had before him two elements, as chemistry asserts, and by the exercise of his creative power there was an instantaneous transformation or creation, and the elements or created things were many. This miracle does not prove that in the Divine prescience one and one can be some other number than two, though Omnipotence can from two substances produce any other number of substances. Had Christ broken up the two elements of water in the miraculous production of wine, and created seven out of the two, it could not be said that one seven times repeated make two, nor could the exercise of the creative power be said to throw a doubt upon the fact that one and one make two. It may be said that God has spoken to man in the terms he is accustomed to employ; but, by way of illustration, we may remark that if such an argument as that introduced by the author could be sustained, the Bible itself would be an enigma, and some of its most encouraging and consoling promises would be as valueless as the mystical dreams of the enthusiast, or the ambiguous declaration of a heathen oracle. If when Christ said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be in the midst of them," he did not mean the numbers so designated by men, but some number he could create out of two or three, how could we in pleading his promise anticipate the fulfilment.

We shall not discuss the question raised by the author whether the apostle meant that "the impossibility of God condescending to lie, was from choice and merit in Him, and not from the force of any superior law or necessity upon Him." But we

principles the condition of the earth at the commencement of the Mosaic chronology, and the manner in which the whole series of stratified rocks may have been formed in sixteen hundred years, that is to say, between the creation of Adam and the Deluge, we must devote two or three pages to a review of his hypothesis, though the task is neither easy nor pleasant, for his motto should be—

"Nunc huc, nunc illuc, et utrinque sine ordine curro."

In reference to the state of the earth, antecedent to the formation of the metamorphic rocks, our author agrees with the geologists. "The earth," he says, "must have been at one time a molten mass, and in this condition obeyed the law or Divine command, to the supremacy of which it was introduced, and took the form of a spheroid." But upon the question of the time when the earth was in this condition, the geologists and our author, as already stated, differ essentially, for he believes this to have been its condition on the first day of the Mosaic narrative. The cooling or refrigeration of the earth, sufficient for the formation of a hard granitic surface, is supposed to have been rapidly effected, as it was surrounded by gases waiting combination for the production of water and atmospheric air, and within eight-and-forty hours after the consolidation of a crust, volcanic vents and subaqueous formations may have been produced.

Compare with this hypothesis the statement of Hugh Miller:—

"Addison's popular illustration, drawn from one of the calculations of Newton, made in an age when comets were believed to be solid bodies, rendered the reading public familiar, considerably more than a century ago, with the vast time which large bodies greatly heated would take in cooling. 'According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculation,' said the exquisitely classical essayist, the comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approach to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling before it recovered its natural temper.' . . . It is now ascertained from the circumstance that no dew is deposited in our summer evenings, save under a clear sky, that even a thin covering of cloud—serving as a robe to keep the earth warm—prevents the surface heat of the planet from radiating into the spaces beyond. And such a cloud, thick and continuous, as must have wrapped round the earth as with a mantle during the earlier geologic periods, must have served to retard for many ages the radiation, and consequently the reduction, of that internal heat of which it was itself a consequence."

principles, he considers this to be enough, his apprehension of the Divine omnipotence forbids the admission of a longer period. But the author's confidence in his right as an intelligent and Christian man to hold these opinions should have moderated his attacks upon others. He has, however, indulged a noisy and boisterous satisfaction in heaping opprobrious epithets upon Geology and its students, as though his zeal for Divine truth might be measured by the offensiveness of his epithets. Geologists are said to be "tall and strong in Atheism," their opinions are "infallible absurdities," and their theories are "absolutely and physically impossible." Geologists know as well as other men how little safety is to be found in a castle of enchantment, which may dissolve in a night and leave its inhabitants unsheltered to the ridicule of mankind. But so long as they believe their theories to be built on the rocks, and to be fortified by truth, the voice of friendship should be heard in the tones of argument and persuasion, and not in those of abuse and ridicule.

The argument upon which the author relies—that it is atheistical to believe the work of Creation to have occupied ages, as six days were sufficient for the Divine performance—is fatal to his own hypothesis, for to Omnipotence duration is a non-essential element in production. But reasoning upon his own premises, we soon discover the fallacy of his assertion. Did we not perceive the necessity of the education of the human mind, and of the cultivation of a sense of dependence, we could give no reason why man, whose life is so brief, compared with the term of existence possessed by some animals, and many vegetable organisms, should pass through the successive stages of infancy, childhood, and youth, before he attains the maturity of his being, and why it should be commenced and terminated in drivelling imbecility. No serious mind will dare to impugn the omnipotence of the Creator because he did not so ordain, cause, and effect, as to abridge the periods of human weakness, and secure a longer continuance of the full powers of body and mind. By what authority, then, does the author assert that when God resolved to create a world for the residence of man, "the object so directly aimed at would be as directly and immediately accomplished, after the means selected and designed for the purpose were set in operation." The argument employed to disprove the geological theory of lengthened periods in the formation of rocks, might be so used as to lead to gross impiety, for the solemn act of human redemption might be impugned, because four thousand years intervened between the ruin of man and the incarnation of the Redeemer.

We might here close our remarks upon the "Atheisms of Geology," but as the author professes to show upon scientific

principles the condition of the earth at the commencement of the Mosaic chronology, and the manner in which the whole series of stratified rocks may have been formed in sixteen hundred years, that is to say, between the creation of Adam and the Deluge, we must devote two or three pages to a review of his hypothesis, though the task is neither easy nor pleasant, for his motto should be—

"Nunc huc, nunc illuc, et utrinque sine ordine curro."

In reference to the state of the earth, antecedent to the formation of the metamorphic rocks, our author agrees with the geologists. "The earth," he says, "must have been at one time a molten mass, and in this condition obeyed the law or Divine command, to the supremacy of which it was introduced, and took the form of a spheroid." But upon the question of the time when the earth was in this condition, the geologists and our author, as already stated, differ essentially, for he believes this to have been its condition on the first day of the Mosaic narrative. The cooling or refrigeration of the earth, sufficient for the formation of a hard granitic surface, is supposed to have been rapidly effected, as it was surrounded by gases waiting combination for the production of water and atmospheric air, and within eight-and-forty hours after the consolidation of a crust, volcanic vents and subaqueous formations may have been produced.

Compare with this hypothesis the statement of Hugh Miller:—

"Addison's popular illustration, drawn from one of the calculations of Newton, made in an age when comets were believed to be solid bodies, rendered the reading public familiar, considerably more than a century ago, with the vast time which large bodies greatly heated would take in cooling. 'According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculation,' said the exquisitely classical essayist, the comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approach to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling before it recovered its natural temper.' . . . It is now ascertained from the circumstance that no dew is deposited in our summer evenings, save under a clear sky, that even a thin covering of cloud—serving as a robe to keep the earth warm—prevents the surface heat of the planet from radiating into the spaces beyond. And such a cloud, thick and continuous, as must have wrapped round the earth as with a mantle during the earlier geologic periods, must have served to retard for many ages the radiation, and consequently the reduction, of that internal heat of which it was itself a consequence."

As the author pledges himself to prove that all the stratified rocks were formed in the first sixteen hundred years of human chronology, and as all the mountain chains upon the earth, old Ararat included, must have been elevated within the same period, the patriarchs and fathers of our race must have been witnesses of those terrific eruptions which tilted rocks, ejected the matter of dykes and veins, and shook the world to its centre, unless we are prepared to believe that the antediluvian population was located on a bare granite promontory, and providentially exempted from the operation of those natural causes which in every other portion of the globe heaped mass upon mass, and entombed the remains of all living creatures.

One might think that no theorist would demur to the proposition, that if one stratum lies upon another, the lower must have have been deposited before the upper; and that if this arrangement be observed in many places, in different countries, and indeed all the world over, the chronological relations of the rocks may be fairly assumed, when their contact is not visible. Our author adopts the first part of the proposition, and denies the second. "The undeviating order of succession," he says, "does not imply an undeviating order in point of chronological existence." To give an illustration of this dogma we may suppose him to admit that when the lias underlies, and is in contact with, the inferior oolite, the former was deposited before the latter; but when the two beds are in different districts or countries, and the superposition is not seen, there is no evidence of chronological succession, and the geologist is at liberty to assume their contemporaneous origin. But we will take the author's own illustration. "The old red sandstone," he says, "is not a universal formation, and when from any cause superposition cannot be traced, chronological succession cannot be allowed, for while the old red sandstone was being accumulated in one place, the carboniferous rocks may have been produced in another, and the new red sandstone in a third." This is the hypothesis he has had the daring to promulgate as one of the means of reconciling Geology and Scripture. It is nothing to him that the old red sandstone, mountain limestone, and coal measures, give so many evidences of violent disturbance, while the horizontality of the new red sandstone as clearly demonstrates the deposition after the disturbing agent had expended itself. The defence of this fallacy upon the plea that the old red sandstone is a limited formation, and that it is unphilosophical to assume a suspension of natural agencies on one part of the earth while this rock was being produced in another, is unfair as well as untrue. The old red sandstone, we fearlessly assert, is not a more local formation than other palæozoic rocks; and

abundant evidence could be given of the extent and violence of the subterranean forces by which the earth was shaken at the commencement and close of the epoch of its production. He must be a bold theorist who talks about the old red sandstone being a local formation. We pass over the significant fact of its forming the ochils and sidlaws of Scotland, covering a large area in the south of Ireland, composing many of the lofty hills of Hereford, Monmouth, and Brecknock, spreading over large tracts of country in South Wales and Devon, and almost surrounding the coal-fields of the West. If it were confined to our own isles it might be called local; but it is the rock of the great plains of Central Europe, and is found in Siberia, Russia, Germany, and Belgium; in Southern and Central Africa; in North America; in Brazil, and on the flanks of the Himalaya Mountains.

Should we admit the author's premises, deny the sedimentary character of nearly all the stratified rocks, and reject the possibility of the long periods of physical activity imagined by geologists to have been necessary for their formation, and the revolutions which have successively affected the earth, the author is prepared to give us an explanation of the means by which the whole series above the granite may have been formed in sixteen hundred years. In illustration of his theory, he presents us with an explanation of the formation of the coal measures,—as bold an effort of generalization as could be forced by an opponent upon a theorist. The formation of coal in lakes or estuaries by the accumulation of vegetable matter floated down rivers, or by the submergence of forests and peat bogs, are theories utterly inadequate to the effect, and are contemptuously rejected. We are not much surprised at this decision, for many geologists regard them as unsatisfactory conjectures, and the author will certainly be heard with attention if he can suggest a better explanation. Lyell himself once advocated the theory of transport, but after he had "seen calamites near Pictou, in Nova Scotia, buried at various heights in sandstone, and in erect attitudes," he adopted Brogmart's opinion of submergence. Having once resigned a favoured hypothesis in deference to evidence, there is reason to believe he will be willing to accept any other more explanatory of the phenomena. The circumstances are, therefore, favourable to the promulgation of a new theory among the stiff-necked geologists, for there are no strong convictions or prejudices to overcome. Let us see how the author acquits himself.

The subject resolves itself into two questions—How was vegetable matter accumulated for the formation of coal, and

how were the associated beds produced? Although it has been said by an eminent geologist that the vegetable matter from twenty-five square feet of ground will produce only one pound of carbon, we have the author's assertion that a single forest of endogens would suffice for the formation of the thickest-known bed of coal. This is a bold statement, for the seams of coal are sometimes of considerable thickness: the Bodder Vawr, of South Wales, is ten feet thick; the South Vawr, thirteen feet, and the great seam of the Dudley and Wolverhampton district, is thirty feet. In reference to the time occupied in the production, he says: "The whole coal measures in growth and deposition altogether took no more than the brief span of an antediluvian life-time." This appears a too liberal allowance, considering how much was to be done in sixteen hundred years, but we think a less period could not be given. A few facts will probably bring the reader to the same conclusion. The coal measures of the Forest of Dean consist of 160 beds of various substances, of which thirty-two are coal, varying in thickness from three inches to six feet. "The thickness of the upper shales and sandstones of Dean Forest," says Sir Henry de la Beche, "is about 1,255 feet, making with 1,055 feet of the central sandstones and 455 feet of a sandstone series referable to the Farewell Rock, a total depth of 2,765 feet for the coal measures in Dean Forest, in which we have the lower shales absent." The same series in the Bristol Basin is estimated at a thickness of 6,280 feet, and is composed of 295 beds; and in some other districts, the number and thickness of the beds is still greater. But we pass on, and leave our author to explain how the coal beds with their associate strata were formed:—

"A cause peculiarly applicable to the period, and to all the earlier formations, must have frequently manifested itself in immediate and most intimate connexion with the subterranean forces we have mentioned, viz., *extensive landslips*, or slips of the soil and loose surface matter from the deep and long slopes of great and sudden upheavals to the beds, or submarine valleys, or levels at their base. Such slips, whether of forests, mosses, or pastoral vegetation, occasioned by the sudden upheaval into slopes of an expanse of country—from, it might be, fifteen to twenty miles in extent in some cases—may have hurled together upon the plains below an amount of vegetable matter, more or less regular in its equality of depositation, under the denuding and disposing power of the agitated ocean, which would account, without the slightest strain of ingenuity, for the thickest carboniferous deposits yet known. These deposits might have occurred layer above layer, as wooded, marshy, or pasture land, on either side or boundary of the bed of deposit, was successively or alternately upheaved."

This is the new theory of the coal measures, which, by its general application, is to overturn all former hypotheses, and reconcile geological phenomena with the Mosaic narrative. If we should accept this explanation, and be at any future time asked to describe the formation of the great coal-field of South Wales, we must do it in such some terms as the following: Imagine the large area—now so picturesque in its outline, so rich though apparently so unproductive—to have been once a part of the sea bed, surrounded by impenetrable woods and the richest vegetation of a more than tropical luxuriance. When the ocean in perfect serenity was reflecting the sunbeams, and a gorgeous light was playing on its shores—when the plumes of the fern tree scarcely moved in the breeze, and strange fish sought shelter in deep water, or under the shadow of a rock, from the intensity of the heat, the earth trembled, and the gentle uplands rose into frightful precipices, towering to the skies in majestic altitudes loftier than the highest peak of the Himalaya mountains. Raised to this giddy height the hanging woods and rich pastures tottered, and in one mighty mass tumbled into the ocean; and the ruin covered that large space which is now the great coal-field of South Wales. This overthrown forest is one of the seams of coal from which the miner, after the lapse of about five thousand years, is supplying fuel for your dwellings. As the theorist says, it is absurd to think that wood can sink, and that, as he believes, the largest forest in the world would produce "a miserably attenuated carboniferous deposit." We may wonder how a clean bituminous coal of five or six feet in thickness could have been produced from such a mixture of vegetable matter, soil, and detritus, but this we are compelled to believe; and we may anxiously inquire how slip could have followed slip, covering on each occasion an area of many square miles, until vegetable matter was accumulated for some thirty or forty seams of coal in this interesting and nationally important district. There may be other difficulties in the way of belief; you may demur to the adequacy of the cause to account for the extent and uniformity of the effect; you may be unable to account for the separation of one substance from another in the short space of time allowed for the succession of catastrophes; you may not understand how thick beds of compact ironstone, rich under-clays crowded with stigmaria, and well-defined beds of sandstone could have been produced by landslips; and you may marvel how forests could have had such rapid growth upon spots bare of soil; but these objections will be quite unimportant if you are as determined as the author to believe anything in preference to the conclusions of geologists.

We cannot close these remarks without alluding to the important subject of the distribution of organic remains, for it is over them the reconciliation of God's word and works will be made. Geologists are falsely accused of saying with the atheist, "Nature is the only cause—nature was everlasting." We only guess at the meaning of the author in the magniloquent sentence, "Animated nature, undelivered from the vacuous domain of pristine nonentity, awaited the great will of the Everlasting." But we perfectly understand the expression, "God created great whales, and every living thing that moveth," and we believe it; our intellect receives the fact, our faith approves it, and we rejoice to know that that God is our God, in whom we live, move, and have our being. No germ of Atheism, we hope, exists in this confession of faith. Believing in the almighty power of God, who "created heaven and earth and all that in them is," and rejecting all the folly and impiety of the Vestigians, we stand upon the same ground as our author.

But the terms of our agreement do not end here, for the author admits the main facts of science in reference to the nature and distribution of organic remains. What these facts are we shall briefly state. It is frequently difficult to ascertain by mineralogical tests to what portion of the geological series a certain rock belongs; and if no fossils are found, the investigator must, in the absence of other proofs, trust to sagacious conjecture. We might mention, as examples, many limestones of different ages so closely resembling varieties of that important mass on which the carboniferous series rests, as to be undistinguishable by composition and structure. But when a handful of fossils is extracted, the enigma is solved, and the relative position of a palæozoic or secondary rock is as correctly determined as though the inferior and over-lying beds were seen in contact. Such an identification would be impossible, if the several strata, or groups of strata, did not possess organic remains peculiar to themselves. This fact has been justly considered one of the fundamental principles of the science; and many geologists believe that even in the present imperfect state of their knowledge, it may be satisfactorily explained. There has been, they say, an increase in the number, and an elevation in the types, of organic forms from the time of the production of the lowest fossiliferous rock to the deposition of the most modern tertiary; but while new forms have been introduced into each successive bed, others have disappeared. The Silurian rocks, for example, contain the relics of numerous Trilobites of many genera, as well as species, and wherever these rocks occur, whether in Europe, Asia, or America, there

the remains of these curious crustaceans are collected,—a fact which seems to imply that they were present in all the existing seas of that period. For a time the Trilobite was the predominant form of animal life, but when the mountain limestone was deposited, the race had become diminutive in size and unimportant in number; and soon after, or during the formation of that deposit was extinct. In the lias beds are found the remains of enormous reptiles, and they were the lords of the sea or of its coasts; but their numbers rapidly decreased, and above the chalk no remains of this once powerful race are found. But it is in the study of the remains of molluscous animals we become most conscious of the constant change in the character of the fauna. In each succeeding group of rocks some new forms are discovered, and some old ones are lost. There are a few genera which have left their remains, in a greater or lesser number, in formations of all ages, and have still living representatives: the remains of the Lingula, for example, are abundant in the lowest fossiliferous strata, and of the same animal there are living representatives in the Indian Ocean and on the coast of Australia; but of the species found in the palæozoic and secondary strata, not one is at this moment known to be in existence. Upon this subject we may quote the remarks of Hugh Miller:—

"Every plant and animal that now lives upon earth began to be during the great tertiary periods, and had no place among the plants and animals of the great secondary division. We can trace several of our existing quadrupeds, such as the badger, the hare, the fox, the red deer, and the wild cat, up to the earlier times of the Pleistocene; and not a few of our existing shells, such as the great pecten, the edible oyster, the whelk, and the pelican's-foot shell, up to the greatly earlier times of the coralline crag. But at certain definite lines in the deposits of the past, representative of certain points in the course of time, the existing mammals and molluscs cease to appear, and we find their places occupied by other mammals and molluscs. . . . . We thus know that in certain periods, nearer or more remote, all our existing molluscs began to exist, and that they had no existence during the previous periods which were, however, richer in animals of the same great molluscan group than the present time."

In an attempt to reconcile his theory to these facts, the author fails completely, for he depends upon the influence of climate and circumstances for the production of those specific differences, which he cannot deny, and thus comes so nearly in contact with the Lamarckian hypothesis as to be in danger of the atheistical infection with which he believes the geologist to be afflicted. He makes no attempt to explain why the helix, purpura, and many other prolific genera of molluscous animals

are not found in the secondary rocks; though supposing them to have existed at the time of the deposition of those formations, we cannot understand why animals now so abundant, in individuals as well as in species, should have escaped entombment in some of the immense accumulations of mineral matter. Nor does he give a reason why the number of genera in the pliocene tertiaries should be nearly four times more numerous than in the Silurians, and in existing seas be multiplied eightfold; nor explain how it can have happened, that during the formation of rocks, some animals of the same species should have been distributed all the world over, though now severally confined to localities by their adaptations to climate; but he does confess to the difficulty of finding some cold spot on the world before the Flood, where the progenitors of the Arctic fauna could have found shelter.

We are not among those who find no difficulty in reconciling the received facts of modern Geology with the Mosaic narrative of the Creation. We do not believe that the scientific investigation is yet sufficiently extensive to admit of that minute comparison which is necessary to establish a perfect harmony. We have lived long enough to remember the abandonment of one favourite geological hypothesis after another; the introduction of opinions which at an earlier period would have been unanimously condemned, and we may say, the reconstruction of the science. But extensive as the surveys of modern geologists have been, the necessity of investigation is still acknowledged, and many doubtful theories wait disproof or confirmation. Against such crude hypotheses as the one to which reference has been made, we, therefore, earnestly protest. The Bible is not in danger from the attack of the sciences, for if among their students there should be men, who from an antipathy to the natural freedom its public reception always ensures, to its stern morality, or to the spiritual life it reveals, seize upon assumed facts to oppose its occasional allusions to subjects of scientific investigation, the large majority of thinking men are willing to wait the development of physical truths, and the result will approve their prudence.

The author of "Voices from the Rocks" is as much opposed to the doctrine of long geological periods and the pre-adamic formation of the earth, as the author of "Atheisms," but takes a bolder and perhaps safer position by attributing all fossiliferous stratified rocks to the Deluge. He has thus avoided the necessity of excluding that limited district occupied by the antediluvian race, from the operation of those physical causes by which rocks were formed; and it is certainly less difficult—

regarding the geological series simply as an accumulation of mineral matter—to believe that stratified rocks may have been heaped together in one year by such extraordinary agencies as produced a universal deluge, than by landslips in sixteen hundred years. There is, also, some reason in the argument he employs to prove that certain subaqueous formations cannot at any period have been a part of the dry land, as they give no evidence of denudation, fluviatile deposits, or alluvial soils; but he states some facts too broadly, and omits others which would greatly modify his conclusions. He altogether fails, we think, to disprove the theory of the overthrow of ancient forests, and the fossilization of vegetable productions on the localities where they grew. In discussing the age of some human remains he arrives, upon most inconclusive evidence, at the following startling result: "Here, then, we have an undeniable proof of the existence of the human race during the formation of the palæozoic rocks, thus striking at the very root of the whole system of modern Geology." But, although we object to this and many other of his opinions, and dispute some of his assumed facts—as, for example, the presumed absence in England of belemnites found in the chalk of Ireland and France—we must give him credit for some originality in the discussion of his subject, and approve the spirit in which the book is, for the most part, written. These merits, however, do not compensate for the error of having made a comparison which, in the present state of science, places the Divine revelation in a position antagonistic to the deductions of eminent and practical men of science. The highest commendation we can give to the authors of the best books on the Mosaical Geology is due to every man who writes with a good intention.

ART. V.—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A Hundred Years Ago: an Historical Sketch, 1755 *to* 1756. By James Hutton. Longmans & Co.

THE period chosen by Mr. Hutton for review was well adapted for the creation of an interesting historic picture. The years 1755 and 1756, in themselves notable, distinguished by somewhat momentous situations and striking scenes, the actors in which were illustrious, ennobled by the oratory of Fox, the learning of Johnson, and the varied genius of Abercrombie, Watt, and Goldsmith, were signalized as the advent of events

yet more remarkable, with which names yet more memorable were associated; for the star of freedom brightened with the rising manhood of Washington, while Voltaire stimulated the march of those ideas which were developed in the unprecedented revolution of France. In the clear, suggestive narrative of public affairs, contained in Mr. Hutton's retrospective pages, we follow with interest the movements of the day, watching the course of diplomacy in ministerial measures, and the aims of crown policy in court expedients, while in the abundant illustrations, anecdotes, and descriptive passages of the volume, we obtain insight into the transactions, habits, and manners of our forefathers a century ago, seeing how public opinion was then moulded, how armies were equipped, what was the literature and art of our ancestors, and what, in fact, were the infinitely diverse aspects, political and social, of the great commonwealth in that age.

The record is intrinsically attractive; but, in addition, it is especially interesting to trace the numerous analogies between the era and our own, and following the parallels to perceive, despite widely differing conditions and relations, the strength of those affinities which make the "whole world"—of whatever epoch—"kin." If, in many instances, the force of these comparisons is humiliating, the numerous contrasts in our favour also presented, offer reason for congratulation as criterions of progress very edifying and encouraging to mark.

It is no slight commendation of Mr. Hutton's acceptable volume to say that it has fully realized its author's object in the writing, affording us a graphic conception of the period, and forming a test book, by which to estimate subsequent improvement. Written earnestly in an honest spirit, it is amusing throughout, is interspersed with much noteworthy matter, and is marked at intervals by a healthful vein of satire, not without charm to those who sympathize with Mr. Hutton's sentiments.

The circumstances of our ancestors in 1755 were somewhat critical. Exposed to the risk of war with the most important of military opponents, they had the misfortune at the same time of owning allegiance to a paternal sovereign, whose chief care at the juncture was the protection of his beloved native electorate of Hanover. The most important post of the ministry was occupied by one, the weakness, timidity, and irresolution of whose character would seem disastrous at such a crisis. Truly, it needed the eloquent championship of Pitt and the heroism of Howe to maintain the interests and honour of England. The question of dispute with France, which then

threatened to "cry havoc!" was that respecting the boundaries of Acadia, or Nova Scotia. Both nations claimed, by right of treaty, this sterile tract, which would probably have remained unheeded as hitherto, had not the aggression of the French settlers, inciting their local government to take possession, stimulated the English to resistance. "And so," says Mr. Hutton, "two courts, equally ignorant of the science of government, and incompetent to rule the people already under their sway, were only anxious to add to their existing embarrassments, by seizing upon a tract of land of no immediate use to either, and to which neither was justly entitled."

Whatever was the inward determination of the British nation to maintain its rights of preservation, the influences of diplomacy long deferred its open declaration, notwithstanding the fact that all possible preparations were made for the equipment of powerful armaments. Bounties were offered to volunteers, the press-gang was established, and even the gaols were ransacked for recruits. Nevertheless, a whole year passed without any open avowal of hostilities. The occasion is too tempting to escape Mr. Hutton's irony. He says:—

"As it frequently happens in this great constitutional country, the English ministry was at this crisis more intent on maintaining itself in office than on conducting the affairs of the state with wisdom and vigour. There were then only two political parties—the Ins and the Outs. The Ins strove to stay in and keep the Outs out—the Outs strove to get in and turn the Ins out. This was held to be the grand problem of government in those days. If the nation was thought of at all, it was merely as the groundwork on which rested the king and his ministers. Occasionally, indeed, the opposition talked of a mythical assembly of individuals, under the title of 'the people of England, sir.' But while they affected much sympathy and respect for the *profanum vulgus*, they carefully stood aloof from them."—P. 10.

The financial condition of the country at the crisis was regarded gloomily, and the weight of taxation bitterly complained of, though the national debt was but seventy-two millions, and the expenditure eight millions. Parliamentary grants were at that date comparatively meagre. To meet the exigencies of the government, therefore, state lotteries were resorted to. As it was desired to raise the sum of one million, it was ordered a hundred thousand should be set apart for prizes, and the remaining nine hundred thousand charged on the produce of the sinking fund at the rate of three per cent. per annum. The value of a ticket was originally ten pounds; but these, in order to render them generally available, were subdivided into shares of one-fourth, or one-eighth. Speculators were

not wanting, for so great was the eagerness of candidates to invest, that counters were broken down, and several persons were injured in the haste of application to secure a chance. During the activity of this expedient, the imposing warlike preparations of the French at Brest gave rise to a panic in men's minds, from the persuasion that an invasion of our island was threatened. This did not interfere, however, with King George's intention to repair to Hanover, though his faithful subjects bitterly protested against the abandonment. Yet not a single member was found in the House amidst that "king-worshipping assembly," to second Lord Powlett's protest against his Majesty's departure. The motion was withdrawn after a tedious speech, the notes of which having been lost by their author, an advertisement to recover them appeared in the journals, suggesting the remark,—"My Lord Powlett has had a stroke of apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion." But neither complaints nor speeches could overcome the *maladie du pays* in the breast of the royal George, who, taking post-chaise, arrived, after a journey of eleven hours, at Harwich—a point of embarkation to which an iron route now wafts us in three!

If the ministry showed indecision, not so the English people, whose enthusiasm for war was unbounded. Companies, magistrates, and private individuals vied in offering rewards to volunteers. One wealthy enthusiast tendered his entire property, with a slight reservation, towards the prosecution of the war; and a patriotic citizen, of humbler rank, proffered the half of his fortune for the same purpose. Money, arms, and ammunition were not wanting, in addition to which, by way of fanning the popular flame, an inundation of bombastic doggrel appeared, which periodicals of any century might blush to own. In the disposition of the popular mind at this juncture, as described by a press writer of the period, Mr. Hutton finds an analogy with a recent national enthusiasm:—

"All the polite world are now hurrying to see mock fights, and be regaled on board the 'Admiral.' . . . . Every farm-house swarms with politicians, who lay their heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half-quarterns of tea are weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjusted."—P. 37.

Public ardour rejoiced in the news of the successful engagement off Newfoundland, of the gallant and chivalric Howe, who, before opening the murderous broadside, generously warned a number of land officers crowding the deck, of their peril, giving them time to retire before the engagement, which

was sharp and fierce, took place. In a letter from an English officer it was stated, "that M. le Commodore himself, when brought prisoner on board the 'Dunkirk,' told our brave Captain Howe that 'he was cruel to engage so very close.'"

Though good fortune attended the land operations at the commencement of the campaign, a terrible reverse was in store, in the issue of the expedition under Braddock against Fort Duquesne; the chief fault was chargeable to ministers at home, rather than to the impetuosity and egotism of the general. Braddock's troops disembarked at the least available point; an unnecessary expenditure of £40,000 was thus incurred, involving, moreover, a disastrous delay of six weeks. Neither provisions nor means of transport were attainable. A hundred and fifty waggons, and three hundred horses, with ample supplies, had been promised, but after a long interval, only fifteen waggons and one hundred horses made their appearance, and the provisions were by that time so putrid as to be useless. The benevolence of the philosopher Franklin was of great assistance in the emergency. Five hundred pounds' worth of provisions and wine were sent by him from Philadelphia. But it could not ward off the disastrous results, which, owing in a great measure to administrative incapacity, were met by the English people with murmurs of suppressed indignation; for the legitimate channel of protestation was not then opened up—the press was comparatively subordinate.

During this chequered fortune of war, while his generals conquered and his subjects fought and suffered, what occupied his Majesty in Hanover? How to secure allies for the protection of his native dominions engrossed his entire consideration. For some years he had paid subsidies of £32,000 and £20,000 to Saxony and Bavaria. But the Elector of the former state had become the ally of France. King George turned to the sheltering power of Hesse Cassel, and the ignoble Hessian treaty was signed. But these petty dealings did not end here. The King, ignorant of the policy of Russia, whose Czarina was at this time actively engaged in machinations with Vienna and Versailles, entered into stipulations with the cabinet of St. Petersburg, and arrangements for mutual service were agreed upon. The news of these treaties naturally incited wrath in the hearts of all true-born Britons. The fury of Pitt was unbounded, and Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, actually refused to sign the Treasury warrants, necessary to satisfy the convention with Russia. Yet adulation awaited the English monarch from the less enlightened of his subjects; and a garret laureate was not wanting to invoke the "greatest, best of kings," in a burlesque of an ode

in which servility borders on the profane; the monarch likened to the "sun," and his subject to a Persian who kneeling worships him!

On the opening of Parliament, by the King in person, the subject of the treaties was discussed variously and with an unprecedented warmth and power of eloquence. On one of these occasions it was that William Gerald Hamilton delivered his celebrated "speech," of which it is said: "His voice, manner, and language were most advantageous; his argument sound and pointed, and his command of himself easy and undaunted." But it is a popular error, observes Mr. Hutton, to suppose that this was his only speech, or, indeed, his only good speech. He had already spoken twice on Irish affairs, and, in 1756, had debated with vigour and ability on the subject of sending Swiss troops to America. Philip Stanhope, son of Chesterfield, at this time made his first speech, which, though of average merit, was destined to be his last, owing to an unconquerable nervousness. Henry Legge, too, spoke with great applause; but above all the brilliant bursts of oratory rose the matchless eloquence of Pitt. The observations of Walpole regarding the personal appearance of the three chief orators of the day, quoted in this volume, are interesting. He remarks, that—

"Pitt's figure was commanding; Murray's engaging, from a decent openness; Fox's dark and troubled—yet the latter was the only agreeable man; Pitt could not unbend; Murray, in private, was inelegant; Fox was cheerful, social, and communicative. In conversation none of them had wit; Murray never had; Fox had in his speeches, from clearness of head, and asperity of argument; Pitt's wit was genuine, not tortured into the service like the quaintness of my Lord Chesterfield. Such is the portraiture of the men whose eloquence," said the same authority, "comprehended all the various powers of art, reasoning, satire, learning, persuasion, wit, business, spirit, and plain common-sense."

It is interesting to note the conviction expressed by Pitt as to the maintenance of our troops,—"That the standing army should never be less than 18,000 men, based upon a militia at least 50,000 strong."

In the month of March the Parliament received a message from the king, declaring his conviction that a design had been formed by the French to descend upon England; and his resolve, consequently, to augment the land and sea forces; with the intelligence, that, in order to complete these defensive measures, he had applied for a body of Hessian troops to be immediately brought over for the protection of his kingdom.

"It is painful and humiliating to write," says Mr. Hutton, "that the Peers and Commons of England assembled in Parliament, tendered their humble and hearty thanks to his majesty for hiring 8,000 German mercenaries to protect 8,000,000 of bold, free, and independent Britons. Their total force consisted of 8,000 foot, 900 horse, and a train of 114 pieces of artillery."

"It is related of General Isenburgh (the officer of one of these foreign regiments), that never having before beheld the ebb and flow of the tide, he was alarmed at finding his ship gradually leaning over to one side; and summoning his master of the horse, he rated him soundly for upsetting the vessel while landing his animals."—Pp. 97.

Fox, or according to some, Lord George Sackville, not content with the Hessian auxiliaries, petitioned for a body of Hanoverians, and the motion was, indeed, finally carried, though encountering violent opposition from Pitt. These troops speedily arrived; but their service was at some cost to the country, as their pay and expenses were entirely defrayed by the British government; whereas when British soldiers were sent to Hanover, the revenues of the Electorate did not meet their expenditure.

An anecdote, in connexion with these Hanoverians, exhibits strikingly the ill-favour with which public opinion regarded them in this country. One of the soldiers having unintentionally brought away from a shop a piece containing six handkerchiefs when he had paid for only four, was, for this supposed offence, summarily thrown into prison. His commander having applied to the secretary of state for his release, it was granted; when a wail of complaint arose from the people that these military had been brought over to deprive them of their liberty and their property:—

"This vulgar and senseless clamour so terrified the imbecile premier that he sent down orders to inflict three hundred lashes on the poor fellow, without even the form of a trial. At a later period of the year the Hessians were compelled to construct huts, large enough to hold sixty men each, with a fire in the centre, because the innkeepers refused to give them quarters, when it was discovered that the magistrates had no power to compel them to do so. Pleasant reminiscences, indeed, must these brave foreigners have carried back to their own country, of English gratitude and hospitality."—Pp. 100.

An illustration occurs, irresistible in its application to the military "system," in other times than 1755. The gallant Major Cunningham, having skilfully conducted the defence against the French at Minorca, was placed for a time in the room of his disabled senior officer; but, instead of the continu-

ance of so prudent an appointment, "a decrepit old gentleman was sent out who was busily engaged throughout the siege in nursing a gouty toe."

Notwithstanding incapacity of administration, any suspicion of cowardice on the part of commanders met with uncontrollable indignation from the populace, shown in the unjustifiable clamour raised against the unfortunate Byng, whose doom was omened by the doggrel, squibs, effigy-burning, hue-and-cry, and unmeaning insults in derision of him, degrading to the people who bestowed it, which preceded his arrival in England, where, not long after, he was ruthlessly sentenced to a fate which he met with the fortitude of a hero: "*Dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un Amiral pour encourager les autres!*—said Voltaire.

Information as to the miscellaneous events of the era occupies one-half of Mr. Hutton's volume, containing a multiplicity of facts interesting to note. Then it was that the petition for building Blackfriars Bridge was granted, and directions given for the clearing away of shops and houses which obstructed the roadway at London Bridge. The present East India House was erected, the first stone of Middlesex Hospital laid, and Fonthill Abbey, the luxurious abode of the author of "Vathek," was destroyed by fire. The noble organ, in his possession, alone was valued at £5,000, and the entire loss of property was estimated at £30,000. Then, too, a lawsuit was pending against the Princess Emily, who had the amiable intention of closing Richmond Park to the public; but owing to the persuasions of the Attorney-General, consented that ladders should be placed against the walls, that people might scale them if they pleased! The populace, however, at length triumphed, and turned the tables, by causing the Princess, in her annoyance, to abandon the green sward and slopes of Richmond altogether. It was on the occasion of her mother desiring to close the park of St. James, and consulting Sir Robert Walpole as to the probable cost, that he replied, "Only a crown, madam." The Portuguese, meanwhile, were awe-stricken by the calamity of the memorable earthquake of 1755, attributed by bigotry to the presence of so many English in the country. The Marquis of Plumartin, indulging the privileges of the *noblesse* under the monarchy, horrified all France by the commission of his execrable crimes:—

"Neither man nor woman durst appear in his neighbourhood. Having one day lost a cause in one of the king's courts, he caused the usher and his man, who came to intimate the sentence to him, to be burnt alive. Some days after, having drawn six of his creditors into his castle, where he had shut himself up with several of his crew,

he ordered some of his people to drag them into a pond, tied to the tails of horses, and afterwards fastened them to a stake near a great fire, where three expired, and the other three died a few days after."—P. 148.

This monster was fortunately at length captured in his stronghold by three hundred of the king's regiment, when he was put in irons, and carried to Poictiers for his trial.

Chapters tenth and eleventh are devoted by Mr. Hutton to a consideration of the authors, the artists, and the literature of the period, in which we have glimpses, more or less entertaining, of the mature lives of Goethe, Edmund Burke, West, Gainsborough, Madame Dacier, and Mademoiselle Clairon; while Siddons, Flaxman, Crabbe, Chatterton, Volney, and Godwin were yet children. We read some biographical fragments of Johnson, who, with "his intellect in the full pride of strength," was, nevertheless, galled by the behaviour of Chesterfield, to whom his Dictionary was originally dedicated. We mark the ardour with which Gibbon devoted himself to study at the close of the year 1755. Entries in his Journal tell us how, in the space of eight months, he had learnt the principles of drawing, mastered the French and Latin languages, studied Greek, De Cronaza's Logic, and read the works of Cicero, Terence, and Pliny. Oliver Goldsmith was pursuing his erratic course. Having spent to the last sovereign in buying tulips for his uncle, the money destined for his travels, he found himself necessitated to set forth on his route with one spare shirt, a guinea, and his flute. His musical ability stood him in good stead among the simple peasants of Flanders. But in the Italian States his music was in less request, and he had recourse to another expedient, by which to earn a few shillings or their equivalent. In the foreign universities it was the practice to give out, on certain days, philosophic theses maintained against adventitious disputants, the one who succeeded claiming in return a gratuity in money, a dinner, or a bed for one night. Goldsmith often earned his repose in this way. After awhile, constrained to look homewards, he walked back throughout the entire of France. But his arrival on English soil did not put an end to his hardships:—

"It makes one's blood curdle to read of the disappointments endured by this exquisite genius,—of the struggles to obtain a crust of bread borne by one of the most fascinating writers this country ever produced."—P. 195.

Some startling facts are transmitted in Mr. Hutton's sketch of social history. The terrors of the press-gang were at that period in full force, and nothing could exceed the inhumanity some-

times practised under this system. On one occasion, when a party were giving chase to a sailor who had nearly escaped his pursuers, a bull-dog was loosed at him, the animal quickly overtaking him, and tearing the calf of one of the man's legs completely off. One pressed into the service offered forty guineas as a bribe to obtain his release. Suicides even were common to escape the detested service, which "implied companionship with thieves and ruffians, the officers of these either incompetent young men promoted through interest, or brutal, tyrannical seamen who had risen from the lowest grade."

Footpads and highwaymen were frequent characters. So great was the insecurity of the suburbs that patrols were instituted at Kentish Town; and at Islington, merchants and men of business were accustomed on their way home from the City to congregate at the "Angel" in order to form a caravan—their only chance of safety. Child-stealing and the torture of children for the sake of gain were common. Four children were discovered in the den of one monster quite blind from the application of heated brass plates to the eyes in order to send them out as pitiable objects of charity. Intemperance had much to do with these crimes, for in certain localities every seventh house was a gin-shop. The severity of the laws was extreme. Four boys were hanged for stealing a purse containing two shillings and a halfpenny. Half-a-dozen people were often sentenced to death at a single sessions. The pillory was a method of punishment awarded to a variety of offences. One woman was placed in it three times for the crime of fortune-telling!

Frivolity flourished in social circles, supported equally by the men and the women of the time. "The beau of those times was —a thing; and a very absurd thing to boot. His actions and manners were all for the sake of effect,—all regulated by some imaginary standard of fashion; there was nothing genuine about him. His movements were mechanical, and he could give no reason why he should do one thing rather than another. All that was expected of him was to drink deep, swear lustily, ride well, use an eye-glass — it was also then fashionable to be purblind and wear a pane of glass in one's eye—and to be able to shoe his own horse. It was likewise 'quite the thing,' to affect deafness, and to lisp." On the toilette of the beau figured *eau de luce*, smelling salts, perfumed pomades, colouring for the lips, almond pastes, powder, and the indispensable small ivory comb for the eyebrows.

Masquerades and ridottos were considered dull without the gambling table; to such an extent did this vice prevail, and "lordlings might be heard running their grandmothers against each other, that is, betting sums on the longest liver." Women

of that period find their characteristics in the following passage :—

"Their employments and pastimes were equally frivolous and without meaning, except to distract their attention from the true end and object of life. In all the novels of the day they are described, even the best of them, as mawkish, insipid creatures, without ideas or individuality."—P. 283.

The favourite amusement was in purchasing a variety of baubles, in the practice of which, together with visits to Vauxhall or Ranelagh, or card-parties, their whole time was consumed, if we except the hours devoted to the study of dress. Cardinales, short sacks, and *negligées*, Paris importations, "not the mere loose wrapper, as its name would import, but a costly and highly wrought garment," of white damask or silver brocade, were then the *furor* of fashion. "The hoop, of oval form, measured from end to end, about twice the height of the wearer, and was admirably adapted to display considerably more than the foot and ankle." Hats were much worn having the flaps turned perpendicularly both before and behind, with waving pendants of ribbon from the brim. The hideous fashion of hair-dressing then in vogue converted the appearance of a lady's head into that of a sugar-loaf,—a style so elaborate that, to render it still more odious, one dressing was supposed to serve for days, or even for weeks. Paint was generally used; the less ambitious painting in size or oil, but the *haut ton* in a superfine stucco or plaster of Paris, which did not require daily renewal.

Mr. Hutton's entertaining retrospect of "A Hundred Years Ago," convinces us of our good fortune in looking forward to a New Year's-day which will not introduce us into the year 1755.

Quarterly Review of French Literature.

THE close of the year, in accumulating upon our desk the indices and tables of contents of various journals, reminds us that we have never yet even attempted to lay before our readers a summary statement of French periodical literature. And yet this department forms no mean branch in the intellectual riches of modern nations; it contributes largely to the progress of letters, and affords plenty of scope for the industry of those writers who, although they decline committing themselves to the perpetration of an octavo or a quarto, will find leisure enough to compose a disquisition or indite an essay.

The present abstract will, therefore, be a Review of Reviews; and,

to begin at the right end, we shall, in the first place, take up the time-honoured *Journal des Savants*.[1] It is well known that this periodical is the organ of the French Institute, and that some of the most valuable contributions to the history of science and literature originally appeared in its pages. To quote only one instance, the famous volume of M. Cousin "Sur la Nécessité d'une Nouvelle Edition des Pensées de Pascal," a volume to which we owe M. Faugère's beautiful edition of the great Jansenist metaphysician, is nothing else but a series of papers written for the *Journal des Savants* during the course of the year 1842. Besides the champion of modern Eclecticism, the *collaborateurs* of the journal are now MM. Biot, Chevreul, Flourens, Villemain, Patin, Magnin, Mignet, Hase, Vitet, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Littré; and no publication containing articles by these authors should be neglected in a *résumé* of French intellectual doings. The *cahiers* for the current year are equal to any of their forerunners, and superior to some. We have noticed more especially a series of disquisitions in which M. Mignet, under the pretence of reviewing M. Jules Bonnet's edition of Calvin's correspondence, has given of the great Reformer, a biography shortly to be reprinted, we trust, in a more available form for the benefit of the majority of readers.[2] M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's critique on the "Voyages des Pèlerins Bouddhistes," by M. Stanislas Julien, is also extremely interesting.[3] If the *Journal des Savants* may be considered as representing the five classes of the Institute, there are also to be noticed in connexion with the same learned body publications of a more special character. The *Comptes-rendus de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques* form one of these.[4] Within a smaller circle, this clever bulletin embraces, however, a sufficient variety of topics to render it free from the charge of monotony or dulness. We shall mention a memoir by M. Frank, on M. Munk's "Mélanges de Philosophie Juive et Arabe," both on account of the merit of the memoir itself, and also because M. Munk's *mélanges* contain an important work, the "Fons Vitæ" of the Arab philosopher, Avicebron. The name of this metaphysician was very popular in the Middle Ages, especially about the thirteenth century; he had composed a book on psychology; and the influence of his doctrine, known through some fragments quoted by Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and William of Auvergne, might be traced in the errors of Amalric of Chartres, and David de Dinanto. But who was that Avicebron? When did he live? From what source did he himself borrow his philosophical creed? Such are the different points which M. Munk has now enabled us to answer definitely, in consequence of two singular discoveries made by him amongst the MSS. of the Imperial library, in Paris. One of these texts, entitled "Mekor'hayym," is an abridged translation in Hebrew of the "Fons Vitæ," written during the thir-

[1] Journal des Savants, 1857. Paris: Imprimerie Impériale. 4to.
[2] Numbers for February, March, July, August.
[3] Numbers for June, July, September.
[4] Séances et Travaux de l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques Comptes-rendus. Par M. Vergé. 8vo. Paris: Durand.

teenth century, by a Jewish philosopher named Schem-Tob Ibn-Falaquera. The other is a later version of the same treatise. By comparing these two documents with one another, M. Munk has found it possible in a certain manner to restore, with a few trifling exceptions, the whole work of Avicebron, and also to arrive at a few biographical conclusions which, imperfect as they still are, must appear satisfactory compared with what we actually knew up to the present time. The real name of Avicebron was Salomon Ibn-Gebirol; he was a Spanish Rabbi of the eleventh century, and seems to have been brought up at Saragossa. As for his doctrines, the best way in which we can state them is, by borrowing the following extract from the report contributed to the *Comptes-rendus*, by M. Frank: "On peut ramener à trois les principaux éléments de sa doctrine. Le premier, c'est la théorie de la forme et de la matière, théorie toute péripatéticienne à l'origine, mais que Plotin, en la prenant à Aristote, a déjà singulièrement détournée de son caractère primitif, et qu'Avicebron, c'est-à-dire Ibn-Gébirol, en détourne encore davantage en la prenant à Plotin. Le second, c'est la conception Orientale ou plutôt Alexandrine de l'émanation, renfermée avec soin dans les limites de l'univers. Enfin le dernier, qui forme la partie la plus originale de ce livre, c'est la tentative faite par l'auteur pour placer au-dessus d'une physique toute panthéiste, une volonté intelligente et toute puissante, un Dieu libre et personnel, en empêchant pour ainsi dire le courant fatal des émanations de monter jusqu'à l'essence divine."[5]

The above quotation will suffice to show the importance of M. Munk's discovery; and yet the "Fons Vitæ" of Rabbi Ibn-Gebirol must necessarily address itself only to a limited number of readers, whilst the majority will turn to more popular subjects, and feel satisfied with fresh inquiries into the metaphysical systems of Greece and Rome. True students will peruse with interest M. Chauvet's curious memoir on Galen's critique of the doctrines of Hippocrates and Plato,[6] and a fragment by M. Adolphe Garnier, on the history of ethical science in Greece. An accurate examination of Xenophon's works has led M. Garnier to see in the Athenian general one of the most practical of the disciples of Socrates, and one of the earliest writers on the science of political economy, which is generally thought to be of strictly modern growth. Xenophon denounces, for instance, in the strongest terms, the old custom of burying in the ground large sums of gold and silver, thus allowing them to remain unproductive. He likewise explains and illustrates by examples the advantages derived from the subdivision of labour. It is rather curious to find Xenophon, an Athenian and a republican, expatiating on the merits of the Persian monarchy, and becoming almost the tutor of modern kings. "Cyrus," says M. Garnier, "strikes us as the precursor of Louis XIV., and Xenophon as his *maître des cérémonies*." The work of Galen, analyzed and examined by M. Chauvet in the *Bulletin de l'Académie*, is a most valuable con-

[5] Comptes-rendus des Séances: Oct. 1857, p. 45.
[6] Comptes-rendus: June—September.

tribution to the history of moral philosophy. Its great merit consists in stating very clearly the opinion of the Stoics in general, and more particularly of Chrysippus, on the faculties of the soul, and their place in the constitution of man. In support of his assertions on this subject, Galen has given us several fragments from the works of Chrysippus; M. Chauvet puts together these fragments, as well as other indications supplied by Cicero and Diogenes Laertius; the result of his industry being a tolerably complete view of the doctrines held by a school of which so few written monuments have been preserved.

M. Hachette's *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*[7] keeps us still within the limits of theological and critical studies. Amongst many profound and well-written articles contributed to that paper during the year now coming to a close, we may name a *Compte-rendu* of M. Brierre de Boismont's "Du Suicide et de la Folie Suicide considérés dans leur rapport avec la Statistique, la Médecine, et la Philosophie." This book is highly interesting, and contains a number of statistical documents of real value. In examining it in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*,[8] M. Bersot has offered a few sensible and apposite remarks on the fact that suicides become more frequent as civilization progresses. This development arises from the new wants, the new feelings, which an advanced state of civilization creates in us. Our activity is increased, our imagination and our sensibility are over-excited, life assumes a kind of feverish, abnormal shape, and consequently, if principle is wanting whenever misfortunes or disappointments occur, the idea of self-destruction naturally steps in also.

Another *Compte-rendu* which we must not forget to mention is that of Le Dieu's memoirs of Bossuet.[9] This French Boswell was for twenty years the private secretary of the illustrious prelate, and he had therefore many opportunities of knowing his labours and struggles. The journal begins only in the seventy-second year of the prelate's life, but it is full of the minutest details, and shows the difficult part Bossuet had to perform in maintaining the dignity of the Gallican Church, preventing the Jesuits from carrying out their insidious plans, checking the Jansenists, and endeavouring to stem the corruption which towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. was acquiring such frightful proportions. Le Dieu's journal leaves a melancholy impression on the mind of the reader; we see that all parties wanted to make use of Bossuet's name for the purpose of sanctioning their intrigues and procuring the publication of a doubtful book; the bishop's bedside was actually hemmed in by petitioners and enemies earnestly watching for the fatal moment when the death of a great man would allow them with impunity to asperse his character, and to quarrel for his spoils. These various points have been correctly explained by M. Aubert in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*. The only fault we have to find with this gentleman is for his severe and almost unjust remarks on the notes and preface of the

[7] Revue de l'Instruction Publique de la Littérature et des Sciences en France et dans les Pays Étrangers.

[8] April 16. [9] July 19.

Abbé Guettée. Le Dieu's learned editor may perhaps have yielded too much to the temptation of claiming Bossuet on behalf of Jansenism; but this is no way affects the merit of an introduction which, as a manifesto of the modern Gallican party, deserves to be attentively studied.

The year 1857 will not have been barren in works of a serious and useful character. M. Bouillet's "Plotinus"[10] is a monument worthy of taking its place side by side with M. Cousin's "Visions of Plato," and M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire's translation of Aristotle. The *Revue de l'Instruction Publique* has likewise devoted to M. Jules Simon several articles[11] in which his position as a philosopher is clearly and impartially defined. The publication of the three volumes respectively entitled "Le Devoir," "La Religion Naturelle," and "La Liberté de Conscience," could not but create an intense excitement in the Ultramontanist camp. Men like Veuillot, Guéranger, and Aubineau, prefer having to defend themselves against the attacks of exaggerated writers such as M. Lanfrey; then they are almost sure of success, and they can at all events find in the works of their opponents a sufficient plea to justify on their own side any amount of abuse and personality; but the difficulty for these scribblers is to deal with a thinker who, like M. Simon, is always grave, dignified, serious, and who will not prostitute his talent to the low uses of party spirit. The controversy which his publications have given rise to proves conclusively that the ultra-clerical faction in France has not yet learnt a lesson of moderation, and therefore we rejoice the more in seeing the dignified and courteous strictures made by M. l'Abbé Maret on M. Simon in his lectures on divinity delivered at the Sorbonne. M. Maret of course endeavours to diminish the claims of reason and to invalidate the position of natural religion; but he does so with much moderation, and whilst availing himself fully of his rights as a critic, he never for a moment loses sight of the character of his antagonist. Referring our reader to the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique* for an account[12] of M. l'Abbé Maret's lecture, we must bring this summary of French periodical literature to a close, with a few observations on the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue Contemporaine*, and the *Revue Chrétienne*. The first-named of these three journals, under the editorship of M. Buloz, still maintains its old superiority; all the articles admitted are of great merit, but it seldom touches on subjects of a theological nature, and therefore scarcely comes within the limit of our *résumé*. Organ of the Government, and supported mainly by contributions from head-quarters, the *Revue Contemporaine* is on the contrary very often taken up with papers on either metaphysics or religion, some of them treated in a masterly manner. M. Caro, lately professor at the Faculté des Lettres of Douai, and recently appointed to the philosophical lectureship at the Ecole Normale of Paris, is the author of almost all these disquisitions. He is a man of deep religious feeling, of sound learning, and writes with much power. The *Revue Chretienne*, after an experience of four

[10] Rev. de l'Instr. Pub., Oct. 1. [11] Sept. 24; Nov. 26. [12] Feb. 19.

years, has taken its place amongst the best organs of the French periodical press. It is *the* Protestant literary journal, and in its discussions of the men and topics of the day, it combines great ability and earnestness of purpose. The articles of M. R. Saint-Hilaire, on Protestantism in Spain, of M. Goy on Lamennais, and of M. Bersier on Bossuet, are excellent specimens of the talent displayed in the *Revue Chrétienne*.

Another way of estimating the intellectual progress of France, is to notice the encouragement afforded to literature, science, &c., by learned bodies, which have, such as the Institute, funds at their disposal for public prizes and other rewards. The following tabular statement, compiled from authentic sources, will, therefore, prove interesting, and appropriately complete our quarterly summary of French literature during the year 1857:—

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADÉMIE DES SCIENCES MORALES ET POLITIQUES."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes.		Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays, &c., are or were to be sent.
	Fr.	£		
On the character and influence of the philosophy of Leibnitz	1,500	= 60	The Academy	April 1, 1859.
On the history and progress of the Working Classes since 1789	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Oct. 31, 1857.
Determine the connexion between Ethics and Political Economy	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Dec. 31, 1856.
On the origin, variations, and progress of Maritime Law	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Nov. 30, 1856.
On the causes which have produced the agglomerations of Population	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Oct. 31, 1857.
On the fluctuation of raw and farming produce in Agriculture	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Dec. 31, 1856.
On the results of the recent and sudden increase of Precious Metals	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Oct. 31, 1857.
On the causes and effects of Emigration during the nineteenth century	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Aug. 1, 1857.
On the various forms and conditions of Military Service in France since the origin of the monarchy	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Dec. 31, 1858.
On the condition of the Working Classes in France, between the twelfth century and the revolution of 1789	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Oct. 31, 1856.
Determine the political character of the French Parliaments, between the reign of Philip the Fair and the revolution of 1789	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Dec. 31, 1857.
On Taxation before and since 1789	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	Nov. 1, 1858.
On Institutions of Credit	5,000	,, 200	M. Felix de Beaujour	Dec. 31, 1858.
On Pauperism in France, and its remedies	2,500	,, 100	M. de Morogues	Dec. 31, 1856.
Ditto ditto ditto	2,500	,, 100	M. de Morogues	Dec. 31, 1857.
The Science of the Beautiful, its principles and the systems to which it has given rise	2,500	,, 100	M. Bordin	Dec. 31, 1858.
The principles of Ethical Science	2,500	,, 100	The Academy	Oct. 1, 1857.
The influence of ancient and modern Penal Laws compared	2,500	,, 100	The Academy	Oct. 1, 1858.
The life and character of Turgot	3,000	,, 120	M. Léon Faucher	Jan. 1, 1859.
To the author or person who shall have most contributed to the progress of Primary Instruction	1,500	,, 60	M. Edmond Halphen	Dec. 31, 1859.
	40,000	,, 1,620		

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADEMIE FRANCAISE."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes. Fr.	£	Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays, &c., are or were to be sent.
The Crimean War (a poem)	2,000	= 80	The Academy	Mar. 15, 1858.
The "Eloge" of the poet Regnard	2,000	,, 80	The Academy	Nov. 30, 1857.
The most useful work or works in a Moral point of view	5,000	,, 200	M. de Monthyon	Dec. 1, 1857.
Remarkable acts of Virtue, Self-sacrifice, &c.	10,000	,, 400	M. de Monthyon.	
The progress of French Literature during the first half of the seventeenth century	3,000	,, 120	M. de Monthyon	Nov. 30, 1857.
Thucydides, his genius and his character	3,000	,, 120	M. de Monthyon	Mar. 1, 1858.
Index verborum et locutionum to the works of Corneille	4,000	,, 160	The Academy	April 1, 1859.
The best and most moral Dramatic Work in verse, and in three acts, at least	10,000	,, 400	The Academy	Jan. 1, 1862.
The two best works on the History of France	10,000	,, 400	M. Gobert	Jan. 1, 1858.
	5,000	,, 200		
Encouragement to a meritorious Literary Man	3,000	,, 120	M. de Latout-Landry	1858.
Encouragement to Literature	3,000	,, 120	M. Boudin	Jan. 1, 1858.
Encouragement to Literature	3,000	,, 120	M. Lambert	1858.
	63,000	,, 2,520		

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADÉMIE DES SCIENCES."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes. Fr.	£	Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays, &c., are or were to be sent.
Explain or correct Legendre's Proposition (Théorie des Nombres, vol. ii., p. 76, edit. 1830)	3,000	= 120	The Academy	Nov. 1, 1858.
To perfect the mathematical theory of Tides	3,000	,, 120	The Academy	Apr. 1, 1859.
Two great Mathematical prizes	3,000	,, 120	The Academy	Apr. 1, 1857.
	3,000	,, 120		Oct. 1, 1857.
On the application of Steam to men-of-war	6,000	,, 240	The Academy	Nov. 1, 1857.
The best work or most important discovery in connexion with Astronomy	10,000	,, 400	M. de Lalande	1858.
For the person who has invented or perfected the most useful instrument for Agriculture, Science, &c	450	,, 18	M. de Monthyon	Apr. 1, 1858.
The best work on the Statistics of France	477	,, 19	M. de Monthyon	Jan. 1, 1858.
On Electric Currents	3,000	,, 120	M. Bordin	May 1, 1858.
Encouragement to Engineers, Artists, or Mechanics	1,100	,, 42	M. de Trémont	1858.
On the formation and structure of Fungi	3,000	,, 120	The Academy	Dec. 31, 1857.
The best work on Experimental Physiology	805	,, 32	M. de Monthyon	Apr. 1, 1858.
The best work on Zoology or Geology	1,500	,, 60	The Academy	1860.
On the generation of Zoophytes	2,500	,, 100	M. Alhumbert	Apr. 1, 1859.
On the metamorphism of Rocks	3,000	,, 120	M. Bordin	Oct. 1, 1857.
The best work on Agriculture	10,000	,, 400	M. de Morogues	Apr. 1, 1863.
For the person who shall have discovered a cure for Asiatic Cholera	100,000	,, 4,000	M. Briant.	
	153,832	,, 6.151		

PRIZES OFFERED FOR COMPETITION BY THE "ACADÉMIE DES INSCRIPTIONS ET BELLES LETTRES."

Subjects of the Prizes.	Value of the Prizes.	Founders of the Prizes.	Dates at which the Essays are to be sent.
	Fr. £		
On the character and influence of Prose Works of Fiction till the fifth century of the Christian era	2,000 — 80	The Academy	1859.
The character, origin, and vicissitudes of Byzantine Architecture	2,000 „ 80	The Academy	1859.
The History of Gaul before the reign of the Emperor Claudius	2,000 „ 80	The Academy	1858.
The Critical History of the Koran	2,000 „ 80	The Academy	1859.
The best work on Numismatics		M. Allier de Hauteroine	1858.
The three best works on the Antiquities of France	500 „ 20 500 „ 20 500 „ 20	The Academy	Jan. 1, 1858.
The history of the Osci before and during the Roman domination	3,000 „ 120	M. Bordin	1858.
Essay on the life and works of Terentius Varro	3,000 „ 120	M. Bordin	1859.
The institutions of the reign of Philip the Fair	3,000 „ 120	M. Bordin	1858.
The history of the Arts of Drawing till the age of Pericles	20,000 „ 800	M. Louis Fould	Jan. 1, 1860.
The two best works on the History of France	10,000 „ 400 5,000 „ 200	M. Gobert	Jan. 1, 1858.
	53,500 „ 2,140		

Brief Notices.

THE LIFE AND JOURNALS OF THE REV. DANIEL WEST, Wesleyan Minister, and Deputation to the Wesleyan Stations on the Gold Coast, Western Africa. By the Rev. T. West. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1857.

THE FOUNTAIN SEALED. A Memoir of Mary M. C. Methuen, Author of the "Morning of Life." By her Mother. Bath: Binns & Goodwin. 1857.

WE have classed these two books together, because they represent two very different kinds of biographies. The one is a record of actions—but actions of the most commonplace sort; the other a record of heart-struggles. The one—we know not how to distinguish them better—is an objective, the other a subjective biography. The first contains the life of the Rev. D. West, who, undoubtedly, was a pious, devoted man. He was born in 1815; entered the ministry in 1835; sailed for Africa in 1856; left Africa for England, but died soon after he embarked, in 1857. Now the reader knows about as much as he would if he had read the book, for his imagination can supply the usual incidents of a Wesleyan minister's life—his moving to different stations, &c., &c., and the sea voyage to Africa, and even Mr. West's visits to the missionary stations, for he seems to have been but a poor observer either of manners or men. One thing, however, we must not forget to say, and that is, that Mr. West was very successful in taking photographic likenesses of the natives, at which feat the natives were no less pleased than astonished. As a good man he will live in the memory of his immediate acquaintances

and friends; but this book will do nothing to perpetuate it. And, moreover, the author has had the bad taste to rake up the remembrance of past, and we had hoped forgotten, strife, which surely will not further what must be the desire of his heart for his late brother—*Requiescat in pace.* He has dignified the volume, too, by the title of *West Africa*, which conveys a false impression, as by a reference to our dates it will be seen that Mr. West's visit to Africa was a mere flying one; indeed, his actual time in the country was little more than two months. The book, therefore, is chiefly occupied with the life of Mr. West in England. We fear that the book will be acceptable to few but members of the Wesleyan body. To members out of that body many parts of it would be unintelligible. On the other hand, we turn to the memoirs of Miss Methuen, grateful for the record of such a life; for it relates the struggles of a soul out of darkness into light. We fully coincide with the following remark made by Dr. Jas. Hamilton in a letter to the author of the volume: "The character which it (the memoir) delineates is a very uncommon one, and biographically it possesses a peculiar charm from its having been so much a spring shut up, *a fountain sealed.*" It would be impossible to express the character of Miss Methuen's life more happily than has been done by Dr. Hamilton in the metaphor of a fountain sealed. And this seems to have been felt too by the author, as she has selected it as the title of the volume. Throughout the whole of her life—which was not a long one, however, for she died at the early age of twenty-nine—her spirit was struggling to overleap the walls of its prison-house, in order to find scope for the exercise, and opportunity for the development, of powers of no ordinary kind. But she was limited and circumscribed on every hand. Her health was extremely delicate, and no sooner did she throw herself heart and soul into works of benevolence and love, than nature bade her cease. And hence, conscious of ability, and endowed with a mind of keenest susceptibility, when thus her powers were confined, she fretted and murmured. And then commenced the conflicts of her soul. Doubts assailed her in her inactivity, but she struggled on, and though the doubts were scattered, her path was beset with difficulties to the very end of her life, when she died in the full assurance of a Saviour's love. There are few lives we have read with more touching interest. We would earnestly commend the book to our lady-readers—and would that we had many of a kindred spirit to Miss Methuen! There is much in her life worthy of imitation. She delighted to visit the sick, and to teach the ignorant. Staying at Clevedon, she assembled the poor donkey-boys in her study, and taught them as long as her strength would admit. It would indeed be no rare figure of speech to call women angels, were they all like Miss Methuen! But we do not mean to say that she was perfect. Her own diary will confess her shortcomings and sins, and we hope that our readers will obtain the book and judge for themselves. We thank the mother of Miss Methuen for the publication of this memoir. It is essentially a book of the heart; and the record of the alternation of light and darkness of her daughter's path, and finally, of the bursting forth of

unclouded day upon her soul, as it winged its flight to the presence of her Saviour, will be read with thankfulness by many who are similarly tried.

A Memoir of John Armstrong, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Grahamstown. By the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A., Rector of Clewer. With an Introduction, by Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. Oxford: John Henry & James Parker. 1857.

Bishop Armstrong was a churchman of the high school—most significantly denominated as a Tractarian. With his peculiar views, therefore, we cannot be expected to sympathize; on the other hand, we can but deeply regret that a man of such earnest piety and deep devotedness to his work, should have been so confined by the narrow channel in which his life was constrained to flow. And yet it is deeply interesting to notice how much better he was than his creed. He says, in one place, "How the blessed sacrament of baptism makes us like our Lord. . . . The inner man has the lights of the other world and the life, and baptism has secretly put this life into us." — P. 51. But was not his whole life as a parish priest, in his earnest efforts to establish female penitentiaries, and later, as the self-denying Bishop of Grahamstown, a practical refutation of such a doctrine? The Lord Bishop commenced his ministerial career as curate of Alford, in Somersetshire, afterwards removed to Clifton, then to Exeter, and then to Tidenham in Gloucestershire, and, finally, to South Africa, as Bishop of Grahamstown; but leaving England in delicate health, in less than two years he departed this world; and no one, whatever may be his church views, can fail to give his tribute of admiration to such a man, whose whole life was spent in the earnest endeavour to win souls to Christ. The introduction of the Bishop of Oxford is simple, earnest, and commendatory. The author has executed his task in a creditable manner; and sympathizing with the views of the subject of the memoir, it has been to him evidently a "labour of love." The memoir is diversified with rather long extracts from the sermons and reviews of the late Bishop; but this is very pardonable, considering the few materials that were left behind for the execution of the work.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

It is a grand thing to live in times like these. The most sluggish must be lashed into excitement, and the most selfish and careless fired with public spirit by the stirring events which are continually crowding upon us. In this "Monthly Review" we shall not have much space to discuss the causes or predict the results of great transactions; we must be content to chronicle them. But what we say shall be said without fear. We shall neither court the favour nor shun the wrath of our readers; we profess no loyalty to any party in the state; we owe no homage to any political chief; we

intend to speak the truth with all frankness and honesty, remembering that we are Englishmen, Nonconformists, and Christians.

During the past month noble peers and honourable members have been hurried from their country seats, their hounds and horses, their avenues of elms and quiet libraries, to the unwelcome and unseasonable duties of legislation. Her Majesty's ministers had been compelled to advise the Directors of the Bank of England to infringe the provisions of their charter, and were in great haste to secure an indemnity. Perhaps, too, it was thought that two or three nights' discussion on Indian affairs, before Christmas, would make the work of next session a little easier; some prevailing misconceptions might be removed; Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli would exhaust their brilliant but worthless animadversions on the conduct of the Calcutta government and the Board of Control, and have fewer weapons to fight with when the real battle came on in February. The veteran tactician is wise in his generation. Of course, the Bank Indemnity Bill was passed, and the gravity of the commercial disasters, which had demanded the suspension of the Charter, gave unusual seriousness to all the debates on the principles by which our currency is regulated. The select Bank Committee was re-appointed. Mr. Disraeli thought that further inquiry was useless, and that the time had come for repealing the act of '44; Mr. Gladstone, too, believed that the question was ripe for legislation, but was anxious to increase rather than diminish the stringency of the present system.

In the debate on the Address, Lord Derby greatly distinguished himself. His lordship is without a rival in the art of giving point to just complaint, and discovering reasons for grumbling where there were none; but the Government have decidedly gained by the discussions on their Indian administration. The flagrant ignorance and incapacity of Mr. Vernon Smith are not quite so clear now as they were three weeks ago; and the public will begin to believe that, when such a clever and ingenious foe as my Lord Derby is obliged to resort to misrepresentation and groundless charges to make out a case against him, just cause of censure must be wanting. The rumours of disagreement between Lord Canning and Sir Colin Campbell have been annihilated. The gravest of the complaints against the Calcutta government, on the score of dilatoriness, have been effectually disproved. Next session, however, is to witness important changes in the government of our Eastern empire. The Chairman of the East Indian Company has received notice that the Government intend to introduce a bill for bringing the vast dominions of the Company under the immediate control of the Crown. We shall watch with anxious interest the development of Lord Palmerston's scheme.

A Reform Bill, too, is promised; but the merry Premier was unwilling to spoil Mr. Disraeli's Christmas holidays by occupying them with troublesome reflections on the details of the Government plan. We have seen a memorial on behalf of an Educational Franchise, signed by dignitaries of the Church and dignitaries of

the law,—by archbishops, bishops, and deans,—by the Lord Chief Justice and many illustrious peers,—by Oxford and Cambridge dons, and by well-known dissenting ministers. The proposal is to give to the graduates, clergy, lawyers, doctors, &c., in a district a separate member, or in very large districts separate members.

Lord Shaftesbury brought forward a bill to relax the severity of the parochial system. He proposed, that in parishes numbering more than two thousand inhabitants, the incumbent should not have the power, unless sustained by the bishop, of prohibiting the holding of Church of England services. His lordship was obliged, however, to postpone his bill. Beresford Hope would remedy the acknowledged deficiencies of the present system, by multiplying bishoprics, instead of instituting an order of "vagrant gospellers," or "preaching friars," which, as the *Press* predicts, would accrue if Lord Shaftesbury's bill were carried.

An important decision has been pronounced in reference to the legality of certain Continental marriages. It is well known that, during the last twenty years, it has been a frequent practice for persons wishing to marry a deceased wife's sister, to resort to certain Continental states where this was not illegal, under the idea that marriage there formed would be legal in England. This very unsatisfactory and objectionable mode of evading a bad law is declared to be nugatory.

Lord John Russell has, of course, re-appeared as champion of the Jews; but we have little hope that he will find the Lords at all more compliant this session than they were last.

The friends of missions will be gratified with the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to grant £5,000 to Dr. Livingstone to prosecute his African researches. The missionary enterprise has received wonderful help of late, partly from the admiration excited by the enterprising African traveller, and partly from the discovery that the missionaries have been the wisest and most honest men in India.

Thank God! Lucknow is saved. After six days of "severe and bloody struggles," the beleaguered garrison has been relieved; the sick and wounded, ladies and children, have been carried to Cawnpore. Sir Colin Campbell has an army around him strong enough to reduce Oude to entire subjection.

Of foreign news of interest there is no lack. Liberal principles have won an important triumph in Belgium. Serfdom in Russia has received its death-blow. The Message of the President of the United States must have been read in England with unusual interest; to us, the most significant part of it is that which recommends the setting aside of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the reconsideration of the entire question of Central American politics. We earnestly trust that there is no danger of serious disagreement.

On the whole, we believe that the clouds which have hung so gloomily over our heads during the last six or eight months are beginning to scatter, and with some hopefulness and courage we can wish our readers from our very hearts A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Books Received.

Anti-Slavery Advocate, for December. Wm. Tweedie.
Atherstone's (Edwin) The Handwriting on the Wall. 3 vols. Bentley.
Atlantic Monthly, for December. Trübner & Co.
Aveling's (Rev. Thos.) Leviathan: a Discourse. 20 pp. Judd & Glass.
Baynes's (Henry S.) Biblical Exercise on the True Site of Calvary. 40 pp. G. J. Stevenson.
Belaney's (Archibald) Hundred Days of Napoleon: a Poem. 194 pp. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Betham-Edwards's (M.) The White House by the Sea: a Love Story. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Bible Class Magazine, for 1857. Vol. X. Sunday School Union.
Bibliotheca Sacra, and American Biblical Repository. Trübner & Co.
Bland's (H.) Apocalyptical History contained in Book of Revelation. 648 pp. T. Murray & Son.
Book of Psalms (Authorized Version); in parallelism; preface & notes. 252 pp. Rel. T. Soc.
British Workman, and Friend of the Sons of Toil. 3rd Yearly Part. Partridge & Co.
British Workman Almanac. Partridge & Co.
Captivity of Two Russian Princes in the Caucasus. Related by themselves. 344 pp. Smith & Elder.
Cassell's (John) Art Treasures' Exhibition, for December. Part VII. Kent & Co.
Child's Own Magazine, for 1857. Sunday School Union.
Collette's (Chas. H.) Invocation of Saints: a Lecture. 88 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XIV. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
Congregational Pulpit. Vol. IV. Judd & Glass.
Connon's (Jno., M.A.) Letter in Defence of Liberty of the Press in India. 37 pp. Algar & Street.
Crashaw's Poetical Works and Quarles's Emblems, by Gilfillan. 368 pp. Edinburgh: J. Nichol.
Darling's (Jas.) Cyclopædia Bibliographica: Subjects—Holy Scriptures. Part III. J. Darling.
Davison's (Wm. Hope) Psalms and Hymns for Public and Social Worship. 790 pp. J. Thlotson.
Doubleday's (Thos.) Why is Money Scarce?—the Question Answered. 38 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Dyer's (Wm. H.) The Sudden Summons. 71 pp. Judd & Glass.
Elmlicht's (T.) Theophania, or Scriptural View of the Logos, &c. 620 pp. T. Richardson & Son.
Evangelical Christendom, for December. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
Ferguson's (Dr. Robt.) Penalties of Greatness. 459 pp. Ward & Co.
Ferry's (Gabriel) Cavaliers and Free-Lances of New Spain. 202 pp. Jas. Blackwood.
Four Sisters (The): Patience, Humility, Hope, and Love. 369 pp. Routledge.
Fraser's Magazine, for December. Jno. W. Parker & Son.
French Protestant Church: Letter to Elders and Deacons. 16 pp. Wm. Dalton.
Gazette of Assoc. for Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge, for November. Seventh Report.
Goodwin's (Rev. H.) Commentary on St. Matthew. 558 pp. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.
Groser (Wm. H.) Illustrative Teaching. 45 pp. Ward & Co.
Gurney's (Rev. Jno. H.) Four Sermons on the Indian Mutiny. 172 pp. Rivingtons.
Hardwick's (Chas., M.A.) Christ and other Masters. Part III. 208 pp. Macmillan & Co.
Howell's (Rev. J. W.) The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost: a Sermon. 15 pp. Judd & Glass.
Hulme's (Saml.) Path of Peace. 92 pp. J. B. Cooke.
Ingham's (R.) Premillennial Thoughts. 102 pp. Houlston & Stoneman.
Jewish Chronicle, for December. Nos. 155, 156, 157, 158. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Jukes's (Andrew) Types of Genesis. 407 pp. Longmans.
Ladies' Treasury, for December. Ward & Lock.
Landor's (Walter Savage) Dry Sticks Fagoted. 251 pp. Edinburgh: Jas. Nicholl.
Leask's (Rev. Dr. W.) Young Man's Best Capital: a Lecture. 15 pp. Judd & Glass.
Liberator, for December. Houlston & Wright.
London University Magazine, for December. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Mackenzie's Transl. of C. E. Nebelin's Great Day of Atonement. 161 pp. Richard Bentley.
Martineau's (Harriet) British Rule in India. 356 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Muston's (Dr. Alexis) Israel of the Alps: Hist. of Waldenses. 2 vols., pp. 478, 540. Blackie & Son.
News of the Churches and Journal of Missions, for December. Edinburgh: Constable & Co.
Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church, &c. 239 pp. Whittaker & Co.
Paterson's (Dr. Jno.) The Book for Every Land. 412 pp. Jno. Snow.
Porter's (Rev. J. L., A.B.) National Christianity for India. 32 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Powell's (Baden) Christianity without Judaism: Essays (2nd Series). 263 pp. Longmans.
Revue Chrétienne: Recueil Mensuel. Part XII., December. Paris: Ch. Meyrueis et Cie.
"Rivulet:" 11 Letters on Dr. Campbell's "Perversions and Misrepresentations." 53 pp. Stevenson.
Roberts's (Edwin F.) The Christmas Guests round the Seacoal Fire. 32 pp. G. Vickers.
Ruskin's (John) Political Economy of Art. 248 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
St. John's (Bayle) Montaigne, the Essayist: a Biography. 2 vols., pp. 336, 327. Chapman & Hall.
Sketch of Rev. J. P. Chown, Bradford. 12 pp. Glasgow Examiner Office.
Stacey's (Rev. J.) The Church and the Age. 272 pp. J. B. Cooke.
Stoddart's (Sir J., LL.D.) Glossology, or Hist. Relations of Languages. (Ency Met.) 387 pp. Griffin.
Sunday School Union Magazine, for 1857. Vol. XIV. Sunday School Union.
Symington's (A. J.) The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life. 2 vols., pp. 446, 322. Longmans.
Taylor's (Isaac) World of Mind: an Elementary Book. 400 pp. Jackson & Walford.
Thackeray's (W. M.) Esmond. 464 pp., cheaper edit. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Thorne's (E. H.) Selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. 188 pp. W. W. Gardner.
Wallace's (Alex.) Gloaming of Life: Memoir of James Stirling. 116 pp. Scot. Temp. League.
White's (Rev. Jas.) The Eighteen Christian Centuries. 511 pp. Blackwood & Sons.
White's (J. Metcalfe, B.A.) Hymns for Open-Air Services. 16 pp. Judd & Glass.
Williams's (Rev. R., D.D.) Christian Freedom in Council of Jerusalem. 110 pp. Deighton & Bell.
Willie's Birthday. 76 pp. illustrated. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Willie's Rest: a Sunday Story for Young Readers. 96 pp. illustrated. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Year Nine (The). By Author of "Mary Powell." 282 pp. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

ART. I.—THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

A Year of Revolution, from a Journal kept in Paris, in 1848. By the Marquis of Normanby, K.G. Longman: Two Vols., 8vo. 1857.

AT an early period of the history Lord Normanby records, he quotes, with evident complacency, a passage from one of M. Guizot's recent works, in which the latter states that "Ambassadors, or foreign diplomatic agents, are amongst the most trustworthy witnesses of events connected with the contemporaneous history of the countries to which they are accredited." It may be so, as a general rule; but there must be many reasons for supposing that exceptions may exist to its correctness,—and, candidly, if we were compelled to measure the value of all ambassadorial records by the volumes before us, we should demur gravely even to M. Guizot's authority upon the subject. The book produced by the noble lord is readable enough; in its main historical facts, so far as they were to be gleaned from sources accessible to all the world, it is tolerably accurate; but we are, from our own personal acquaintance with France, and the state of French society about the period described, able to assert that it is impossible for any one to form a correct opinion upon the singular events which took place in that country at the period referred to from this historical sketch.

In noticing incidentally the details of this work, we therefore propose to correct them when at fault; and thus to record our own studies of French politics, carried on during eight consecutive years, and in every class of society, and, we believe, with a

far more intimate acquaintance with the secret springs of that strange drama than ever "our diplomatic agent" seems to have possessed.

Lord Normanby speaks, in his introduction, and in the first chapter of his book, of the state of public opinion in France before 1848; and he gives his own impressions on the subject, as they were recorded in the summer of 1847. He says, that even then the system of the Citizen King had been weighed in the minds of thinking men, and had been found wanting; but he speaks of this as a newly-formed conviction, and rather as a suspicion which, at that time, began to force itself upon the intellect of the country, than as a deep settled conviction, pervading every rank or condition of life. It was not so, however; for very soon, indeed, after his accession to the throne, the "old Nestor of European diplomacy," as our shallow panegyrists called Louis Philippe—that vulgar parody on Louis XIV.—adopted the maxim, "L'Etat c'est moi;" and he thenceforward perverted, as his cousin Louis XVIII. had previously done, the representative government of France into a huge instrument of corruption. Lord Normanby mentions, that even in the last agonies of his reign, Louis Philippe was so little disposed to act upon the true principles of constitutional government, as to retire occasionally during his interviews with Count Molé or M. Thiers, to consult M. Guizot, who was concealed in a private cabinet, near to the scene of meeting. But this was ever the practice of the king; and even in 1830, when he used to leave a council, as he would say, "pour lâcher à des deputations de la province son petit Jemappes et Valmy," he used, in an equally unconstitutional manner, to consult Talleyrand, before he adhered to the propositions of his responsible ministers. As to the corruption exercised by the marvellous centralization of the French administration, that had existed even before 1793, and it had been perfected under the various *régimes*, which have since preyed upon the country, to such an enormous and fearful extent, as to justify the bitter irony of P. L. Courrier, or the more sparkling satire of the author of "Jerome Paturot à la Récherche d'une Position Sociale." If our readers, indeed, wish to become acquainted with the real state of French society between the years 1830 and 1844, they cannot do better than read the book last named; for, notwithstanding its fun and humour, it is the truest picture we know of the spirit of the times. It is the "Gil Blas" of the epoch; and he who runs may read, in the pictures there so drolly given of the utter corruption of the governing class of France, that a state of morals so fearfully debased, as prevailed amongst its leaders,

must eventually have produced its natural retribution in the collapse of the whole bubble. Lord Normanby would seem to insinuate that M. Guizot's government used the means of corruption at its command in a more unblushing manner than his predecessors had done. But this is not true; and we ourselves know, from private sources, that amongst other gross cases of bribery, M. Thiers even induced Jacques Lafitte to vote, with his tail, in favour of the bill for the fortifications of Paris, on the condition that the Paris and Rouen railway should be carried through his property of Maisons Lafitte. Yet Jacques Lafitte used to say to the king himself, "Sire, je suis le plus honnête homme de la France!"—and so he was, amongst the statesmen of his day, always excepting M. Guizot. The fact is, that the whole class of men who were in those sad times connected with the state, if they remained long in office, were sure to become as lax in their notions of political morality as the king, or M. Thiers, or M. Guizot himself; and the ultimate result upon those who could not draw the distinction between their public and their private principles, was to produce an utter depravation of the whole moral feelings. In the early days of Louis Philippe, the story of M. Gisquet, and more latterly that of M. Hennequin, closely resembled the sad exposure of M. Teste and General Cubières; and the strange tale of the death of the Prince de Condé rivalled the infamy of the murder of La Duchesse de Praslin, the suicide of Count Bresson, or the madness of M. de Mortier. From the commencement of the reign of Louis Philippe to its close, the budget of the Minister of Public Works had been converted into a gigantic instrument of corruption, under the skilful guidance of M. Legrand, who, in his capacity of Sous-Secretaire d'Etat, made and unmade ministers at his astute master's will and pleasure. The Customs, the Ministries of Education, of Commerce, of Worship, and of the Interior, had been equally abused, for the purpose of enabling the king both to reign and to govern,—so that, at the last, all honest men in France had arrived at the conviction, that the whole of their governmental system was rotten to the core.

And so it unquestionably was,—even before the mad corruption of 1846, or the fearful reaction of the commencement of 1847, had forced men to think upon the causes which could have produced the public or the private scandals brought to light during the parliamentary sessions of 1847. Nor, indeed, could it be otherwise, in a country where individual liberty and personal responsibility are so little understood as they are in France. For centuries, the rulers of that fair country, and of that singularly noble, clever, and intelligent people, had

laboured to establish, both in theory and in practice, that the proper function of the state or of the central government was that of protecting local institutions and individuals against their own follies or mistakes. It is one of the avowed principles of the Code Napoléon, which, in this matter, does but "formulize" the tendencies of the government of the *ancien régime*, that municipal corporations, departmental councils, &c., are but minors, under the guardianship of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, as we should say; and the latter functionary takes particular care to prevent any independent action on the part of his interesting wards. In every relation of life, the administrative system—alas! not only of France, but also of every country of continental Europe—has so seized the direction of public and private affairs, that no man can pretend to be a free agent, nor can he undertake any important operation, without its being submitted to a careful preliminary investigation by the state authorities. The state, in France especially, has thus erected itself into a species of visible providence—not to speak it profanely,—and in its anxiety to prevent any possible abuses from individual liberty, it has annihilated all private enterprise. No important act can be performed, no trade or factory established, no meetings for educational, religious, or political purposes held, no roads opened, bridges built, hospitals, churches, refuges, opened without the consent, intervention, or control of the government. Lighthouses, ports, roads, canals, rivers, drainage works, water supply, gas lighting, railways, are alike submitted to the supervision of one or other department of the ministry, as are also steam-engines, steam-boats, mines, unhealthy trades, &c. Some of the most important articles of daily consumption were and are directly in the hands of the government as monopolies, such as tobacco and gunpowder; and the system of excise laws, introduced by the first and great Napoleon, still further increases the power of the subordinate agents of the state to interfere with the details of private life. Every important action of a French citizen's life, too, passes in presence of the constituted authorities: his birth, his vaccination, his drawing for the conscription, his marriage, his establishment in business, every voyage he makes, every exercise of his constitutional privileges, every transfer of his property,—and, lastly, his death, are still subjects of record—often of observation—at the office of the Minister of the Interior. All this complicated system of course requires a numerous staff of *employés*, clerks, chefs, préfets, &c., to work it; and the nomination to the almost countless places, at the disposal of the government of the day, has always furnished such an omni-

potent means of corruption, as to defeat every precaution the reason of man could devise to ensure the honesty of the rulers. It was currently reported in the days of Louis Philippe, that the number of places at the disposal of the ministry was about 500,000, whilst the total number of electors was not above 140,000; — and be it observed, that nearly half of the latter systematically abstained from public business. With such a system, could an honest government be expected — we had almost said, could an honest government exist? Firmly and distinctly do we believe that it could not. And certain it is that all the ministers of France, from the days of the First Consul to those of the reigning Emperor, have yielded unblushingly to the temptation to abuse their power and patronage, to secure the objects of the moment. It is nonsense for Lord Normanby to dwell upon the scandals of M. Guizot's administration exclusively. Unfortunately, M. Guizot allowed his subordinates to abuse the advantages of their position shamefully; and he willingly or unwillingly shut his eyes to the corruption of some of his colleagues, whilst he drove from office such men as de Villemain and Cousin. But M. Guizot's administration was purity itself, compared to that of some of his predecessors; and the utter eclipse of the parliamentary celebrities who so fiercely disputed the favours of the restored Bourbons, or of the Orleans race, may be considered an illustration of the retributive justice they so richly merited. Whatever Lord Normanby may say, public opinion in France recognised a great difference between M. Guizot and such men as Thiers or Odillon Barrot; and it was more on account of the utter temporary collapse of the whole system of state providence, than on that of the corruption of its agents, that France had become in such a fearfully explosive state in the commencement of 1848.

There was something about M. Guizot, moreover, which was singularly opposed to the tastes and sympathies of the nation he was for so many years called to govern. He was personally and in private life irreproachably cold and correct; he was a Protestant; and emphatically he was a schoolmaster. Men do not like to be lectured into propriety; and when it was known that M. Guizot's private morality did not prevent him from using equivocal means to secure the public ends he aimed at, his lectures on political morality began to excite contempt. The mad speculations of 1846, and the famine of '46 and '47, first began to make men seriously to inquire whether the whole system under which France had so long existed, were not defective; and unfortunately M. Guizot, who, like M. de Villèle before him, was dazzled by his long possession of power, suc-

ceeded in persuading the old king to believe that the security of the throne depended upon an energetic resistance to the inquiring spirit of the day. The Reform Banquets, as they were somewhat ostentatiously called, were really of small weight in the course of events about this time; and it may fairly be questioned whether the reports of the post-prandial eloquence of such vapid "spouters" as MM. Odillon Barrot or Ledru Rollin, were ever read beyond the circle of the subscribers of the *Siècle*, or of the *National*. M. de Lamartine's speech at Macon was, however, by far the greatest event in the history of the agitation with respect to parliamentary reform in 1847; but even that, eloquent, admirable as it was, would have been without permanent effect had not a long period of national suffering coincided with the simultaneous exposure of some of the worst illustrations of the system of governmental corruption—of governmental incapacity, which then took place. Lord Normanby by no means conveys a sufficiently vivid impression of the state of public opinion in France, in the commencement of the winter '47 and '48; for men's minds literally failed them for fear, and every one who could read the signs of the times, must have felt that a revolution was inevitable, and that it was in the air. Amongst the most curious proofs of this assertion may be cited the frequent explosion of bombs upon the Boulevards of Paris, and the strange revulsion of popular opinion in favour of the men and of the principles of 1793. That singularly fascinating, but essentially false, "Histoire des Girondins," by de Lamartine, had for a time clothed the wretches who perverted the first grand movements of the French nation in favour of liberty, at the end of the last century, with a halo of poetic glory which would, no doubt, have surprised the very men themselves as much as it surprised those who knew the real history of those atrocious times; and, oddly enough, the very Theâtre Lyrique, opened by Alexandre Dumas, the unspeakably contemptible flatterer of the Orleans family in its prosperity, was one of the most powerful instruments for diffusing the worship of the atrocious heroes of '93. It was at this theatre that the song of "Mourir pour la Patrie"—that vile caricature of "La Marseillaise," just as 1848 was the caricature of '93—was first produced, and first attracted the attention of the Parisian public. Wretchedly bad as both the poetry and the music of this song are, yet as no song can become really popular, without possessing either actual artistic or moral worth of some kind, we hold that the unexampled popularity of "Mourir pour la Patrie" is only to be explained on the supposition, that the people who sang it believed that in so doing they were protesting against the ruling system of the

day. France at all times has been said to be "an absolute monarchy, limited by popular songs," so that in that country a ballad, introduced in the course of a melodrama, might affect the fortunes of the nation. In the latter days of Louis Philippe's government, this was really the case, and so utterly had the government of the Citizen King destroyed or perverted all ordinary methods of expressing the opinions of the mass of the nation, either by open violence or by corruption, that hardly any other true mode of expression was left, but the singular one which Mazarin so jealously watched, viz., the songs of the common people, who at least are sincere and fearless. De Lamartine's book, above-mentioned, was in the first blush of its popularity when the speech at Macon was delivered; and unfortunately enough, too, for Louis Philippe's government, that monarch had shortly before quarrelled violently with the royal family of England. on the occasion of the Spanish marriages, whilst he and his chosen Protestant prime minister had compromised the dignity of France in a most injudicious and unsuccessful advocacy of the cause of the Jesuits in the case of the Sonderbund of Switzerland. The great but ill-fated movement, headed by Pio Nono and Charles Albert, in favour of the restoration of the Italian nationality, also excited men's minds at this period, and "with fear of change perplexed monarchs,"—just as the Italian question must continue to do, until Italy is for the Italians alone: so that every thinking man felt and knew that it was utterly impossible for the spring of 1848 to pass over without its giving birth to events, strange or startling, even if the system under which France had existed for so many years should survive the attacks to which it was evidently to be exposed, both from the literary and the political men opposed to it.

There is, at present, rather a tendency on the part of the English public to look with a species of longing towards the system of administration which has prevailed in France, from the days of the first Napoleon to the present time; and we think, therefore, that it is important that the results of the working of that system, in the hands of some of the ablest men the world has ever produced, should be fairly laid before our readers. Disgusted by the short-comings of our own local authorities, and dazzled by the apparent grandeur of the results of the government of our neighbours, we forget to look beneath the surface, and close our eyes to the awful fact, that there the state is made responsible for those dispensations of Providence, or the vicissitudes of trade, which we can, and habitually do, meet by the exercise of our individual energies. So long as things go on smoothly, no doubt the French, or rather the

despotic system, is very convenient to the well-established, and the well-to-do part of society, and even the struggling classes are likely to find repose and comparative comfort under the shadow of an administration which must maintain order at whatever expense. Yet when by any of the awful visitations of that Providence whose action has thus been so blindly ignored, the best laid schemes of kings and ministers—of so-called statesmen and of representative bodies—are hopelessly baffled, then it is that the energies of the self-governing Englishman rise above the difficulties which bewilder the foreigner who is accustomed to look elsewhere for support and relief. We have passed through periods of financial crisis far worse than those which desolated France in 1847 and '48, and have contended very bitterly against the bad administration and the corruption of the higher powers of the state at many periods of our history; but since 1688 we have learned the great lesson "of biding our time," and of using constitutionally the means we possess for securing a constitutional reform of any recognised abuse. France has never learned this all-essential lesson for the enjoyment of freedom; nor, indeed, can it ever be learned under a system which, in fact, substitutes the erring reason of a narrow governing body for the more infallible instincts of the whole community. In private life, for instance, the Code Napoléon—and in citing this marvellous collection of laws, we wish it distinctly to be understood that we consider it to "formulize" the tendencies of the whole of the governments of Continental Europe—in private life this code has practically destroyed the ties of family, by the arbitrary interferences it has established with the right of disposing of property. In public life, too, this code has destroyed the natural ideas of liberty, by the legalization of the monstrous system of procedure, and of preventive imprisonment, whilst it has carefully ignored all the securities for individual liberty, presented by our own admirable law of "Habeas corpus;" and it has, moreover, established the principle which is (as we said before) at the bottom of the whole of the municipal government of the country, viz., the legal minority of all corporate bodies, under the guardianship of the state. No doubt M. de Tocqueville is correct in stating that the "ancien régime" had prepared the way for such a social polity; but the error of the reformers of 1789 to '93, precisely consisted in their adoption of the worst parts of the system they pretended to destroy, and in shutting their eyes to the fact, that they were sacrificing real liberty to a chimerical equality. We question, indeed, seriously whether any person educated under any one of the parental governments understands really what "liberty" is; and the strange disorders

which have invariably attended the suspension of governments of fear upon the Continent, certainly go to show that the term "liberty" is there almost interchangeable, in popular opinion, with that of "license." Far be it from us to say that we are immaculate as a nation, either politically or morally! Nobody has a keener sense than we think that we ourselves have, of the faults and follies of our central, of our county, or of our municipal administrations; or even of our written, or unwritten laws. But we do contend that, with all the defects of our government or of our social organization, it is more susceptible of peaceable modification, according to the emergencies of the time, than the apparently more logically correct organization of other countries; and that its very elasticity obviates the necessity for the revolutionary paroxysms which have desolated France especially. One great reason for the violent outbursts of 1830 and of 1848 was, indeed, the despair of all honest men of being able to effect reforms. So rigidly and so logically were the existing authorities protected by the written law, it is to be observed, that there seemed no issue from the false path in which society was launched in that country other than by a revolution; and as the acting, but irreflective classes of the community were, in 1848, especially convinced that this was the fact, there can be no difficulty in explaining the uneasy state of men's minds, when Louis Philippe's government avowed its intention of placing itself in open hostility to the wishes of the country, by the singularly injudicious challenge it threw down to the parliamentary reformers, contained in the king's speech at the opening of the session of 1847—48.

There is a subject connected with the state of public opinion in France before 1848, to which, we think, that sufficient attention has not been paid, although many passing notices have been devoted to it, viz., the character and the influence of the current literature upon the general tone of society. We, in England, have been so long accustomed to manage our own business in our own way,—to think and to act for ourselves, that, though we have a somewhat undue share of credulity, we manage to keep our literary "guides" within their true province; and, in fact, the press here *follows*, it very rarely indeed *leads* public opinion. This has not, however, been the case in France, and men have there been far too much disposed to accept the ready made opinions of the journal to which they subscribe, simply because they themselves have not been allowed to exercise their own judgment upon political affairs. A species of retributive justice thus visits upon the French government—and indeed the same may be said of all paternal governments—the social offence of which they are guilty, in maintaining their

subjects in a constant state of minority; for the public in those countries, being brought up in a blind deference to authority, whilst the natural love of independence, so wisely implanted in our minds by the Creator, still exists, and disposes it to suspect the correctness of official wisdom,—the public is there always ready to accept with blind credulity the wild theories, or the doubtful morality, of specious and unprincipled pretenders, provided they only assume a magisterial, doctrinal tone. The awful twaddle—we use these words designedly—of such men as J. J. Rousseau, Helvetius, Mably, Bernardin de St. Pierre, the old Mirabeau, and the humanitarian school of the latter end of the eighteenth century, did, comparatively speaking, little harm here, though it sufficed to desolate and mislead the nations of the Continent for a long period, to an extent, of which it is to be feared our reading public is now little aware, so learned is it generally in the events of remote antiquity, so careless of those which took place "sixty years since." In France itself the nonsense of these writers produced eventually such men as Robespierre, St. Just, and Babœuf; to be succeeded, in their turn, by the Byronic sentimentality and the mystical enthusiasm of De Chateaubriand, or the dogmatism of de Maistre and de Bonald. The school of Professors arose soon after 1815, and such men as B. Constant, Raynouard, Guizot, Royer-Collard, Comte, Dunoyer, Cousin, de Villemain, Michaud, Fièvée, P. L. Courrier, Lainé, de Montesquieu, de Montlosier, Sismondi, Lamennais, Bertin, Thiers, seized the direction of men's minds, which had been temporarily and partially enfranchised by the introduction of a quasi-parliamentary system, under the boasted "Charte," in connexion with the powerful instruments of corruption furnished by the imperial administration. Fourier and St. Simon, in their spheres, agitated, amongst the excitable populations of the south, the same questions which Robert Owen at the same time endeavoured to raise amongst ourselves, but, unfortunately, with a very different measure of success; to which, no doubt, the bitter disappointment of the French nation from the practical results of the Revolution of 1830, may be considered to have subsequently contributed. The conduct of the "Professors" when they attained power, was indeed in such utter contradiction with the principles they had advocated when in opposition, and they displayed so shameless an eagerness to avail themselves of the means of corruption they had previously denounced, that the French nation, with its usual incapacity for private, independent judgment, blindly threw itself into the arms of the new self-appointed guides, who were bold and reckless enough to propose a total revision of the organization of society.

Jerome Paturot gives a delicious description of the absurdities of the Saint Simonians; but gross and ludicrous as they were, they, for a time, secured the adhesion of such men as Michel Chevalier, Emile Perrère, A. Fould, Felicien David, and of many others, who now support the imperial *régime*. It is true that the common sense of the population of Paris soon revolted against the indecencies and immoralities of the religion of Le Père Enfantin; but it was not able to detect the fallacies, nor the dangerous consequences, of the rival schools of social reformers. Fourier, Louis Blanc, Cabet, Prudhon, Pierre Leroux, the writers in the *Globe*, *La Revue Indépendante*, and more latterly such men as de Lamartine, Eugène Sue, George Sand, diffused opinions which were even far more mischievous in their tendencies, and in their effects, than the wild dreams of the would-be prophets of the commencement of Louis Philippe's reign. The wonder really is, how an intelligent nation, such as France unquestionably is, should allow itself to be guided by the very shallow pretensions and the slip-shod reasoning of the modern literary schools; but even if we be wrong in supposing that the explanation of the fact is to be found in the disinclination, or the incapacity, on the part of the public, to think or judge for itself, the fact still subsists that a brilliant, unscrupulous paradox will there suffice to make the fortune of a so-called school of philosophy, and to secure the blind adhesion of a numerous class of disciples, who are willing to attempt its application to the ordinary relations of life at whatsoever cost. The history of many other nations of Europe,—Germany, Italy, Spain, for instance,—reveals the same tendency, on the part of the public of those countries, to yield themselves blindly to self-constituted authority; and it is, moreover, to be observed, that this tendency prevails the most where Catholicism is the dominant religion. It seems, therefore, to us a logical inference that, as one of the greatest securities against false doctrines consists in the unrestrained liberty of private judgment, and as such liberty of judgment cannot exist without liberty of action, the Continental system of subjecting local action to the guidance and control of the central authority must be fatally injurious to society, because it "cabins, cribs, and confines" the development of local and individual energy. It is in vain to talk of the liberty of the press, and to trust to it alone for the redressing of errors of judgment on the part of the people, or of its rulers, so long as men are ignorant of the great law of their own moral responsibility; and it is precisely because the ultimate tendency of the whole system of paternal governments, as they are called by a strange abuse of terms, is to induce men to cast upon others the responsibility which they

themselves should assume, that we believe those governments actually prepare their subjects to receive the false impressions, or to adopt the dangerous doctrines, of which the modern writers of France have been so prolific.

Incidentally in the above remarks upon the influence of the intellectual cultivation of France upon its political state, we have felt it necessary to allude to the action of the Roman Catholic dogma in the countries exposed to its sway; and without at present entering upon an examination of that dogma, we may here be allowed to call attention to the strange influence which the state of religious education has unquestionably exercised in France of late years. Before the great revolution, the shameful abuses of the religion of the state had, in that country, produced an amount of infidelity and immorality amongst the higher classes of society, which had entirely effaced from them every semblance of true faith; and the ravings of the Theophilanthropists, or of the worshippers of the Goddess of Reason, were really the expression of the feelings most prevalent in those days. During the Empire it was thought that religion was a fine political instrument, and so long as the Pope consented to be the docile tool of the modern Charlemagne, it was the policy of the latter to assume the character of the "Eldest Son of the Church," and to conclude concordats which appeared to guarantee the interests of the Church. But there was no true religion in all this, nor could there be, when men like Napoleon were treating with the modern ultramontanes; and the actual result of the attempted revival of religion before 1814, was simply to ensure a certain amount of official hypocrisy. Between 1814 and 1830, the religious feelings of the reigning family—bigoted as they were—were at least sincere: and so, notwithstanding the political opposition they provoked, they never were so much exposed to public contempt as the duplicity and hypocrisy of the imperial *régime* had been. Unfortunately, however, the restored Bourbons managed to identify their unpopular, anti-national cause with the eternal interests of religion in the minds of their excitable subjects; and the consequence was, that religion itself suffered from their unpopularity. At the period when Louis Philippe came to the throne then, France presented the strange phenomenon of a nation without faith, and also without reason for its want of faith; and there was no moral balance to counteract its tendency to adopt blindly any folly of the hour. The government of Louis Philippe seems, at a very early period of its existence, to have felt the danger of this state of things; and it laboured hard, and earnestly, to conciliate to itself the heads of the Catholic Church. But the cloven foot was too apparent; and

the alliance between the modern court of Rome on the one side, and the old Voltairian king, supported by Protestants like Guizot, or rational Eclectics like Cousin, Rossi, de Villemain, or even men of no religion, like Thiers, was too unnatural to last long, especially as the members of the Catholic Church soon discovered that the king had no hold on the sympathies of the nation. During the seventeen or eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign there was, in fact, but a hollow truce between Church and State—for it is idle to say that Catholicism is not the dominant religion of France—and the conduct of the dignitaries of the Church towards the government of the "Citizen King," was always a source of trouble and anxiety to the latter. Monseigneur Affre, in particular, after paying obsequious court to Louis Philippe, so long as he was in minor positions, seems to have delighted to serve the cause of the ultramontane party when he had attained the summit of the honours the king could bestow—and indeed we would add, that "nothing in his life became this man," M. Affre (whom it has lately been the fashion almost to canonize), "so much as his manner of leaving it." But he was far from being alone in this behaviour; and the official relations of Church and State were always unsatisfactory to the "Citizen King;" and alas! we fear that we must also state, as the result of our own personal experience, in nearly all parts of France, that real, vital religion had fled the country, equally with true liberty.

Religiously, morally, politically, and economically, then, the French nation was in a fearfully explosive state at the commencement of the session of 1847—48. The successful manner in which M. Guizot had contrived to outwit the English diplomatists in the matter of the Spanish marriages, and the excessively bad taste with which Lord Normanby had either been instructed, or allowed, to exhibit his mortification on the occasion, had given M. Guizot a degree of popularity which had enabled him to weather the previous session, notwithstanding the sad disclosures which took place of the corruption in high quarters. But during the recess, and under the influence of the pecuniary events of 1846 and '47, men were driven to inquire seriously whether the social system of the country were not itself greatly in fault, and a cry, both loud and deep, for reform arose from all quarters. A wise man would never have allowed events to have gone so far as they actually did in France at this period; a cunning man would have seen that, having gone so far as they had done, it would have been madness to attempt to stop the rising tide of reform. But Louis Philippe was not a wise man, and his cunning had certainly left him in his latter days; whilst M. Guizot was literally blinded

by his own self-conceit to all the signs of the times. Most distinctly then did the old king and his instruments place themselves in opposition to the feelings and to the intellect of the country; and they made their system even more than naturally repulsive to the nation they undertook to govern by reason of the very false position they assumed in the affairs of the Sonderbund and of Central Italy. The consequence of these and blunders was that, in the commencement of 1848, France was in (to borrow a phrase from physical science) a dreadful state of tension, and the stupid interference with the noisy expression of the Reformers brought matters to a sudden and violent crisis.

How this crisis arose no one can precisely say. We ourselves were in Paris during the three days before the commencement of the Revolution, and, indeed, we had gone there expressly for the purpose of seeing an *émeute*. We had lived nearly eight years in France—in contact with men of all shades of politics, and in all walks of life—but so little did we, or anybody, dream that the elaborate system of royal corruption was in immediate danger, that we, like every one else, counted upon an *émeute*, but were convinced that it would be more or less easily suppressed. We waited in Paris, however, for three days, and only saw that the banquet was postponed, whilst no less than 40,000 soldiers were concentrated in the capital; and so thinking that there could be no serious disturbance, we returned to our own residence in the provinces on the very evening which preceded the days of February. Lord Normanby gives a slight sketch of the confusion which arose from the events of the next few days; but they who expect to find in his pages a reflex of the awful scenes which then occurred, will be sorely disappointed. Words, indeed, can hardly express the dreadful nature of the spectacle which is presented by the sudden emancipation of a nation, utterly devoid of the principle of self-government, from the trammels of the administration to which it had blindly and submissively turned during many years for guidance and instruction. A stray pistol-shot in this case provoked a volley of musketry; which, in its turn, sufficed to rouse the excitable population of Paris against the men who were alike unconscious of the provocation or of the reply. Every one of the leaders of the governing clique seems then to have lost his wits; and without a struggle, without even a decent wrapping of the mantle over their heads, the men who had presided over the destinies of the greatest nation of continental Europe absolutely ran away from a mob which was as purposeless and as cowardly as they themselves were. Ah! had there been one *man* about the court of the old king, the

strange tale of French history of late years would have been very different from what it actually is! Had De Joinville, or D'Aumale been in Paris, humanity might have been spared the sad insults it has been compelled to submit to; but, alas! they were absent—in disgrace with M. Guizot, as everybody then said—and not one of his own family was left to support the old king in his hour of need but the empty-headed Nemours, or the stupid boy Montpensier, to advance the latter of whom Louis Philippe had sacrificed his best ally, England. The slightest amount of energy, or of system, would speedily have extinguished the rising revolution. There *was* none, however; and before men knew that the monarchy of July was in danger, it had ceased to exist, and the members of the royal family were flying, separately, in every direction, for dear life. The floodgates of society were opened at once; and then was seen that most terrific spectacle, the annihilation of law, and the transfer of power from the respectable and educated classes to the adventurers and outcasts. These things must be seen, and felt, to be understood; and we, who actually did see and feel them, are indignant that Lord Normanby should treat them so lightly as he has done, and that he should have neglected to call attention to the causes which rendered the overthrow of the social system of France so easy, and which held out so many inducements for the attempt. These consisted, we contend, primarily, in the exorbitant power of the central administration, and in its gross corruption; secondarily, in the permanent temptation such an administration offered to the restless, unoccupied spirits of the nation at large, to upset the existing system in order to secure place and power for themselves. "Ôte-toi de là, que je m'y mette," is the device of the whole opposition in centralized countries; "Tout est perdu fors la caisse," is that of the army of placemen, so soon as any moral earthquake of the revolutionary order has changed the names or the men whom they worship. And so in 1848, there were no roots for the system of government which had so long prevailed; it passed away in a night, and the next day all the elaborate machinery of its administration was at the service of the bold adventurers who seized the reins of power out of the mud wherein Louis Philippe, and his clique had abandoned them.

Emphatically, the Revolution of 1848 was a surprise—a surprise to those who effected it as much as to those who suffered by it; for we ourselves happen to know that the republican party was even less prepared to take advantage of any reform agitation than the royalists themselves were. The chance presence of de Lamartine in the Chamber of Deputies, the chance absence of any energetic counsellor of the Orleans

dynasty (for be it observed that Guizot was obstinate, never energetic), turned the scale in favour of—what? The inspiration of a moment suggested to a poet the word "republic," and a republic was proclaimed. France is, however, of all nations of Europe, perhaps, the least fitted for a republic, because it is utterly devoid of the virtues and self-reliance required for that form of government. It is easy to talk of liberty and equality; but no Frenchman ever understood what liberty was, whilst his notions of equality are usually those of an equality of misery. And thus, when all the restraints of law had been abruptly removed, we, who had lived in the country, were compelled to witness a real saturnalia—a species of cleutheromania, as Carlyle would say—during the first months of the republic, which was succeeded by as fierce and bloody a repression of the mob, of the sovereign people, as we find recorded in history. This repression, too, was effected by Cavaignac, a republican leader, and by the Garde Mobile, the most democratic part of the French army; and it at once transferred, for a time, the reins of power from the hands of those who had seized them by surprise, to the old governing class of functionaries. But so little did the French nation understand the cry for "liberty, equality, and fraternity," it had so suddenly and so violently adopted, that the very same motto was retained under the system which paved the way for the imperial despotism of Napoleon III.—the ultimate result of the sufferings and misery endured for the sake of liberty by our enlightened neighbours.

The recollections of the earlier periods of the Republic of 1848, of the riots, devastations, atrocities, and follies of the men who had talked the most vehemently against the follies and vices of courts, are so awfully sad, that we hesitate to revive them; but we do not think that Lord Normanby was entitled to treat them with the same reserve in a history which professes to be almost a daguerreotype of the events of the day—always supposing, for the sake of argument, that he was justified in publishing, during his own lifetime, such daguerreotypes. The great objection we, however, have to the book before us lies in this: that although our noble ambassador ought to have known the real state of affairs, he is singularly inaccurate in his description of some of the most important events. Thus: the description of the escape of Louis Philippe is no more correct than the one previously inserted in the *Quarterly Review;* and as we actually witnessed the embarkation of the old king, we can assure our readers that the story related by Lord Normanby of that part of the strange history is a pure invention. The story of the demon

stration upon April 17th is graphically told; but that of the 16th May is meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme. We witnessed the march of the mob, and, watch in hand, counted it; we followed the 10,000 blackguards, who, under the cry of "Vive la Pologne!" nearly upset the government of France; and we saw the whole of the strange but awful farce by which a pseudo-revolution was made and unmade, without bloodshed, in a few hours. There was a connexion between these affairs of April and May still to be explained; and whatever Lord Normanby may say, there is also much to be explained as to the secret springs of the affairs of June. It is stated by the noble lord that English gold was found upon the persons of some of the democratic combatants; and we ourselves know that Louis Philippe was actually in treaty for a loan in London, immediately before this period. Many years will no doubt elapse before the whole truth of these matters is known.

In the meantime we advise our readers not to believe even the confidential gossip of ambassadors in all things. Those very fine gentlemen do not see all; and English ambassadors, especially, are not likely to dive into those classes of society which it is necessary to study during the course of democratic revolutions. The utter absence of an attempt to explain or to record the singular revulsion in the feelings of the inhabitants of the provinces during this year of revolution, is another remarkable illustration of the same unphilosophical spirit to be observed in Lord Normanby's remarks upon the events immediately preceding the Revolution of February; yet the violent hatred the provinces suddenly exhibited against a form of government they had at one period hailed with enthusiasm, must ever constitute one of the most remarkable phenomena of this eventful year. Lord Normanby's judgments of the public men he came in contact with, are substantially correct; but we must say that he seems, like the rest of the world, to treat the claims of de Lamartine and of Cavaignac to the gratitude of the whole world, with a flippant, pedantic description of faint praise. Those men saved Europe, on two momentous occasions, from falling into the hands of the Red Republicans, and they were personally "without fear, and without reproach."

It is an act of gross injustice to forget these services, because the men who rendered them were not heaven-born statesmen; but, alas! Europe itself has been as unjust as the courtly historian; and it now worships — what? The despotic power which has secured the adhesion of the countless reactionaries who had before flattered and served the Restora-

tion, the Monarchy of July, the Provisional Government, or the Executive Government under Cavaignac!

The real history of the Revolution of February still remains unwritten; and, notwithstanding Lord Normanby's official advantages, we consider that his production, costly though it be, adds very little to what was previously known. Perhaps it is too early for any statement of the stirring events of that year to be recorded with impartiality; for they who were most likely to know the hidden springs of events were too much interested to have kept their minds free from prejudices. But the movement itself was far too important, both in its immediate and in its contingent effects, to be allowed soon to pass from men's minds; and the cloud of pamphlets to which it gave rise will no doubt soon be followed by more important studies of the strange events which took place at this particular period.

There was much that was great and noble in the conduct and in the aspirations of the people who rose at the call of the French republicans; there was, equally, much that was noble and great in the conduct of De Lamartine, Cavaignac, Marie, Dufaure, and some of the other men who rose to power on the ruins of the Orleans dynasty. How was it then that the sacrifices of the people could secure no more substantial result than the reconstruction of the old systems of government? or that the able men who stepped forward to defend society, could do nothing to advance its real interests? 'Tis a strange problem! and it is one which merits a far more logical investigation than it has yet received—certainly than the one it has received from the Marquis of Normanby, in the work before us.

ART. II.—PROFESSOR FLEMING'S WORKS.

1. *The Philosophy of Zoology.* In Two vols. London. 1822.
2. *A History of British Animals; exhibiting the Descriptive Characters and Systematical Arrangement of the Genera and Species, &c.* Edinburgh. 1828.
3. *The Temperature of the Seasons, and its Influence on Inorganic Objects, and on Plants and Animals.* Edinburgh. 1851.

NATURAL HISTORY, in its various departments, has long been a favourite subject of study in Scotland. It was so at a time when natural history was scarcely known as a source of popular

amusement in our great cities; long before iron rail had taught our citizens how pleasantly they might spend their summer holiday on hill and shore; long before "sea-side books," aquariums, microscopes, and nature-printed folios had rendered botany and zoology indispensable "requisites" of the drawing-room; and long before even naturalists themselves fully perceived the true bearings of their science on some of those great questions affecting man's temporal and spiritual interests upon which the world is divided.

Professor Walker, and subsequently his favourite pupil, Jamieson, occupied for a long period the Chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, in a manner that gained for them a well-deserved reputation in the annals of science, while it reflected honour on the University itself; their private exertions in advancing this department of knowledge have left behind them many visible proofs.

It is not, however, to its prominence as a branch of academic learning in the Scotch universities, that the progress of natural history in the northern part of the kingdom is to be traced, so much as to the labours of private individuals, who, often in parts of the country where books were inaccessible, and means of communication imperfect, laboured zealously in their retirement, usually without other encouragement than that ample stimulus afforded by the delightful study itself, and without any hope of reward, save the gratification of advancing a department of knowledge which had suffered unjust neglect.

One of these early labourers was JOHN FLEMING, whose name became in later times one of the brightest ornaments of European science; and in whom we have lost one whose history served to connect, in an intimate manner, the naturalists of a by-gone generation with those of the present.

Dr. Fleming died in November, 1857. For a week or two previous to his death, it appears that he had not enjoyed his usual state of health; but no apprehension was entertained of serious illness, and he continued to the last to fulfil his duties as Professor of Natural Science in the New College, Edinburgh; on the day preceding his death, he lectured to his class in the usual manner. Only a few days before, which was the last occasion of our meeting with him in life, he spoke hopefully of attending the opening meeting of the Botanical Society, of which he was president, as it was his turn to retire from that office at the following meeting. His death is thus alluded to in the *Witness* newspaper:—

"On returning home on Wednesday (18th November), he became more seriously ill, and on Wednesday despatched a message to the College, to the effect that he would not lecture on that day, nor for

themselves should assume, that we believe those governments actually prepare their subjects to receive the false impressions, or to adopt the dangerous doctrines, of which the modern writers of France have been so prolific.

Incidentally in the above remarks upon the influence of the intellectual cultivation of France upon its political state, we have felt it necessary to allude to the action of the Roman Catholic dogma in the countries exposed to its sway; and without at present entering upon an examination of that dogma, we may here be allowed to call attention to the strange influence which the state of religious education has unquestionably exercised in France of late years. Before the great revolution, the shameful abuses of the religion of the state had, in that country, produced an amount of infidelity and immorality amongst the higher classes of society, which had entirely effaced from them every semblance of true faith; and the ravings of the Theophilanthropists, or of the worshippers of the Goddess of Reason, were really the expression of the feelings most prevalent in those days. During the Empire it was thought that religion was a fine political instrument, and so long as the Pope consented to be the docile tool of the modern Charlemagne, it was the policy of the latter to assume the character of the "Eldest Son of the Church," and to conclude concordats which appeared to guarantee the interests of the Church. But there was no true religion in all this, nor could there be, when men like Napoleon were treating with the modern ultramontanes; and the actual result of the attempted revival of religion before 1814, was simply to ensure a certain amount of official hypocrisy. Between 1814 and 1830, the religious feelings of the reigning family—bigoted as they were—were at least sincere; and so, notwithstanding the political opposition they provoked, they never were so much exposed to public contempt as the duplicity and hypocrisy of the imperial *régime* had been. Unfortunately, however, the restored Bourbons managed to identify their unpopular, anti-national cause with the eternal interests of religion in the minds of their excitable subjects; and the consequence was, that religion itself suffered from their unpopularity. At the period when Louis Philippe came to the throne then, France presented the strange phenomenon of a nation without faith, and also without reason for its want of faith; and there was no moral balance to counteract its tendency to adopt blindly any folly of the hour. The government of Louis Philippe seems, at a very early period of its existence, to have felt the danger of this state of things; and it laboured hard, and earnestly, to conciliate to itself the heads of the Catholic Church. But the cloven foot was too apparent; and

the alliance between the modern court of Rome on the one side, and the old Voltairian king, supported by Protestants like Guizot, or rational Eclectics like Cousin, Rossi, de Villemain, or even men of no religion, like Thiers, was too unnatural to last long, especially as the members of the Catholic Church soon discovered that the king had no hold on the sympathies of the nation. During the seventeen or eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign there was, in fact, but a hollow truce between Church and State—for it is idle to say that Catholicism is not the dominant religion of France—and the conduct of the dignitaries of the Church towards the government of the "Citizen King," was always a source of trouble and anxiety to the latter. Monseigneur Affre, in particular, after paying obsequious court to Louis Philippe, so long as he was in minor positions, seems to have delighted to serve the cause of the ultramontane party when he had attained the summit of the honours the king could bestow—and indeed we would add, that "nothing in his life became this man," M. Affre (whom it has lately been the fashion almost to canonize), "so much as his manner of leaving it." But he was far from being alone in this behaviour; and the official relations of Church and State were always unsatisfactory to the "Citizen King;" and alas! we fear that we must also state, as the result of our own personal experience, in nearly all parts of France, that real, vital religion had fled the country, equally with true liberty.

Religiously, morally, politically, and economically, then, the French nation was in a fearfully explosive state at the commencement of the session of 1847—48. The successful manner in which M. Guizot had contrived to outwit the English diplomatists in the matter of the Spanish marriages, and the excessively bad taste with which Lord Normanby had either been instructed, or allowed, to exhibit his mortification on the occasion, had given M. Guizot a degree of popularity which had enabled him to weather the previous session, notwithstanding the sad disclosures which took place of the corruption in high quarters. But during the recess, and under the influence of the pecuniary events of 1846 and '47, men were driven to inquire seriously whether the social system of the country were not itself greatly in fault, and a cry, both loud and deep, for reform arose from all quarters. A wise man would never have allowed events to have gone so far as they actually did in France at this period; a cunning man would have seen that, having gone so far as they had done, it would have been madness to attempt to stop the rising tide of reform. But Louis Philippe was not a wise man, and his cunning had certainly left him in his latter days; whilst M. Guizot was literally blinded

some days succeeding. On the previous evening he had suffered considerably from pain, but for several hours on Wednesday he enjoyed great quietness. Mrs. Fleming was seated at his bed-side at two o'clock, when the medical man called. She was under the impression that her husband was asleep. The physician, on looking into his face, discovered that the spirit had already departed. The cause of death was a spasmodic affection of the digestive organs."

Although of a consumptive family, he was himself of healthy constitution, and attained the age of seventy-two. He has left a widow, and a son, now in India, who has distinguished himself there by geological researches.

Let us now recount some of the events of his long and useful life, and indicate briefly the bearings of his researches on the progress of human knowledge.

John Fleming was born in the year 1785, on the farm of Kirkroads, near Bathgate, of which farm his father was tenant. His ancestry were long resident in the parish. Mr. Taylor observes:—

"The memory of his boyhood remaining amongst us is that of a quiet youth, curiously anxious about the birds, plants, and shells of the district, eager also to try hazardous experiments in the then new science of chemistry, with the doctor of the town."

He studied for the ministry of the Established Church of Scotland, and, accordingly, in the early part of the present century, he was licensed to preach the gospel in connexion with that church. He was first settled as minister of the parish of Bressay, in Shetland; a small parish, with comparatively light duties, and situated on a coast admirably adapted for the purposes of the naturalist. Here, accordingly, Fleming was placed under favourable circumstances for developing those powers of observation and research which he possessed in so eminent a degree.

The careful observations which he was assiduously making in this favoured spot, were not long in attracting the attention of fellow-labourers in other parts of Scotland, and the results of his investigations soon began to find their way to scientific circles in Edinburgh. In 1808 he transmitted to the Wernerian Natural History Society a careful and elaborate description of the Small-headed Narwal, a specimen of which had been cast ashore in Shetland. The minute accuracy of this account indicated that, while Fleming's powers of description were of a very superior order, and in advance of the time, he did not regard mere external characters as the end of science; and his smart critical remarks on Lacepède and others, who

had erroneously described and figured the animal, showed that he was not disposed to pass unnoticed the delinquencies of his contemporaries. This paper was followed by many others which appeared in the Wernerian Transactions from time to time.

Fleming remained at Bressay till 1811, when he was removed to Flisk, a parish in the north of Fife, close to the estuary of the Tay. This locality was also well suited for observation, and, in other respects, for facilitating his studies. It is correctly described by Mr. Murray as—

"A small, thinly-peopled parish, where the duty was easy; but less remote [than Bressay] from men, nearer to books, and nearer to the printer; and only supplied with a very meagre stipend,—no unimportant matter, for it is to the *res angustæ domi* that we owe much of the most valuable literature we possess. It is certainly a most important qualification as a stimulus to exertion, but one, on the possession of which, notwithstanding its value (such is the perverseness of human nature), most of us would rather felicitate our neighbours than be felicitated ourselves." *

In 1821, Dr. Fleming accompanied Mr. Stevenson in the "Regent" yacht, during his annual inspection of the northern lighthouses, and was thus enabled to extend his observations on the natural history of the Scotch coasts. It would greatly exceed our limits in this place to afford an intelligible sketch of that interesting trip, but a few observations on some of the leading phenomena that met the inquiring eyes of the voyagers may not be unacceptable, seeing that many points were visited of which few naturalists have the opportunity to make a personal inspection.

The party embarked at Newhaven, near Edinburgh, on the 20th July, 1821, and bore away out of the Frith of Forth in a north-easterly direction, reaching, on the following morning, the Bell Rock lighthouse, well known as the scene of much engineering skill, and as the theme of many a poet's pen. The lighthouse stands upon a dangerous rock, a portion of the great bed of old red sandstone, of which the lofty shore cliffs of the neighbouring county of Forfar consist. Before the erection of the lighthouse the reef was marked only by a bell, so placed as

* It is also observed: "As he advanced in years, Providence became kinder to him in a pecuniary point of view." But, as he once jocularly expressed himself, "a man takes a deal of filling up after starving for twenty years on ten chalders in the parish of Flisk."

to be swung by the motion of the waves,—hence the beautiful moral of Mrs. Hemans:—

"When the tide's billowy swell
Had reach'd its height,
Then toll'd the Rock's lone bell
Sternly at night.

"Far over cliff and surge
Swept the deep sound,
Making each wild wind's dirge
Still more profound.

"Yet that funereal tone
The sailor bless'd,
Steering through darkness on
With fearless breast.

"E'en so may we, that float
On life's wide sea,
Welcome each warning note,
Stern though it be."

On the Bell Rock, the Doctor found some interesting species of those beautiful creatures now not uncommon in marine vivaria, the nudibranchiate mollusca, as well as a few other zoological rarities (fully described in *Phil. Mag.*, viii. pp. 295—8), including the *Aplysia depilans*, celebrated in the annals of superstition, and which pours out a purple fluid from under the branchial lid when taken.

The yacht went on to Shetland, and then to Orkney, Mr. Stevenson inspecting the lighthouses, and Dr. Fleming the "treasures of the deep," the beasts, and birds that came across their ocean path. On the 1st of August they came to anchor in the bay of Wick, on the south side of which a new town of houses had been recently erected:—

"The neighbouring fields exhibited crops much more luxuriant than any which we witnessed in the course of the season. This fertility of the soil (naturally poor, being a mixture of peat and sand, resting on sandstone), has been produced by the application of a compost formed from fish-garbage, the refuse of the herring curers, with peat moss or soil. Ground which we witnessed in the year 1810 producing only stunted heath, with many bare patches supporting a few dwarfish plants of the *Primula farinosa*, or the humble *Bæomyces roseus*, now supported crops of oats, which, even in spite of the dry season, were of the freshest colour."

A lesson this, from which the farming inhabitants of many parts of the Scotch coast, especially in Orkney, Shetland, and the Hebrides, might derive much benefit.

In going through Thurso Bay on the morning of the 3rd, a new medusa was discovered (*Eulimena quadrangularis*); the vessel continued its course, touching at the lighthouses, Fleming availing himself of all opportunities of observation, in every department of the animal kingdom, from stray whales to the most minute atoms of organization. Their course was directed westward, for the purpose of passing through the Pentland Frith, and on the 7th, they landed at the celebrated cave of Uamh Smowe, which was found to be a harbour for wild pigeons, water ouzels, and sandpipers. On the 8th, nearing Cape Wrath, a stiff gale induced them to take shelter first in Stornaway, and afterwards in Loch Shell, and ultimately they came to anchor in the south bay of Scalpa or Glass Island, on the 10th. On visiting Tarbert, some interesting examples of the industry of the small farmers of Lewis were observed, the inhabitants collecting the soil from those places where it was too thin, or even from the crevices of the rocks, sometimes in handfuls, in order to spread it on the more level spaces, and thus make artificial fields, some of them not exceeding a square yard, in which they raise a scanty supply of winter food for their cattle, which in summer enjoy an extensive range of hill pasture.

The west and north shores of Scalpa were examined in a boat, and afforded many specimens of interest, including zoophytes and shells; and the keeper of the lighthouse communicated an anecdote of rats,—the brown Norway kind, which abound in the Hebrides. It appears that after a shower these animals go down upon the rocks while the limpets are crawling about, and, by a sudden push with their nose, detach them from the rock for food. Should the first effort fail, another is never attempted against the same individual, now warned, and adhering closely to the rock; but the rat proceeds instantly to others still off their guard, until enough of food has been procured. The next object that attracted attention was some columnar green-stone at the Shiant Isles. The mineral wavellite was found, and puffins and numerous other birds were observed to frequent the islands. On the 15th, the yacht came to anchor in Loch Broom. The once flourishing village of Ullapool was found to be depopulated, from the herrings having ceased to frequent that part of the loch. Many rarities were collected, including the contents of a cod's stomach, often a rich storehouse for the zoologist, which in this case contained a number of crabs, &c., of which a catalogue is given (*Phil. Mag.*, ix. 254). After leaving the Isle of Glass, and taking shelter, on the 19th of August, in Loch Maddy, the party crossed to Skye on the 20th. Many objects of interest were visited, including the celebrated spar-cave of Strathaird, or Macalister's Cave, the

interior of which "exhibits in great beauty the various forms which the calcareous stalactites and stalagmites assume, and displays the carbonate of lime in all the stages of its crystallization."

On the Island of Egg, which was visited on the 21st, the chief object of interest was the cave in which the Macdonalds of that isle, who had taken shelter in its recesses, were suffocated with smoke, by their enemies, the Macleods, in the days of clanship, ignorance, ferocity, and revenge. Several minerals were obtained here, as well as on the far-famed Staffa, which was visited on the following day. Fingal's Cave was entered; and Iona was visited hastily. On the 25th the yacht was abreast of the Giant's Causeway.

"The basaltic scenery here, though superior to that of Staffa in height and breadth, and the patches of rich green pasture with which the dark ground is relieved, is yet destitute of that distinctness which adds so much to the elegance of Fingal's Cave. At the Causeway, the accumulations of *débris* conceal much that would interest. At Staffa everything is exposed,—the sea washing away the disintegrating portions as speedily as they are produced."

Some good minerals were picked from among those offered by the guides. On the 20th, the party landed at the Mull of Cantyre, the geology and mineralogy of which were carefully examined, and on the 30th, our naturalist took leave of his friend, and returned homewards, laden with the abundant spoils of the voyage.

Fleming had gradually accumulated a large stock of observations, made in the various localities in which he resided, as well as during the voyage which we have described, and in shorter trips which he had undertaken from time to time. The results partially appeared in communications on special subjects to scientific societies and journals; but it was now time to methodize his knowledge, and accordingly his first great work, the "Philosophy of Zoology," appeared in the year 1822.

His object in this work was to collect and classify the truths of physiology, and to point out their importance in illustrating the characters of the natural groups of animals.

This work at once commanded attention, not only on account of the valuable and extensive observations upon which it was founded, but also by its thoroughly "philosophical" spirit, and the logical precision and clearness of its arrangement. It, therefore, became speedily recognised as our most useful system of zoology.

Six years afterwards (1828), the "History of British Animals" appeared, embracing a systematic description of the quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, mollusca, and radiata of

the United Kingdom; including the indigenous, extirpated, and extinct kinds, together with periodical and occasional visitants. It was Fleming's great object in this work to advance the cause of zoology, in this respect, by giving an impetus to the *practical* study of the science. The book was designed as a manual for observers, and, as such, it filled most satisfactorily a great blank in our scientific literature.

The experience of many years in using this book as *our* "sea-side book," enables us to testify to the admirable truthfulness and artistic beauty of his concise descriptions, in terms stronger than usually falls to the lot of the reviewer; and when we mention that our early zoological studies were pursued on the banks of the Tay, in the very localities where his own observations had been previously made, and where many of the zoological peculiarities which he pointed out were open to view, our testimony to the great accuracy of his writings will not be considered less satisfactory. But the value of the "British Animals" is best indicated by the fact, that although it has now been in use by British naturalists for thirty years, it still occupies the field without a rival. In thus expressing our opinion of Fleming's systematic works, it is proper to mention that in the year 1830, a series of papers appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine*, under the title of the "Dying Struggle of the Dichotomous System." These papers were from the pen of Mr. MacLeay, and were ostensibly intended to refute the arguments brought forward by Dr. Fleming, in support of the Dichotomous method, recommended by him in the "Philosophy of Zoology," and adopted in the "British Animals." In reality, however, the papers consisted of mere personal abuse, such as could in no way advance the interests of science; and although we are accustomed to notice the bitterness with which zoological controversies are frequently conducted by men who claim high positions in science, and are often disgusted with the feelings so displayed,—we must say that Mr. MacLeay's papers exceed all others which we have read in this respect. Dr. Fleming was right, therefore, and showed his good sense when he avoided the discussion, on the ground that Mr. MacLeay had laid aside the language of a gentleman, and violated the customary civilities of life. Not, however, without its deep sarcasm is Dr. Fleming's brief note, opening with the quotation:—

> "Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
> Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
> That in civility thou seem'st so empty?"

In 1832, Dr. Fleming left Flisk, to become minister of the more extensive parish of Clackmannan, the duties of which necessarily interrupted his natural history studies for a time.* He was afterwards appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy, in King's College, Aberdeen, where he remained till the disruption, after which he accepted the chair of Natural Science, in the New College, Edinburgh, which he held at the time of his death. Here he was placed in a position which afforded full scope for his scientific researches; but it is desirable we should now allude to some of the more important contributions which he had previously made to science.

In accordance with his views of the importance of studying recent objects and phenomena with the view of explaining those of an extinct or geological nature, we find several of Fleming's papers devoted to the consideration of the subject of the formation of peat, and its change into coal.

One of these papers, read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh nearly forty years ago, is of especial interest, being a description of a submarine forest in the Frith of Tay. The term, "submarine forest," may suggest to the reader's imagination the forests of beautiful seaweeds which grow from the bottom of the ocean, and with whose delicate foliage of bright hues the writings of botanists have made us so familiar. In the submarine forest referred to as occurring in the Tay, we have a different phenomenon, one of a geological kind, being, in fact, a bed of peat moss, covered by the sea at every full tide, but indicating, by the appearances which it exhibits, that its present low level is different from its original position. It occurs on the south bank of the river Tay, and was observed in detached portions on the west side of Flisk beach, to the extent of nearly three miles, and on the east side, upwards of seven miles. It rests upon a bed of clay of unknown depth, the clay being of a grey colour, much mixed with mica, and in some places with grains of quartz, and resembling the Carse ground on the opposite side of the Frith, or the contents of the sand-banks of its channel. The surface of the bed is horizontal, and nearly on a level with low-water mark. The upper portion of the clay is penetrated by numerous roots, which are changed into peat, and some into iron pyrites. The peat lies immediately over the clay, and consists of the remains of such plants as horsetails, grasses, rushes, birch, and hazel. The point of interest is that on the surface of the peat-bed,

* A characteristic anecdote is told of him, that when he became acquainted with the extent of his duties in this large parish, he locked up his natural history cabinets till a more convenient season.

may be perceived the stumps of trees, with the roots attached, and evidently occupying the position in which they formerly grew, the roots spreading and penetrating the bed in a natural manner. These trees, therefore, occupy the positions in which they originally grew, although now ten feet lower than high water mark.

The explanation of the phenomenon affords a very useful lesson to the geologist. After disposing of the idea that the sea had gained an elevation of its level, and also showing that the phenomenon could not occur by the substratum losing its adhesion to the bed on which it rested, by the percolation of water, and the exposure of the side next the sea, and thus moving down an inclined plane into deep water, carrying along with it the upper layer of vegetable matter and the trees growing upon its surface, Dr. Fleming affords the following explanation: If we suppose a lake situate near the sea shore, and having its outlet elevated a few feet above the rise of the tide, we have the first condition requisite for the production of a submarine forest. If we now suppose that by means of mud carried in by rivulets, and the growth of aquatic plants, this lake has become a marsh, and a stratum of vegetable matter formed on the surface, of sufficient density to support trees, we arrive at the second condition which is requisite. This state of a marsh, formerly a lake, is of common occurrence, more especially where the surrounding grounds are high, and covered with soil, for in this case the rain washes down earthy particles, and, by spreading them on the grassy surface, renders it a more suitable soil for the growth of trees.

"In this second condition all the strata below the outlet of the marsh are kept constantly wet, or in a semi-fluid state. The force of ordinary subsidence, aided by occasional earthquakes, may render the whole tolerably compact; yet the quantity of water necessarily present, will prevent anything like the degree of condensation of ordinary alluvial land or soil from taking place.

"Suppose a marsh in this condition to have the level of its outlet lowered, or, rather, to have its seaward barrier removed (an occurrence which many circumstances induce us to believe to have happened frequently, both on the east and west coasts of this country, where submarine forests are not of rare occurrence), what consequences would follow? The extremities of the strata now exposed to the sea, would at every ebb tide be left dry, to a depth equal to the fall of the tide. Much water, formerly prevented from escaping by the altitude of the outlet, would now ooze out from the moist beds, and the subsiding force would act more powerfully in the absence of the water which filled every pore. All the strata above low-water mark would thus collapse, and the surface of the marsh, instead of remaining at its original height,

would sink below the level of the sea. But the escape of the water from the strata would not, in such circumstances, be confined to the beds situate above the low-water line. Even those occupying a position considerably lower would be influenced by the change; for the water, even in such, would be squeezed out, in consequence of the pressure of all the matter of the strata above the low-water mark, exerted during every ebb in the expulsion of the water at the lowest level, thus permitting the subsidence of the strata to take place even to the lowest beds of the morass.

"In consequence of this drainage, produced by the ebbing of the tide on those marshes, the original barriers of which have been destroyed, there is no difficulty in accounting for the depression of the surface of a marsh many feet lower than its original level, nor in explaining the fact that Neptune now triumphs where Sylvanus reigned, and that the sprightly Nereids now occupy the dwellings of their sister Naiads."*—*Fleming on a Submarine Forest, Trans. Roy. Soc. Edinburgh*, ix., pp. 426—8.

The great peculiarity of Dr. Fleming as an observer was this, that in attempting to explain phenomena, whether those of a geological kind, belonging to the past ages of our earth's history, or those of our own period, he invariably sought to account for them by causes with whose operation we are familiar. His invariable motto was, "Let us reason only from what we know; let us proceed from the distinct to the obscure."

When, therefore, the ardour of our geologists led them to build up hypothetical castles in the air, and to bring into play (as affording more ready explanation of certain phenomena) conditions and operations with which we are not familiar, as effecting like phenomena under similar circumstances in the present day,—then Dr. Fleming considered it his duty, as a searcher after truth, to object, *in toto*, to the hypothesis proposed. And his objections were not the mild objections of a man who, smiling benignantly upon his opponent, hopes the gentlemen will reconsider this part or the other part of the subject, or will condescend to consult so-and-so's views with which he unfortunately had not made himself familiar. Fleming fearlessly stated his case, laid bare in the most uncompromising manner the facts upon which his opinions were founded, and usually in such a way as to show, not that they were *his* opinions merely, but that they were the only deductions that could be obtained from the premises. Often have we listened to him, while commenting on the theories and hypotheses

* The bearings of this subject on the drainage of bog lands is well deserving of attention from the improving farmer, who will find a perusal of Dr. Fleming's paper in the "Edinburgh Transactions" both agreeable and useful.

of men in his own walk of science. The reading of a geological paper in which a young author revelled in the regions of fancy, his imagination glowing with all the fervour which naturally arises from a survey of the apparent evidences of tropical vegetation, which we see so abundantly spread through our coal fields,—the reading of such a paper was sure to bring Fleming on his feet; and, in his own cool and calculating way (not without a quiet humour which served to send his remarks home more thoroughly), he would either pull out suddenly the great "fact," upon which the hypothesis was based, and thus allow the superstructure to tumble, by its own force of gravity, to the ground, or else, where the structure was of a more complex nature—where, as it were, it formed a series of erections, each resting upon its own foundation—he proceeded industriously to demolish, bit by bit, every objectionable part, pulling out a stone here and there, and inserting a wedge of his own, so as to let the light of truth shine through the interstices of the hollow structure. Fleming's strictures were often very severe; but that the severity was applied only to what he considered erroneous views, and not to the men who held them, we have had many pleasing opportunities of ascertaining. It is quite certain that Fleming's uncompromising opposition to hollow pretence and showy hypothesis injuriously affected his own advancement, inasmuch as it made for him some enemies, and even his friends did not always feel that they were free from being placed in an awkward position, now and then, in consequence of his unsparing attacks.

It must be confessed, however, that in his desire to confine natural history to the observation of facts, and to restrain the fancy of incompetent observers, Fleming was occasionally led into the opposite extreme, and sometimes hesitated and doubted, where there seemed to his fellow-labourers to be no just reason for this course. There are few naturalists who have not felt the effect of his attacks; but there are, at the same time, few who have had opportunities of knowing Dr. Fleming who will not accord to him a high place among European naturalists.

Dr. Fleming's argumentative powers were well brought out a few years ago in the warm debates that took place in the scientific institutions of the Scotch metropolis on the coal question. This subject, which elicited so many valuable contributions to our knowledge of the nature and formation of coal, arose from certain legal proceedings in regard to a substance which is known by the various names of Torbanehill mineral, Boghead gas coal, and bituminite. The legal question at issue was, whether a lessee of coal was entitled to work this substance; in fact, whether it was or was not a coal?

Fleming adopted the view that it was a coal, and that it belonged to the group of cannel coals. In a paper which he read to the Royal Physical Society, 21st February, 1854, he traced the history of cannel coal from its first mention in a natural history work, 128 years ago, viz., in Sibbald's "Scotia Illustrata," up to the present time, comparing the definitions and descriptions of authors, and showing that if, before the celebrated trial was heard of, a specimen of the Torbanehill mineral had been placed into the hands of a student for identification, he would have at once referred it to a cannel coal. Our notes of his remarks on that occasion (his paper was not printed), run as follows: Since the subject became a disputed one, for a money purpose, new scientific definitions of coals had been given, with the view of excluding the disputed mineral from the category. But these definitions had been founded upon characters not previously recognised in the classification of such substances; and some of these characters are not likely to be admitted by science unless enforced by act of parliament. With the view of showing more clearly that the new definitions of coal had been got up for a purpose, he read from the works of several geologists, the definitions they had given previous to the dispute, and compared with them the opinions they had expressed as witnesses in the trial, and otherwise in connexion therewith. He dwelt specially on the fact, that the definitions of coal that excluded the Torbanehill mineral would also exclude many kinds of cannel coal, whose character as such was not doubted by any one. After having fully examined the various definitions of coal that had been brought forward by naturalists, and found them wanting, either as too exclusive or too indefinite, the Professor gave a definition of his own. The various debates on this subject (in which Fleming figured conspicuously) were faithfully reported in the *Glasgow Commonwealth*, of the time (1853-4), to which we must refer those desirous of ample details.

As a "popular" writer on natural history, Dr. Fleming cannot be said to have been *very* successful, and chiefly for the obvious reason that he does not seem at any period of his life to have seriously attempted the popular style of writing on natural history subjects which is now-a-days so much in vogue, chiefly, however, among writers who are not themselves practical naturalists; although to this are several honourable exceptions. We have, however, one work by Fleming, from which to judge of the ability of his pen to interest the uninitiated in the phenomena of nature. We refer to the "Temperature of the Seasons," published as a volume of the "Christian Athenæum."

Fleming justly prided himself that he had long been a practical observer, or, what a friend of the Honourable Daines Barrington used to term, an "out-door naturalist;" and his great object, as we have observed, was to lead others to become practical out-door naturalists also. His writings, and the force of his example, have done great good in this respect, and have secured for the advancement of true science many zealous votaries, who were unconsciously wasting their time in seeking knowledge at second hand, while the great book of nature lay before them, written, as has been said, in the only language that has gone forth to the ends of the earth, unaffected by the confusion of Babel.

And let us not be misunderstood when we indicate this preference for obtaining a knowledge of God's works by direct contemplation of the wonderful phenomena which they present to our view, rather than by the aid of books, and through the medium of other observers; for Fleming's definition and *our* definition of a practical naturalist is widely different from the one given by that most useful man, William Curtis (of a family renowned in science), who, in his "Lectures on Botany," observes: "By the practical botanist is to be understood one who is capable of naming a plant at sight, but who is unacquainted with the names of the several parts which compose it, and incapable of finding it out in any systematic arrangement. Such are the generality of simplers, who acquire their knowledge traditionally, or from figures, and may be compared to persons who cannot read!"—*W. Curtis's Lectures, Introductory*, p. 13.

Our definition would run as follows: By the practical botanist is to be understood one who is or is not capable of naming a plant at sight, but who is capable, by observation, of acquainting himself with its several parts, and capable of finding it out in any philosophical arrangement. Such are the select few, who acquire their knowledge from personal investigation, guided by books; and they may be compared to persons who can both see and read, while book naturalists can read only, and, like the blind, acquire their impressions of the external world through the medium of the ocular sense of others.

During the time he occupied the Chair of Natural Science, in the New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Fleming took an active part in some of those discussions that have of late years served to draw attention to the bearings of the natural sciences on general education. His opinions on this subject are well worthy of attention.

At the Glasgow Meeting of the British Association, he embraced the opportunity offered by his position as President of the Natural History section, to place before the public a statement of the condition of natural history in our higher

seats of learning. After alluding to the prevalence of a great difference of opinion, or rather, perhaps, confusion of ideas, respecting those departments of knowledge ordinarily included under the term "Natural History," and as to the manner in which the different subjects should be subordinated, he noticed in detail the various Natural History Chairs that had been instituted in Britain, and the subjects which have been assigned to the several professors,—beginning with Sir Robert Sibbald, whose early labours in elucidating the natural history of Scotland are deserving of much praise. That naturalist instituted a class of Natural History, at his own house, in the spring of 1706, as shown by a Latin advertisement in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, of February 14th, 1706.

Dr. Fleming observed:—

"We have not the means of determining by whom these lectures were continued until the appointment of Dr. Walker, who, in 1775, succeeded a Dr. Ramsay, who, five years previously, had been nominated Regius Professor, but who never taught a regular course."

With respect to this Dr. Ramsay, we may, in passing, offer one observation. It seems sufficiently remarkable that so little should be known of a man who, so comparatively recently, held so high a position. We have no means of knowing Dr. Fleming's source of information, that Ramsay never taught a regular course; but that arrangements were made for conducting such a course, appear certain from evidence possessed by the writer of this article, in the form of a well-arranged Syllabus of Lectures, pp. 82, said by MS. inscription to have been "used by Dr. Ramsay, the first Professor of Natural History, in the College of Edinburgh." It is in Latin, and is arranged in the manner of Linné's "Systema Naturæ," embracing concise characters of all the principal groups and genera of British and foreign animals.

By a reference to the establishment of the various chairs, the fact is well pointed out that those who established them had no very precise ideas of the real nature of the subjects embraced under the title, or of their utility to the student.

Dr. Fleming's deep sense of the importance of a knowledge of the truths of natural science to the preacher of the gospel in these days of refined scepticism, led him to contend earnestly for the perpetuation of the Chair of Natural Science in the New College; and when, in November, 1856, the Committee on the Chair gave in a report highly favourable for its permanent continuance, he affectingly observed: "There is a kind of dew fallen upon me, which, I hope, will invigorate my old frame, and make me much more active than I have hitherto been, for encouragement is a great stimulus."

It was Fleming's great lament that natural history, whether viewed as an efficient mental training, an amusing study, or as powerfully aiding the progress of the arts of life, does not occupy its true place as a branch of general education. It is usually regarded, in our universities, as belonging exclusively to the medical faculty; but there can be no doubt that it is equally important to other professions, as an essential part of general education, and, with Fleming, we have never been able to discover any satisfactory reason why mineralogy, geology, botany, and zoology should be considered requisite to form a physician, any more than a divine or a lawyer. Let the patrons of the universities remove these chairs from the medical faculty, and place them, together with chemistry, in their proper position along with the usual classes in the faculty of arts. The demand for attendance on such classes by the medical faculty need not be altered, while a new and important element would be introduced in reference to the degree of "Master of Arts."

The neglect of zoology, or the imperfect provision made for it in the curriculum of study in most of our colleges especially attracted Fleming's attention, and he endeavoured on various occasions to make the evil fully known, in order that it might be remedied, and zoology placed on a more respectable footing as a branch of natural history than it has hitherto held.

"We have no objections," says he, "to a grant of public money for the endowment of a chair of botany, or the maintenance of a botanic garden; but we, at the same time, assert our conviction, that a chair of zoology ought to be instituted in all our universities, with its appropriate appendage,—a zoological garden. Palms require a lofty roof, so do giraffes,—'weeds and vermin' should share alike. Nor should we forget that, in a country abounding in valuable minerals and ores, the source of a considerable share of our national wealth, we have not in Scotland a single chair in any of our universities appropriated to the study of mineralogy!"—*North British Review*, xx., p. 504.

As a Christian minister, we believe that Dr. Fleming was exemplary in the discharge of his duties, and that truth and simplicity guided all his actions. He was severe on the perpetrator of open sin, and if some of the lower class of his parishioners who required correction, had a healthful awe of their minister, we know that he was much respected and loved by those whose feelings were not so affected.

Not very long before his death, Dr. Fleming, in high spirits, mentioned to us, that he had just passed through his hands the first sheet of a new work on the "Lithology of Edinburgh."

A large portion of this work had, in fact, appeared in the form of a series of articles in the *Literary Spectator*. We believe that it may be shortly expected in its complete form.

We have thus traced some of the leading events of Professor Fleming's career as a naturalist, and have endeavoured to indicate, in equally brief terms, and, therefore, very imperfectly, the nature of his views on some of the important questions in science and university education, to which his strong and active mind was from time to time applied. That his works were not appreciated according to their merits is a fact that must have painfully impressed itself on Fleming's mind; and when at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, Prince Bonaparte paid a tribute to his genius, more just and discriminating, perhaps, than any *éloge* that ever flowed from the lips of a Member of the Institute, the old naturalist displayed an amount of feeling which those who did not witness the scene cannot well realize; he felt that after much neglect, his merits as the teacher—through his works—of our best modern zoologists throughout Europe, were at last recognised, and in a manner that took him completely by surprise. Overcome with gratitude, his piercing eye melted into tears, while he replied—"*Natural History has been the pleasure of my life since my earliest years, and it will be so while life lasts.*"

In laying down the pen, we would earnestly express a hope that some one of Dr. Fleming's numerous friends, who can bring to the task the requisite amount of knowledge, zeal, and industry, will record, in a fitting manner, the biography of SCOTLAND'S GREATEST NATURALIST.

ART. III.—GRACE AGUILAR AND MODERN JUDAISM.

1. *The Women of Israel; or Characters and Sketches from the Holy Scriptures and Jewish History illustrative of the Past History, Present Duties, and Future Destiny of the Hebrew Females as based on the Word of God.* By Grace Aguilar. 3rd edit. Two Vols. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1853.
2. *Home Influence: a Tale for Mothers and Daughters.* By Grace Aguilar. 7th edit. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1856.
3. *The Mother's Recompense: a Sequel to Home Influence.* By Grace Aguilar. 5th edit. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1856.
4. *Woman's Friendship: a Story of Domestic Life.* By Grace Aguilar. 4th edit. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1856.

5. *The Vale of Cedars; or, The Martyr: a Story of Spain in the Fifteenth Century.* By Grace Aguilar. 5th edit. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1856.
6. *The Days of Bruce: a Story from Scottish History.* By Grace Aguilar. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1854.
7. *Home Scenes and Heart Studies.* By Grace Aguilar. 3rd edit. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1855
8. *The Jewish Faith—Its Spiritual Consolation, Moral Guidance, and Immortal Hope. With a brief notice of the Reasons for many of its Ordinances and Prohibitions.* By Grace Aguilar. London: Groombridge & Sons. 5607 (1846).
9. *Shema Yisrael.—The Spirit of Judaism.* By Grace Aguilar. Edited by Isaac Leeser. 2nd edit. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society. 5609 (1848).
10. *Jewish Chronicle and Hebrew Observer.* A Weekly Newspaper. Published by Dr. A. Benisch. November and December, 1857.

THERE are times and circumstances when it is almost possible to share the conviction and the enthusiasm of Archimedes. A great spiritual reality is a *fulcrum* on which you feel you could almost move a world. It may not be possible to convince others of this, nor even to detail every one of the steps by which you expect to attain your result; but the conviction is borne upon you with a force which you cannot resist, and leads to a degree of calmness and joy which you cannot describe. It is so with Christianity. There, not one, but many lines converge to the same centre; not one argument nor one train of reasoning, but many and ever-varied proofs accumulate and overpower you; it is like the diamond or the crystal which turn it any way, still emits its varied brilliancy. Do you wish to reason? Granted a firm belief in a holy and merciful God, and we undertake to deduce almost the whole distinctive system of Christianity from your admission. Would you penetrate into the depths of your own heart, or study the rational psychology of mankind? Here again Christianity not only meets all your wants, answers every inquiry, satisfies every desire, hallows every undertaking and purpose; but is seen to adapt its beneficent agency to *all*. To *all!*—nationality, age, circumstance, stages of development are not barriers to this mighty stream. It meets all wants, and while it adapts itself, pervades and leavens each class; it combines them into a higher unity, inspiring them with the same conviction, the same purpose, and the same hopes. And Christianity shall not be a universal religion! This great God above us shall be deaf to the entreaties and aspirations of His creatures, longing, waiting, trusting—in a delusion! He has stamped the seal of His

approbation on a system of fraud and error! Nor has merely the internal history of mankind been one vast lie: God's providence itself has only cast a lurid shade for eighteen centuries across the history of the world! Its civilization, the reclaiming of nations, the progress of Christian literature and morality—all, all are a mistake and a deception! Jean Paul's awful dream of atheism comes over us once again; blackness of darkness gathers around; the world then *is* one vast orphanage; for what to me or thee is the God who can approve of such a lie, and allow its accursed sway to rest and to spread over the best and noblest of mankind?

Nay, we must lose our belief in the Deity before we can give up our faith in Christianity; we must lose our belief in the reality of inward and outward experience before we can consent to put back the eighteen hours on the great dial of time, which indicates the life of mankind. Either the synagogue is an anachronism—to say the least, or unbelief and despair are the portion of mankind. We have purposely abstained from entering into any regular argument, preferring to abide by *facts* with which every impartial thinker must be conversant. Were it otherwise the advocate of Christianity might triumphantly point to the internal and external connexion between the Old and New Testaments; to the harmony in the various parts of the New Testament, and to those great historical facts which we are glad to notice that able and impartial writer, Dr. Jost, himself a Jew), has so lately and so frankly acknowledged. But our argument lies not with the opponents of Christianity generally, but with that one of their number whom we would fain call mother, but who by disowning us, has herself broken the marriage-bond of which the church was the legitimate issue. Irrespective of the higher religious questions involved, it may indeed form matter of astonishment to the impartial observer, that the Jewish nation should so anxiously seek to disown one, who, speaking after the manner of man, forms *the* glory of the race, the high and culminating point of their history—the Jew, CHRIST JESUS! That Jesus and his apostles—all Jews—should be rejected and spoken against by their own countrymen; that when heathen nations worship at his footstool and receive his laws,—when their polity and life are cast in his mould,—the Synagogue should continue to detract and decry them, is in itself an almost unparalleled anomaly, only equalled by the similarly suicidal attempt to represent every Jewish convert as an impostor. As if this argument did not tell with tenfold force against the Jewish nation itself. One or ten thousand Jewish-Christian impostors cannot destroy the vitality of Christianity, but each Jew whose

Christian profession can be established to have been a lie, is a blur upon his people, and must naturally reflect shame upon all. It confirms former suspicions, however unjust we know them to be; it undermines confidence in the race, and instead of being matter for triumphant exultation and parade before the public, it should, we might expect, be cause of sorrow and shame to all. My brother may be mistaken—I may lament and seek to prevent his fall; but to blazon abroad and to try to convince the world that a large number of the members of my family are ready to sell their conscience, and for the sake of the filthiest of lucre to make merchandise of what is highest and holiest, is surely, if not utter heartlessness, at least a fatal blindness to my own honour and that of my family. But enough of this; we shall have again briefly to revert to it before we lay down our pen.

The positions which our readers will remember we not long ago attempted to establish,* may be summed up in two statements: *Modern Judaism* is an anachronism and an impossibility; *Christianity* is the only legitimate development of the Old Testament religion. These two conclusions are established by *history*, and capable of abundant *proof*. We have attentively, repeatedly, and we hope calmly, perused the reply offered to our remarks by the able editor of the *Jewish Chronicle*. But, however readily we acknowledge the candour and courtesy of his tone and the general ability of his articles, the great questions, which we had raised, have—at least, in our opinion—been as yet left untouched. We shall not deviate from the path which we had originally marked out for ourselves, nor, however tempting the occasion, be betrayed into *discussion*. In the course of our remarks on Miss Aguilar's writings abundant opportunity will occur for expressing our views. Meantime to resume the thread of our last article, we may in a few sentences run over the points to which the *Jewish Chronicle* has adverted. Modern Judaism has not vitality, it has not a mission. Who that has read the sentence pronounced on it by the last eighteen centuries can doubt it? We have never asserted that the Jews, as a nation, have no mission in the future; on the contrary, we have attempted to distinguish between the effeet system of Judaism and the living people, preserved, we believe, for a high and holy purpose. What in the Synagogue lives and operates on the world is not *Jewish*, and what is Jewish does *not* live nor operate. To say that it is the mission of Judaism to follow Christianity and Mohammedanism in their course through the world, in order to testify against the heathen

* Art. "Modern Judaism."—ECLECTIC REVIEW, October, 1857.

elements in these creeds, to bear witness by suffering, and to preserve the Hebrew language, is not to reply to our inquiry. The preservation of the Hebrew language has no necessary or immediate connexion with the system of traditionalism; nor was suffering for conscience' sake specially reserved for the Synagogue. Indeed, in the early ages of Christianity, the relation as between the Church and the Synagogue was in this respect reversed. As for the "heathen elements" in Christianity, we are at a loss to know what is meant by that expression. Nothing seems more plain than that Christianity, as a system of belief—we do not now speak of the claims of Jesus of Nazareth—either deserves our implicit belief or is neither more nor less then absolute blasphemy. To compare the claims of the Gospel with those of the Koran, or even with the absurdities of Mormonism, as the *Jewish Chronicle* does, is almost to trifle with the subject. Time and the fruits which they have borne have long since condemned these forms of misbelief. We are, however, willing to place the alternative as to the claims set up by the founders of these systems on the same basis with those of the Saviour. Granted, that the founders of these systems were divinely commissioned prophets, whom to resist were equally erroneous and sinful, or else miserable impostors and self-deceivers, and their systems a tissue of mistake and presumption. What then? We are willing to abide the issue of the question—experience and history have ere this decided it. How different stands it with Christianity, deepening, widening, strengthening, as it proceeds, until we can already in the distance discern the period when its sway shall be paramount. But, besides, the mission of Judaism, if it has *any*, cannot be purely *negative*. It is not a protest; it is an exceedingly complicated and cumbrous system, containing a great many positive injunctions, extending to every possible and even impossible circumstance of life. It will not do for modern Judaism to disguise itself as *Unitarianism*—the difference between them is most marked and obvious. Manifestly Rabbinism must either uphold every injunction of the fathers, however little support it may derive from the Bible, or else give up traditionalism *as of Divine authority*. Each and all these injunctions claim to be from God, and to dismiss one is to renounce the *authority* of all, as all rest on exactly the same basis. Thenceforth Rabbinism loses its *Divine* sanction and becomes merely matter of human choice and convenience. The genuine representative of Judaism is not he who picks and chooses from traditionalism, but who closely adheres to its every injunction as being of Divine authority and in proportion as he adheres to it. In the same manner, the genuine representative of Christianity is not

necessarily one that is learned or wise, but he who, whatever his station or education, submits most implicitly to the authority of Christ, and carries out most faithfully and lovingly the precepts of our statute book, the Gospel. And herein lies one of the main practical evidences of Christianity. If the Gospel is often "hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed to babes"—we desire no better than to have its reality tested by the spiritual transformation which it effects; not in those who *call* themselves Christians, but, in those who really receive it into their hearts. We are willing to take the humblest Christian, (in *any* country), if genuine in his obedience to the Gospel as the exponent of our religion, and to place him by the side of an equally devout and genuine representative of Rabbinical Judaism. We ask where lies spirituality, whose is the religion of truth, and to which must success belong?

If Judaism, as such, has a mission, it must be its aim to entice all mankind into the pale, not of Unitarianism, but of Rabbinism. For, if the latter be the truthful exponent of the Old Testament, it must apply to all, and if not, it wants Divine authority. In the Synagogue what was merely typical has not only been fully developed, but enlarged, and become petrified; the Old Testament dispensation—in opposition to its doctrines, which are eternal—has lost its preparatory, and hence its spiritual, character, and degenerated from types full of meaning into ceremonies full of externalism. But *can* any one who knows Rabbinical Judaism, and has studied history, or thought on the subject, expect that the world is to become one vast synagogue! Going no further than this, and leaving out of view the special expectations of Rabbinism, were it possible to conceive a greater retrogression? Happily on this point we are not left to fight alone. Modern educated but orthodox Jews have not only quietly dropped much, and are preparing to drop more, but by far the most lofty of modern Jewish writers in Britain, Miss Aguilar, had bent the combined energies of a life of love and hope towards disassociating the synagogue from tradition, and leading it back to the *Old Testament*. How far she succeeded we shall by-and-bye learn.

One point only still claims our attention — the singular attempt to ascribe the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the nation to other causes than the judgment of the God of Israel. Certain we are, whatever the *Jewish Chronicle* may say, that the Rabbins, the Prayer-Book, and the *Bible*, in almost innumerable passages, ascribe these calamities to a great national apostasy. What else mean the threatenings in Deuteronomy? Indeed the whole course of their history, the express statements of the Word, and the consciousness of

the people themselves, show beyond controversy that great national sins were always visited by the God of Israel with great national judgments, and that the certain consequences of national apostasy were banishment from Palestine and consequent persecutions at the hands of wicked men. The Babylonish captivity was the punishment of national sins. It lasted only seventy years, and was in so far different from the present dispersion that the Jewish commonwealth was not *wholly* extinguished, that speedily the temple rose again, and its typical services and sacrifices, bearing relation to, and shared in, by all the people—by the extra-Palestinian Jews through representatives—were soon to be restored. But this complete desolation of eighteen centuries, this shutting of the temple and rendering Mosaism impossible—what meaneth it? What fearful, yet unrepented sin, rests on the nation as a whole, and why has God rendered it, for eighteen centuries, absolutely impossible to observe the ordinances of the Pentateuch? Has not Judaism ceased as of Divine authority—are not the calamities of Israel of Divine judgment—and does not the complete cessation of Mosaism, now replaced by Rabbinism, indicate that the promised turning unto God in the lands of Israel's dispersion shall no longer be connected with sacrificial types, but with "looking to Him whom we had pierced, and mourning over Him?"

On one point, at least, both parties are agreed. The Synagogue and the Church both regard the Old Testament as a preparatory dispensation. It lays down eternal principles, it does not carry them into details; it exhibits the unchanging basis, it does not rear the building itself. Both the Church and the Synagogue have each attempted to expound and to develope the fundamental principles which both have found in the Old Testament, and which both have declared capable of, and requiring, development. Christianity is the Old Testament development, furnished by the Church; Rabbinism that by the Synagogue. And here we come upon the fundamental mistake which underlies all Miss Aguilar's attempts, and which we suspect must be extensively shared by others like-minded with that noble woman. Utterly renouncing and condemning traditionalism, she would have stopped short at the Old Testament itself, forgetful of its preparatory character—forgetful, also, that the Church and the Synagogue offer only different solutions of one and the same question, as to the mode of developing and carrying out the fundamental truths laid down in the Old Testament. That this problem was necessary, that the Old Testament *dispensation* was only preparatory, though meant under other forms to become universal, needs no

proof. To Jew and Christian the existence of Rabbinical ordinances, or of the New Testament, is in itself sufficient evidence.

But before proceeding further we must introduce to our readers Miss Aguilar, both as an individual and as an author.

The descendant of one of those exiled families which had found in England a resting place from the fearful persecutions of Spain, GRACE AGUILAR was born at Hackney in 1816. From her infancy she was delicate; but, in proportion to her feebleness of body was her mental energy. From her seventh year she kept a journal, and at twelve she wrote a little drama called "Gustavus Vasa." Soon her faculties expanded, and she appeared in public as an authoress. Her education, with the exception of eighteen months at school, was conducted entirely by her parents, and especially by her mother, to whose affection, worth, and character, if other evidence than Grace Aguilar herself were required, ample testimony is borne in the volumes before us. Music, poetry, and the study of history, were her favourite employments. Highly imaginative and deeply sensitive, she clung with enthusiasm to the history of her race, which she surrounded with the halo of her associations of Sinai, of prophets, kings, and martyrs. From early youth, the English Bible was her religious text-book. To it she clung, and from it she drew that spiritualistic inspiration which constitutes the essence of her religion and the peculiar charm of her writings. Unlike the coarse vulgarism of those who endeavour to decry and ridicule whatever they cannot understand, Grace Aguilar loved all that was holy, good, and noble. Deeply did she sympathize with all that is spiritual, even though to the end she disowned the *doctrinal* parts of Christianity; forgetting that if spiritualism is not to be merely enthusiasm, or to degenerate into sentimentalism, it must rest on an underground of religious *truth*. Frequently does she refer in language of warm praise to the writings and preaching of Christians. Indeed, her own religious system was not that of Rabbinical Judaism, but an attempt so to modify Christianity as to render it compatible with remaining a Jewess. And, no doubt, she was honestly convinced of the possibility of disencumbering, on the one hand, Judaism from its burden of traditionalism, and on the other, of separating it from Christianity, and thereby restoring the religion of the Old Testament. Nurtured and trained by the English Bible, she sought to combine the spirituality of the Old Testament with an antagonism to the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. That therein she failed, and must have failed, needs no comment. But it is more sad to find how little, apparently, her co-religionists have

sympathized in her spiritual views and feelings. While all her works of fiction have passed through several editions, the "Jewish Faith," which, in point of style, argument, and sentiment, is at any rate equal, if not superior to her other writings, has been eleven years in print without reaching a second issue. So thoroughly did she understand Christianity, that occasionally she describes in her novels religious experience in a manner which in any other author of her faith would have startled us. We give some extracts from The "Mother's Recompense," a tale written when she was no more than nineteen years old. One of the sweetest characters in the novel is dying. She leans on her lover, Herbert (a Christian minister):—

"'Blessed, oh how blessed are those who, conducted by the Lamb of God, can share that glory,' answered Mary, with sudden energy. 'Who can speak the unutterable love which, while the beauteous earth yet retains the traces of an awful curse, hath washed from man his sin, and takes from death its sting.'

"'And is it this thought, this faith, which supports you now, my Mary?' demanded Herbert.

"'It is, it is,' she answered, fervently. 'My sins are washed away; my prayers are heard, for my Saviour pleads, and my home is prepared on high amid the redeemed and the saved. Oh, blessed be the God of truth that hath granted me this faith.'"—Pp. 423, 424.

Again (p. 431), Herbert looks forward to the time when "my Saviour may call me to himself;" (p. 438) he comforts dying children with the fact, "that they were going to Him who had said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven;'" and in his last sermon (pp. 439, 440), he speaks of the departed as "encircling the throne of their Saviour in garments white as snow," and calls upon his hearers to "beseech Him to give us that faith which alone can make us whole, and give us peace that we may say with the venerable Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

We know that some may characterize these sentences as penned by the novelist, and describing the feelings of a Christian, but nowise indicating the sympathies of the author. Nor do we for a moment assert that she ever was a Christian in her doctrinal belief. But we are too deeply convinced of her religious truthfulness and spiritual reality, to set down these things to the score of fiction. Probably she had believed in the reality of these experiences, and would only have disowned their doctrinal basis. From her own writings we shall by-and-by gather that she did not expect salvation from works, but from

grace. We would almost venture another suggestion If these lines should meet the eyes of the friends of the dead, let them believe that we venerate her memory as much as they can do. But it seems to us as if we could distinguish two periods in her religious history. In the earlier, according to her own statement in the "Jewish Faith," she was much drawn towards Christianity, read many of our books, and had intimate intercourse with devout Christians, and that at a time when her mother was, from sickness, unable to direct her inquiries. It was then, we venture to suggest, that her faith assumed that spiritual character, which is so peculiarly un-Jewish, and so peculiarly Christian. She next set herself to reconcile that religion with Judaism. Resorting to the Bible, she found in the Old Testament all that she wished — the substance of every Christian doctrine. Hastily concluding that because modern Jews are the children of the ancient, modern Judaism is the child of the Old Testament, she stopped short, and it became the double task of her life to prove that the Old Testament, and not traditionalism, was the religion of the Synagogue, and that Christianity was needless, as all the Church claimed as peculiarly hers, was found in the Old Covenant. Connected with the positive part of her religion was what we may call its *negative* or apologetic aspect, in which she increasingly endeavoured to satisfy her own mind and that of others, that when Christianity developed and explained the Old Testament, it went beyond, and, therefore, as she erroneously inferred, contravened the Old Testament. Her mistake lay in not perceiving that the elements and the spirit of her own religion were essentially non-Jewish—as even the notes appended to one of her books by a Jewish editor might have convinced her—and that the New Dispensation must have enlarged and further unfolded the Old. But could she who so thought, felt, and wrote, think lightly of Jesus — of His work and words? We will not venture to intrude further. We have, indeed, asked ourselves — Had she no secret misgiving?—did not this spiritual Christianity, whose spirit she breathed, even while she contradicted its doctrines, appear to her an unsolved mystery, over which a dark veil hung? At any rate, we know she did share in the implicit reliance on redemption through Divine love and grace—not by works, and this is the essential and fundamental doctrine of Christianity. This hope expressed itself in all her writings, and never more firmly than on her death-bed? Her likeness is prefixed to the volume from which we have above made extracts. Those large, deep, lustrous eyes are now closed in death; that melancholy smile has for ever disappeared

from her expressive features; that graceful, loving Hebrew face and form is laid low in the grave. She is removed beyond the region of doubt and controversy,—she has seen and known the truth,—her difficulties are all cleared, and her spiritual faith has, we doubt not, received at the hand of a gracious Father its full completion. After having watched by the death-bed of a father, shared the sorrows and anxieties of her mother and brothers, she departed this life at Frankfort, during a temporary residence there, in her thirty-first year. When she could no longer articulate, she continued to spell with her fingers the words: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" and in this faith she fell asleep. Pilgrim on life's rough, tangled path, who strugglest with doubt, darkness, and sin, stop short and cull a flower from the grave of one of the purest and sweetest sister-spirits. In the hope of a blessed resurrection,—*Requiescat in pace!*

Had Miss Aguilar been still spared to us, we should have felt it the duty of the critic to enter in detail on a review of her writings. But this the well-merited popularity of her works renders at present needless. All her works of fiction have a high moral aim, and breathe a pure and elevated spirituality. To woman was her peculiar mission; and home, its duties, wants, and joys, are her chosen theme. The interest attaching to her tales is sustained throughout, and any defects, or rather exuberances, in her style, diminish with every page we advance. But especially is it the lofty aim of these writings —the training of the heart—which commends them in these days of sordid worldliness and selfishness, as one of the great means for educating woman. We are not of the number of those who absolutely condemn all works of fiction. The danger lies in their *choice*, which in most cases is in proportion to their unreality and intoxicating power, and in their *excess* which unduly stimulates the fancy, and unfits for life. But when we look at the flaunted products of some of our boarding-schools, with hollowness and unwomanliness in their very appearance, we could wish that they turned aside to read some of Miss Aguilar's tales of life and of home, and that they learned to understand and to sympathize with her spirit.

A somewhat more detailed examination will be necessary to make our readers acquainted with Grace Aguilar's religious writings. The first in order of time is the "Spirit of Judaism," which appeared in 1842, as part of the "Jewish Miscellany," under the auspices of an American society, and edited, with notes, by a Mr. Isaac Leeser, apparently a Jewish preacher in Philadelphia. Nothing seems to us more incongruous than the spirit of the author and

that of the editor. Miss Aguilar emphatically rejects traditionalism. She would derive her religion from the Bible only. When, as in later works, she appeals to rabbins, it is not to derive doctrines, but to show that their sayings confirmed those of the Bible, and breathed the same spirit. She holds that mere formalism, which is the consequence of traditionalism, infallibly leads the thinking and the serious to seek refuge in the Church, where true spirituality is found. In neither of these two opinions does Mr. Isaac Leeser agree with Miss Aguilar. According to him, "it is too evident for denial by the most prejudiced," that traditionalism constitutes the oral law, and is binding, unless it flatly contradicts Scripture or legitimate deductions from it. He allows that some rabbinical things are of no value; he would have us reject these, but retain the main body of traditionalism. We will not stop to discuss by what warrant he rejects some parts, and retains the rest; for if one part is Divine, the rest which comes to us with the same authority, and with exactly the same demands on our faith and obedience, must be equally so. Only we would like to know the exact canon according to which he or others separate and sift this mass. Manifestly, if Mr. Leeser is right, the whole of Miss Aguilar's position and argument are surrendered. Between the text and the notes an irreconcileable difference obtains. Nor does he share our author's fear that formalism may drive the thinking to the Church: "The Jew embraces Christianity, if at all, by his desire for some tangible advantage which his change is supposed to bring, or from a mere ignorance of the principles of his own belief." It is, then, to ignorance, or else to gross, selfish fraudulence, that Mr. Leeser would attribute the origin of that band which commenced with the conversion of a John, and of a Paul, and includes the whole series of distinguished converts down to the late sainted Neander! They are all either rogues or fools. When, in the warmth of our first confession —for we are not ashamed to rank ourselves with the despised— we read these sentences, we were not indeed astonished at this reproach of the Cross, but we could not help feeling mingled indignation and pain. Since then we have heard it often repeated, and we fear, at least implied, even in the columns of the *Jewish Chronicle*, to the learning and talent of whose editor we have here and elsewhere borne our testimony. Time and experience has removed the indignation which such expressions used to call forth, while they have only deepened the pang. Is Christianity then really so foolish and untenable, that no Jew, except he be an idiot or a cheat, can embrace it? Or is this only said to sow distrust and disunion in the hearts

of Gentile-Christians? Jewish converts — we mean those who deserve that name — are neither inordinately zealous, nor do they pour contempt on the faith of their ancestors. It has been the sharpest pang in their religious history to separate themselves from the religion of those whom they love, and will continue to love. But as Miss Aguilar says: "We must not remain Hebrews only because our fathers were." In heart, converts are still Jews. They reckon themselves part of the Jewish people, and are willing to share any shame or persecution which may befall the nation as such. But from religious conviction—some after a long and hard struggle—they have professed the faith to which, according to their belief, the Old Testament had pointed, and from which the Synagogue has deviated into formalism. Is it to be over zealous or to pour contempt on the creed of their fathers to state all this, or though suspected and coldly looked at by many in the Church, and scorned or condemned by more in the Synagogue, to devote their lives to this task? Is it not possible to unite warm, national, and family attachments in connexion with the Synagogue to conscientious Christian convictions? We venture emphatically to assert, *it is possible and actual.* That there have been many ignorant and many deceivers among professing converts, even as there are among professing Jews, we do not deny. But the charge as applying to Jewish converts generally, we indignantly repel, knowing that among them are some of the best, the noblest, the purest, the most unselfish and devoted of the earth.

Let the reader forgive what, perhaps, may appear in part a digression. We hasten to acquaint him with the great outlines of her argument, and occasionally stop to consider and to explain. We have already hinted that the "Spirit of Judaism" is based on Deut. vi. 4—9. The first chapter dwells on the avowal of the unity of God, and the duties which this profession implies. Miss Aguilar rightly observes that, "the mere avowal of a belief in unity" cannot "be acceptable to our God." Such profession implies a remembrance of God's mercies to Israel, and also of His judgments caused by their sins, of which the greatest called forth that direct judgment, viz., their present desolation and dispersion. We invite special attention to the passage referring to the last and crowning sins:—

"Even when to give time for amendment and repentance our Father protected us in the land of our first captivity, and permitted us not only to return at the end of threescore and ten years, but held forth the promise of a Saviour, through whom He would redeem the world, IF we gave up our sinful ways, and sought the law

of Moses to bid it resume its pristine holiness amongst us; even these offers we rejected; and as we persevered in iniquity, or rather, sunk deeper and deeper into sin, the Messiah came not; we were in no state to receive him; and the measure of God's wrath so long withheld, His justice peremptorily commanded should be hurled unflinchingly upon us. Why were we exposed to such awful horrors at the siege and destruction of Jerusalem? Why have we been persecuted, and expelled from almost every land where our weary feet found rest? . . . Because we have sinned; according to the mercy that we scorned, so great hath been, will be, our chastisement."—P. 22.

These sentences are deeply interesting. They express belief in a coming Messiah whose work it should be *to redeem the world*—a creed this essentially Christian, and very different from that of the Synagogue generally, which either transforms the Messiah into the wretched abstraction of national liberty, or else looks for a temporal deliverer to restore the national glory of Israel. But Miss Aguilar also adopts the Jewish notion that this Redeemer was kept back by Israel's sin—a notion as contrary to the purposes for which the *Redeemer of the world* may be expected to come as it is unscriptural. And *what*, we again ask, was that one great sin which caused the destruction of Jerusalem, led to all the present misery, and still retards the coming of Messiah? Surely it must bear proportion to the greatness of the judgment, and must consist in some definite act, apparent to men generally. But if the Synagogue is correct in its religious profession, the Jews are at this moment zealous observers of the Old Testament, and not liable to any judgment, great or small. In view of these sins, individual repentance is the duty of Israel, although in itself insufficient to procure deliverance.

"No efforts of our own, however great and magnanimous they be, can work out our redemption. His mercy, omnific even as His creating word, is all-sufficient; but the *trust* in *that* mercy is not of itself enough to obtain salvation. Our Father rejects those who do good, trusting in their own righteousness to save them, looking to their own works to purchase redemption; but He equally rejects those, who supinely sit, contented to trust in His word, and think nothing depends upon themselves. As works without faith are unacceptable, so equally is faith without works."

And Israel is encouraged by promises of ultimate recovery. It is Israel's to prove—

"That we deem the promise of a Messiah, and redemption so clear and certain, that we would do all in our power, by the circumcision of our hearts and removal of our evil propensities, to draw it nearer.

. . . . We are not *rejected*, though for a while suffering God's displeasure. His Holy Spirit, the sight of His countenance, are indeed for a time withdrawn, but not for ever. Every page almost of the Sacred Scriptures teems with the conviction, that it depends on us, in a measure, to hasten or retard the coming of the Son of David."

Statements like these present a singularly contradictory measure of truth and error. On the one hand, we have ardent expectations of a Redeemer, and acknowledgment that the Holy Spirit is withdrawn; on the other, it is expected that in this state men can repent, from a vague sin which they do not know, and thereby hasten the coming of the Redeemer. What are the sins to be confessed, repented, and forsaken? Israel believes in the Unity of God, and has done so ever since the return from Babylon. Is it necessary to be yet more punctilious in outward observances? Or are these observances to be relinquished? Or does Israel's great sin consist only in ordinary short-comings? If so, Messiah will never come to Israel.

Miss Aguilar next inculcates charity, especially towards Christians. Too often "does the presumptuous and haughty Hebrew, imitating the Pharisee, dare to say, their prayers are less acceptable than his." True, "a veil is thrown over their belief." But "it is of God that they are not yet permitted to walk in the path of light vouchsafed to us." And has not traditionalism well nigh extinguished even the spirituality of Old Testament Judaism? "Abuses, iniquities, idle fables, spiritless and uninspired customs, have been permitted not alone to enter, but to continue and increase." "Why should we condemn the custom of seeking converts? If but to too many the Jewish religion is allowed to bring no comfort, no devotion, no spirit,—and it is from these misguided ones the whole religion is regarded,—why should we be angry with the wish to lead us where these blessings are supposed to be found?"

Chapter II. of the work is devoted to an exposition of what it is to love God with all the *heart*. Amid much that is true, eloquent, and beautiful, an attempt is made to show that the Jews, "even more than the Nazarene, have cause to feel, 'We love Him because He first loved us;'" and by rendering Him the homage of love to prove that there is no "truth in what they [Christians] allege, that they have more cause to love Him than *we* [Jews] *have*." The conclusion of this chapter, showing how we may learn to love God by thinking how much He has loved us, and recognising His character, is extremely touching and beautiful.

Chapter III. details the ideas involved in the command to love God with all our *soul*. Here Miss Aguilar indicates

grave defects in the religious life of the Jews. Either the Bible is neglected for the writings of the Rabbins, or no more than the Sabbath portions are read, or at least the habitual use of the English Bible, which is alone intelligible to most, is withheld from the youth of both sexes. Our author dreads such neglect as the occasion of many leaving the Synagogue. This, no doubt, is in great part true. The mere withholding the Bible in the mother tongue, or putting it in the background, is sufficient evidence that modern Judaism is other than the religion of Moses and of David. "To study the Bible aright," Miss Aguilar observes, "demands faith and prayer." On both these points, and on the mistake in modern education of attempting to give a mere superficial gloss without a *religious* training of the heart, we are quite at one with Miss Aguilar. Indeed many sentences in this chapter read entirely like those of a Christian writer.

In some respects Chapter IV., which explains how we are to love God with all our *might*, is the most interesting in the book. The duty implies active *service* of God, coupled with universal love, and a desire to make manifest to others the blessedness of His law. In Miss Aguilar's view, the latter does not imply attempts at converting others, as however mistaken their creed may be, the piety of every religion is acceptable to God—a view this so manifestly erroneous, as, we are sure, to strike every reader. All we require "is to make manifest the superior blessings of religion [generally] over mere worldly pleasures." But too often the Hebrew either forgets the spirit of his religion "in the heartless repetition of *antiquated* forms," or else leaves these forms to embrace another religion. And yet special duty devolves on *him*. He ought to prove by his spirituality the truth of his creed, rather than found it "on the falsity and degradation of the Christian." Active benevolence, also, which manifests itself in kindness to body and soul, is our duty. The education of the Jewish poor is to be the object of chief attention, with the view of delivering them "from the trammels of tradition which must increase in incomprehensible obscurity with each new generation," and of inducing them "to rise superior to the superstitions of tradition and prejudice, which have shackled them so long."

Chapter V. details the duties incumbent on Israelites; warning, however, at the outset, against all self-righteousness or hope of gaining heaven by our own merits. Passing over some historical inaccuracies of Miss Aguilar, as to the time and the manner in which the prayers of the Synagogue originated, we hasten to Chapter VI., which furnishes "hints on the religious instruction of the Hebrew youth." Miss Aguilar draws a

melancholy but too true picture of the religious training of Jewish children. Leaving out of consideration the two extremes of infidelity and pure Rabbinism, the Jewish child is initiated in certain forms; he goes to the synagogue and joins in prayers offered in a dead language, while no provision is made for the training of his heart and soul. Hence Judaism is too often regarded as an heirloom, which he were too glad had not devolved on him. He clings to it as an historical idea, and because he has no better convictions. In few cases only does the historical attachment to the Synagogue give place to enthusiasm; in still fewer to real conviction. Miss Aguilar lays special stress on the duty devolving on Hebrew mothers to remedy this defect, to teach their children to pray, and to understand God's dealings with Israel, especially as to their present rejection, which might readily—and is it not true?—lead them to the belief that it was due to the crucifixion of Christ. Lastly, our author draws in glowing colours the blessings and the comforts of real religion, and especially of spiritual Judaism.

We close our rapid review of this book by briefly noticing Chapters VII. and VIII. The former bears on the spirit of religion as pervading our conduct. The first wish to which Miss Aguilar gives utterance is, that instead of attending to the letter of the law, Jews would indulge more in religious conversation. One of the most precious aids to this is friendship, when based on religious principles. Such may be formed between devout Jews and Christians; indeed Miss Aguilar deems it possible that a deeper response may be found in the latter than in the former. The study of history, of works of fiction properly selected, of art and of nature, should be pervaded by the same devout spirit, and will entail a blessing such as adherence to form, however strict, could never have secured.

The last chapter of the book is devoted to an attempt at pointing out the connexion between the spirit and the forms of Judaism. The latter are supposed to be binding on the Jews as the descendants of him with whom God entered into covenant, and intended to mark a line of separation between Israel and the Gentiles. Observance of these forms is, therefore, necessary for those who would share in the promises applying to the Jews. According to this reasoning, the law of Moses is chiefly designed for national purposes; proving, as we have said above, that Mosaism, as a form of revealed religion, could not be ultimate or designed for mankind generally, but must in due time give place to a more universal form.

Miss Aguilar's "Jewish Faith" is a much larger work than

the "Spirit of Judaism," but traverses very nearly the same ground. It consists of a series of letters addressed to an inquiring Jewess, and is intended to convey religious instruction in a popular form. The truth and authority of the Bible form the main subject of discussion. Decided opposition to traditionalism appears in this work also, although not with the same decision as formerly, and *formalism* rather than traditionalism is held up to reprobation. Doctrinal statements are, in general, lightly set by, and peculiar emphasis is laid on spirituality. Miss Aguilar cannot deny that unscriptural forms and customs, unwarranted by the Word of God, have crept into the Synagogue; but she thinks they owed their origin to times of persecution. We must correct this statement, and assure our readers that Jewish traditionalism dates from a period antecedent to these troubles. Nor can we agree with her, that such innovations do not tarnish the intrinsic beauty of the Word of God. Traditionalism breathes a spirit totally different in its essence, and not only in its forms, from that of the Old Testament. It is altogether beside the point for Miss Aguilar to appeal to the law of Moses, and especially to point to the teaching of the prophets as inculcating spiritual religion. We are ready and willing to take these inspired oracles as our guides, but we maintain that they are only followed by Christianity, while traditionalism is a religion historically connected with, but not derived from, the Old Testament. Another sad misunderstanding, to which we fear the teaching of some Christians may have given point, is this, that Christianity represents the Pentateuch as holding forth a law only to be abrogated, a God who is only a stern Judge, and commandments "of fire and blood." But what is the truth? The Gospel teaches what our own experience attests—that it is impossible for any man to keep the whole law, and that, therefore, all men are sinners; that God is just indeed, and will by no means clear the guilty, but that His love is unspeakable, and has manifested itself in the gift of a Divine Saviour; that the Mosaic law was indeed pure and spiritual in its import, but preparatory; that it was not abolished or altered, but fulfilled—its ceremonial part by the work of Christ, and its moral ordinances by the Spirit who dwells in the hearts of believers. We cannot stop to discuss some peculiar views of Miss Aguilar, but we must, at least generally, note wherein we agree with her, and wherein we differ. We agree with her in deriving religion from the Bible only, in pointing especially to the Psalms and to the Prophets, in recommending faith and prayer, and in aiming after pure spiritualism of heart, thought, and life. But we disagree with

her on almost every doctrinal statement. The first point to which we call attention, is her view of the sinfulness of human nature, the possibility of choosing good, and thus gaining life. Miss Aguilar allows that since the fall of Adam, man is inclined to evil, and she speaks of innate or natural sin. But by this she only means a natural preponderance of the earthly over the spiritual part of our nature, and the difficulty or impossibility of attaining perfection. Most strangely and inconsistently, she denies that Adam's sin either condemned him or his descendants. Miss Aguilar further misunderstands Christianity when she says that we believe, on the one hand, "that unless baptized, and so through his sponsors receiving Jesus, man is lost eternally;" and on the other, that the most impious may be saved "if he only declare his belief in Jesus." The former, happily, is the opinion of only few, and has no foundation in the Gospel. The latter, if implying that a wicked man need only make a profession of faith, in order to be saved, is so manifestly opposed to many passages in the New Testament, that we can only wonder at the statement. Again, it implies a strange inconsistency with her own former statements, and with those of the Bible, when Miss Aguilar limits the consequences of Adam's sin only to *this* life, and maintains they do not apply to the *soul*, nor to the state after death. In her view sin does *not* mingle with our every thought, feeling, and action; and, though we should have expected different from her premises, she believes that man is capable of fulfilling the law and thereby attracting to himself the favour of God. It needs no argument to prove the inconsistency of her reasoning and the contrariety of those positions with her own felt sense of the need of Divine mercy in salvation. Truth to say, her principles, consistently carried out, would inevitably have led to Christianity. Only to one other point shall we advert, partly because of its difficulty and partly because of its importance—we mean the institution of sacrifices. So far as we know there are only three theories on the subject. All parties are agreed that they are not what we would call *real* acts of worship. It is evident that, in themselves, they are nothing—God could not be reconciled or pleased by the shedding of the blood of a poor helpless beast. Nor are they, like prayer, praise, or deeds of self-devotion, genuine worship of Him who is a spirit and must be worshipped *in spirit* and *in truth*. Maimonides and many others, Jews and Christians, regard sacrifices as having been merely an accommodation to Jewish weakness, intended to render innoxious the heathen practices and thus to restore them purified to Israel. This view Miss Aguilar shares.

But in that case sacrifice could neither form the central part of the Mosaic institutions—as every impartial reader of the Pentateuch must allow it does—nor could it well be reconciled with the idea of the Mosaic religion, which in every respect separates Israel from heathenism, even in the smallest matters; nor would such an accommodation agree with the character of Jehovah; nor, lastly, will it comport with the notion of Miss Aguilar and of other Jews, as to the future restoration of sacrifices to Israel. The second view of sacrifices is that advocated (so far as we can gather) by the *Jewish Chronicle*, according to which they nowise differ from other ceremonial ordinances, being merely intended to distinguish and to keep Israel separate from the Gentiles until all nations shall be converted. But, irrespective of the circumstances that in that case they would fail to secure their purpose when most needful (i.e., during the dispersion of the people), and that on the conversion of the Gentiles, sacrifices would then certainly entirely cease, neither were these rites, shared in by *all* nations of antiquity, a distinguishing mark of Israel, nor can the attentive reader of the Pentateuch fail to perceive that sacrifices occupy a totally different place and are meant to serve totally different ends from the other ceremonial injunctions. The only other view, therefore, remaining is that, according to which they are typical institutions, designed for the period of spiritual childhood and adapted for a preparatory dispensation,—but pointing to some great historical reality, which, like them, is to be the centre of all religious societies. That reality is the sacrifice of the Saviour. After its completion, sacrifices ceased; not suddenly, even on the part of Jewish Christians, but gradually and certainly. The death of Jesus formed a transition period. Sacrifices were fulfilled and the purpose of ceremonial ordinances generally was attained. They gave place, of course, not abruptly, for there is nothing abrupt in the organization of nature, of providence, or of grace. It were easy to follow out these views and from them to explain both the practice of sacrifice among the heathen and the meaning of the Old Testament economy generally. In this light we perceive why the Pentateuch lays such stress on those rites, nor can we hesitate to declare them the central point of the Mosaic institutions. Leave them out, and you omit the greater part of the ordinances of the sanctuary. Besides, what is indirectly referred to in *all* ceremonial ordinances is, as it were, summed up and clearly presented in sacrifices. If they entirely ceased during the Babylonish captivity, it must not be forgotten that this was in judgment, that this bondage lasted only for seventy years, and that

during its course they had inspired prophets to keep alive the consciousness of those realities, and, by pointing them out, to fulfil, at least in part, their purpose. After the return to Palestine, these institutions, in which, both as being national and by representatives, *all* Jews shared, were immediately resumed. During this their last dispersion Israel needs them no longer in order to return to God: the reality has come, and the types, which have been fulfilled have now been effaced and removed by Him who had first given them.

We have said enough to make our readers acquainted both with modern Judaism and with one of the brightest and sweetest spirits that ever graced the Synagogue. Many of them will, we believe, feel thankful if we have been the means of introducing them to Miss Aguilar's writings. Others will sympathize with us in the deep interest we take in the Synagogue generally, in its teaching, and in its prospects. Even were it not for the questions which are continually pressed on public attention, were it not that we are surrounded by Jewish fellow-citizens whom we delight to own and honour, every genuine Christian must feel himself linked by indissoluble bonds to that nation—to its past, to its present, and to its future. A great part of our debt of gratitude remains yet to be discharged—many past wrongs remain to be removed or compensated—and, besides, let us hope, a deep fund of genuine sympathy and love remains to be unclosed. What if some, in their attempts, err and fail? what if blind fanaticism mingle with purer feelings and occasionally distemper them? what if even knavery or folly assume the garb of piety and devotedness? Let it be believed that the heart of genuine Christianity is sound towards Israel. Of the special accusations, brought by the *Jewish Chronicle*, against what are termed "the conversionists," and against the *Jewish Intelligencer*, we are unable to take notice. In the course of our necessarily very varied reading we do not recollect ever having had occasion to peruse that paper. Let each man's work be done and remain where it is. With Gamaliel we would say: "If this work be not of God, it shall not stand!" From the controversies of parties, from the strife of tongues, we turn to follow truth, love, and purity. *Excelsior!* For ourselves and our readers we gladly reciprocate the candour of our friends and their sentiments of respect. In our attempts to defend and to spread the faith to which we cling with our whole heart, we hope, by grace, never to descend to what is unworthy of this truth, to what is mean, or to what is wrong. With warm love to Israel we will

continue our deep interest in all their concerns, and in earnest resolution to further all their just claims, and to resist all the attempts and insinuations of their enemies. To every one, of whatever profession or denomination he be, who, in whatever path, seeks the true and the spiritual good of Israel, not we only, but the Church and her Lord bid—God speed! Nor, we confidently anticipate, is the day far distant when we shall fully understand each other, and be face to face. *Per atra ad astra!*

Art. IV.—BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

Brazil and the Brazilians, pourtrayed in Descriptive and Historical Sketches. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher. Illustrated by 150 Engravings. London: Trübner & Co.

Brazil presents a twofold contrast—one between itself and the Spanish states of South America, and another between itself and the great Republic of the North. These contrasts form, as it were, a gauge or standard by which to test the degrees of her progress or retardation in the tedious and difficult march of civilization. However, when we have taken the measure of her strength, and cast up the average, we may fairly say that Brazil is a great and rising empire; that she has a territory unequalled in extent and fertility by any kingdom in the world, and that by an intelligent, vigorous, and persistent policy of internal and foreign government, she may, one day, rival in wealth, in power, and in moral and intellectual splendour, the greatest empires of past or present times.

We cannot dwell upon the political history of Brazil so as to develope the idea we have suggested. It is sufficient to remember that, until the beginning of the present century, this vast region was a dependency of the Portuguese crown, and subject to the rapacious and destructive government of a viceroy. All its immense resources were but so many mines, from which the royal favourites were privileged to dig untold wealth, every regulation tended to repress the rising riches of the people, taxes and imposts were levied to burden as much as possible the land, and all places of trust and importance were disposed of to incapable minions. This magnificent paradise, instead of being cultivated for the

general benefit of the people, was monopolized by a few interested governors and officials, whose sole aim was to aggrandize their immense fortunes; and, like the dog in the manger, to prevent their neighbours, who might be their rivals, from obtaining the least benefit from this universal garden.

In 1807, however, events in the Spanish peninsula changed this state of things. Napoleon, or rather Napoleon's general, Junot, having overrun the South of Europe, having taken possession of Madrid, and finally appeared before the walls of Lisbon, one course alone was left for the house of Braganza to take. They must either yield themselves up to their treacherous and tyrannical ally, or fly the country, and seek shelter in Brazil, until the political tempest, which was uprooting so many ancient dynasties and ruthlessly obliterating the signs of immemorial *prestige*, was overpast. The latter alternative was adopted, and early in March, the people of Rio de Janeiro were surprised and gratified to see the vessel, bearing the Prince-Regent and the royal family, enter their splendid harbour. The manifestations of joy on the occasion were unbounded: the houses were deserted, and the hills thronged with spectators; the boats were decked out gaily with flying streamers, the populace put on their brightest attire, the sun shone out marvellously beautiful from a field of azure, the rocks and the mountains beyond were clad in their richest verdure; and when the evening came, and the sparkling constellations presented their diamond lights above, along the shore of the bay, up the steep sides of the city, over the face of church, custom-house, palace, and every kind of public edifice twinkled ten thousand lesser lamps, which testified to the unanimous joy of the Brazilians. The hopes excited by the arrival of the court of Lisbon were not altogether deceptive. An unexampled stimulus was given to trade; vexatious restrictions were removed; and, in a short time, the ports of the country were crowded with shipping from the most wealthy and enterprising nations in Europe. In addition to these advantages, a printing press was brought from Portugal, a Royal Gazette published, academies of medicine and the fine arts established, the royal library, containing sixty thousand volumes of books, thrown open for the free use of the public, distinguished foreigners invited to take up their abode in the new capital, and embassies from England and France received. Material improvements naturally followed this new order of things. New streets and squares were added, splendid residences were built, the communication with the interior increased by the construction of good roads, the manners of the people acquired a European

polish, the fashions from Paris were introduced, the ceremonies and *levées* of the palace drew forth the people from their seclusion, new ideas were infused, and new modes of life adopted, by a daily augmenting circle of Brazilians in every city and every town.

Brazil had outgrown the character of a colony—a mere dependency; hence in 1815, a decree was promulgated declaring it elevated to the dignity of a kingdom, to form an integral part of the united kingdom of Portugal, Algarves, and Brazil; and in 1818, the Prince-Regent was crowned with the title of Dom John VI. Bitter causes of jealousy, however, existed. The Portuguese looked down upon the Brazilians with contempt, and the Brazilians resented the insult with silent, if not open, indignation. The Brazilians looked upon the vast length and breadth of their provinces, and instituted a comparison between them and the strip of land in Europe, of which Lisbon was the capital. The best offices were heaped upon Portuguese, or on those alone amongst the Brazilians who had aided the Prince-Regent with furnished houses and money. This rivalry for place and position excited intense jealousies and hatred between the governing and the governed classes; and the ferment continued to increase until the revolution, which occurred in 1821, in favour of a constitution, was loudly responded to, by a similar movement in Brazil. The arbitrary conduct of the Cortes at Lisbon at length brought things to a crisis; and in September, 1822, the country declared itself an independent state, and proclaimed Dom Pedro, the son of the king, who had been left behind as viceroy of the kingdom, the constitutional monarch and Emperor of Brazil. It was a great revolution; not only in the manner in which it was carried out, but in the results of which it has been productive. It was "begun by one whose very birth and position would have led the contemplative philosopher or statesman to pronounce it impossible that he should become the leader of the popular cause. It was the descendant of a long line of European monarchs who inaugurated the movement which severed the last—the most faithful—of the great divisions of South America from Transatlantic rule." A special commission of ten persons was convened in 1823, for the purpose of framing a constitution. We cannot enter into an account of its different clauses and sections. Some of its principal features, however, may be stated in a few words; and, as they are concisely given, and ably commented on by Mr. Fletcher, we readily transcribe them for the benefit of our readers. The contrast, too, to which we alluded at the commencement of this article, is also

briefly, but plainly depicted by the author, and our own remarks are pointedly confirmed:—

"The government of the Empire is monarchical, hereditary, constitutional, and representative. The religion of the State is the Roman Catholic, but all other denominations are tolerated. Judicial proceedings are public, and there is the right of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. The legislative power is in the General Assembly, which answers to the Imperial Parliament of England, or to the Congress of the United States. The senators are elected for life, and the representatives for four years. The presidents of the provinces are appointed by the Emperor. There is a legislative assembly to each province for local laws, taxation, and government: thus, Brazil is a *decentralized* empire. The senators and representatives of the General Assembly are chosen through the intervention of electors, as is the President of the United States, and the provincial legislators are elected by universal suffrage. The press is free, and there is no proscription on account of colour.

"The constitution thus framed was accepted by the Emperor, and on the 25th of March, 1824, was sworn to by his Imperial Highness, and by the authorities and people throughout the Empire. It is an instrument truly remarkable, considering the source whence it emanated, and we cannot continue the subsequent history of the country without devoting to its merits a few passing reflections.

"This constitution commenced by being the most liberal of all other similar documents placed before a South American people. In its wise and tolerant notions, and in its adaptation to the nation for which it was prepared, it is second only to that which governs the Anglo-Saxon confederacy of North America. States and individuals may utter, in their charters of government, fine sentences in regard to equality and right; but if they fail in practicability, and in securing those very elements of justice, stability, and progress, the eloquent phrases are but 'as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.' The Brazilian constitution has, to a great extent, secured equality, justice, and consequently national prosperity. She is to-day governed by the same constitution with which more than thirty years ago she commenced her full career as a nation. While every Spanish-American government has been the scene of bloody revolutions,—while the civilized world has looked with horror, wonder, and pity, upon the self-constituted bill of the people's rights again and again trampled under foot by turbulent faction and priestly bigotry, or by the tyranny of the most narrow-minded dictators,—the only Portuguese-American government (though it has had its provincial revolts of a short duration) has beheld but two revolutions, and those were peaceful,—one fully in accordance with the constitution;* the other, the proclamation of the majority of Dom Pedro II., was by suspending a single article of the government compact.

* The abdication of Dom Pedro I. in favour of his son, Dom Pedro II., the present emperor.

"Mexico, which, in extent of territory, population, and resources, is more properly comparable to Brazil than any other Hispano-American country, established her first constitution only one month (February, 1824) earlier than the adoption of the Brazilian charter of government and rights. But poor Mexico has been the prey of every unscrupulous demagogue who could for the moment command the army. Her constitution has repeatedly been overthrown; the victorious soldiery of a hardier nation placed her at the mercy of a foreign cabinet; her dominion has been despoiled; her commerce crippled and diminished by her own inertness and narrow policy; personal security and national prosperity are unknown, and her people are this day no further advanced than when the Constitution was first set aside in 1835.

"Brazil, on the other hand, has been continually progressing. The head of the Empire is in the same family, and governs under the same constitution that was established in 1824. Her commerce doubles every ten years; she possesses cities lighted by gas, long lines of steam-ships, and the beginnings of railways that are spreading from the sea-coast into the fertile interior; in her borders education and general intelligence are constantly advancing.

"This great contrast cannot be accounted for altogether on the ground of the difference between the two people and between their respective forms of government. It is doubtless true that a monarchy is better suited to the Latin nations than a republic; and it is equally apparent that there is a very great dissimilarity between the Spaniard and his descendants, and the Portuguese and his descendants. The Spaniard affects to despise the Portuguese, and the latter has of late years been underrated in the eyes of the world.* The child of Castile, take him where you will, is ambitious, chivalric, bigoted, vain, extravagant, and lazy. The son of Lusitania is not wanting in vanity, but is more tolerant and less turbulent than his neighbour, and is a being both economical and industrious.

"The reasons, under Providence, of the great divergence in the results of the Brazilian and Mexican constitutions may be summed up briefly thus: Brazil, while providing an hereditary monarchical head, recognised most fully the democratic element; while acknowledging the Roman Catholic religion to be that established by the state, she guaranteed, with the single limitations of steeples and bells, the unrestricted right of worship to all other denominations; she established public judicial proceedings, the *habeas corpus*, and the right of trial by jury.

"Mexico, in the formation of her constitution, copied that of the United States, but departed from that document in the two most important particulars, as widely as the oft-quoted strolling actors deviated from the original tragedy when they advertised 'Hamlet' to be played *minus* the *rôle* of the Prince of Denmark. The Mexican constitution established an exclusive religion with all the rigorous

* Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portuguese of him.—*Spanish proverb.*

bigotry of Old Spain; and public judicial proceedings and the intervention by juries were omitted altogether. The starting-points of Brazil and Mexico were entirely different: the former, happy in a suitable form of government and in liberal principles from the beginning, has outstripped the latter in all that constitutes true national greatness."

The government of Dom Pedro I. was found to be rather too *firm* for the Brazilians. Many of his acts were arbitrary, and he thought he had a right to violate some of the rules of a constitution which had been framed under his own immediate inspection. The people, however, were of a different mind; he found his subjects difficult to control, and in a fit of indignation resigned his sovereignty into the hands of his infant son, in 1831. This prince was joyfully received by the people, a regency appointed, and the government of the country conducted by vicarious authority. In 1840, the Brazilians became tired of a deputed sovereignty; they grew impatient for the majority of the young prince, and to cut the matter short, an act was passed abolishing the tutelage of the future heir to the throne as soon as he had attained the age of fifteen. The fierce debates and struggles in the chambers between the regency and the factious opposition, it is not our intention to dwell upon. In the November of the same year the young prince assumed the sovereign power under the title of Dom Pedro II. For seventeen years he has conducted the affairs of his empire with unexampled moderation and success. He has had gigantic difficulties to grapple with; fierce parliamentary discussions and popular outbreaks to meet; but he has always succeeded in establishing the constitutional authority of the crown and maintaining the dignity and prosperity of his empire. In fact, few princes have been more alive to the true interests of their people. In 1850, the slave trade was abolished by treaty, and we believe that the stipulations of that treaty have been sincerely and conscientiously carried out.

"For the last ten years the progress of Brazil has been onward. Her public credit abroad is of the highest character. Internal improvements have been projected and are being executed on a large scale; tranquillity has prevailed, undisturbed by the slightest provincial revolt; party spirit has lost its early violence; the attention of all is more than ever directed to the peaceful triumphs of agriculture and legitimate commerce; public instruction is more widely diffused; and, though much is yet required to elevate the masses, still, if Brazil shall continue to carry out the principles of her noble constitution, and if education and morality shall abound in her borders, she will in due time take position in the first rank of nations."

Such is the calm and impartial judgment of Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman who has had ample opportunities of establishing for himself the truth of his statements, and who is incapable of misleading others from any desire to over-estimate or exaggerate the beneficial operations of the present government and laws of the Brazilian empire.

But what, we may ask, is this Brazilian empire? We have intimated it may one day become the first among the nations of the earth. What are its limits,—in what do its riches consist? What means does it possess for developing its internal resources. We have already alluded to its constitution, to the enlightened character of its sovereign, and its legislators, and the earnest manner in which the education of the people—considering that the Roman Catholic religion is dominant—is pushed forward. Materially, however, Brazil is one of the vastest kingdoms which find place upon the map. It is, indeed, of such gigantic proportions that mere estimates in miles and leagues fail to convey any adequate idea of its size. If we would travel by land from the southernmost provinces to the north, it would take many months of painful journeyings up mountains and hills, through dense forests and jungles, over wide plains and broad rivers, before we should reach the Terra Pacaranua which divides Brazil from Venezuela. The greatest portion of this extensive empire, it may safely be affirmed, has, as yet, been only trodden by the foot of the wild Indian, or, at long intervals, by the most adventurous of the Portuguese traders. If we cannot well conceive the vast distance from point to point, how much more difficult is it to picture to the imagination the toil and almost insurmountable obstacles to be endured and overcome in a vast country, with a sprinkling of population, and often with no roads save the paths of cattle and the tracks of the tapir. Yet we may arrive at some definite idea of the extent of this empire by forming comparisons. If, for example, a straight line were drawn from the head waters of the river Parima, on the north, to the southern shores of the Lagoa Mirim, in Rio Grande-do-Sul, it would more than reach from Liverpool to Boston. It is farther from Pernambuco to the western boundary which separates Peru and Brazil, than by a direct route from London across the Continent to Alexandria in Egypt. The empire is supposed to contain within its confines, 3,004,460 square miles, and is, therefore, 68,294 square miles larger than the whole territory of the United States, 861,956 square miles larger than European Russia, and only 825,670 square miles less than the entire area of Europe. To enumerate her productions we should have to mention nearly every plant that grows within the

temperate and torrid zones, together with diamond mines and gold mines, coal-seams and beds of iron; whilst the climate, though diversified since it embraces many degrees of latitude, is generally pleasant and favourable to health.

This rapid sketch of Brazil we have introduced in connexion with the volume before us, since we believe that what Dr. Fletcher states of his own countrymen in America may, with certain limitations, be applicable to the English reader in general. "It is probably hazarding nothing to say," such is his remark, "that a very large majority of readers are better acquainted with China and India than with Brazil." Yet it is a country well worthy their studious attention. Mighty rivers and virgin forests, palm-trees and jaguars, anacondas and alligators, monkeys and parrots, diamond-mining, revolutions, and earthquakes, it is observed, are the component parts of the picture formed in the mind's eye. A perusal of the present volume, however, will give a new and a more interesting aspect to the whole country. Its people, their institutions, their manners and habits, their modes of living, domestic influences, their laws and constitution, the state of religion, education, and the fine arts, agriculture, manufactures, trade, commerce,—all find a place in Mr. Fletcher's book, and are handled in an intelligent and lucid manner. It is not our intention to dip largely into the work for extracts; but there are a few features of Brazilian life which it is interesting and instructive to bring forward.

A Brazilian household is thus described:—

"The Brazilian mother almost invariably gives her infant to a black to be nursed. As soon as the children become too troublesome for the comfort of the senhora, they are despatched to school; and woe betide the poor teachers who have to break in those vivacious specimens of humanity! Accustomed to control their black nurses, and to unlimited indulgence from their parents, they set their minds to work to contrive every method of baffling the efforts made to reduce them to order. This does not arise from malice, but from want of parental discipline. They are affectionate and placable, though impatient and passionate,—full of intelligence, though extremely idle and incapable of prolonged attention. They readily catch a smattering of knowledge; French and Italian are easy to them, as cognate tongues with their own. Music, singing, and dancing suit their volatile temperaments; and I have rarely heard better amateur Italian singing than in Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. Pianos abound in every street, and both sexes become adept performers. The opera is maintained by the Government, as it is in Europe, and the first musicians go to Brazil. Thalberg triumphed at Rio de Janeiro before he came to New York. The manners and address of Brazilian ladies are good, and their carriage is graceful. It is true that they have no fund of varied knowledge to

make a conversation agreeable and instructive; but they chatter nothings in a pleasant way, always excepting a rather high tone of voice, which I suppose comes from frequent commands given to Congo or Mozambique. Their literary stores consist mostly of the novels of Balzac, Eugene Sue, Dumas *père et fils*, George Sand, the gossipping *pacotilhas* and the *folhetim* of the newspapers. Thus they fit themselves to become wives and mothers."

Beggars it appears are very prolific—the effect, doubtless, of a tropical sun—at Rio. The following is amusing:—

"All shades of beggars seemed to abound everywhere. At length it was discovered that poor, old, worn-out slaves—those afflicted with blindness and elephantiasis—were sent out by their masters to ask alms. A new *chef de police*, however, made an onslaught upon such mendicants. He had them arrested and examined. No slave was thenceforth allowed to beg, as he rightly deemed that the owner who had enjoyed the fruits of his labour during his days of health could well afford to take care of him when overtaken by old age and sickness.* Twelve mendicants were considered real objects of charity, and had licenses given them. These beggars, being either blind or lame, have now the monopoly of the eleemosynary sympathies of the good people of Rio; and, I believe, it is found to be a most profitable business. Some of them are carried in a *rede* by two slaves, or drawn by one; one worthy rejoices in a little carriage pulled by a fat sheep, and another—a footless man—rides on a white horse. Sometimes, in the country-parts of Brazil, beggars whose pedal extremities are free from all derangement, play the cavalier, altogether disdaining to foot it, and seem to receive none the less charity than if they trudged from door to door. Upon one occasion, a female beggar, adorned with a feather in her bonnet and mounted on horseback, rode up to a friend of mine at St. Alexio, and, demanding alms, was exceedingly indignant at any inquiries as to the consistency of her costume. The English proverb is not remarkably complimentary to such mendicants; but a like application is never heard in the land of the Southern Cross."

The following account of the prospects of slavery in Brazil is hopeful:—

"Slavery is doomed in Brazil. As has already been exhibited, when freedom is once obtained, it may be said in general that no social hindrances, as in the United States, can keep down a man of merit. Such hindrances do exist in our country. From the warm regions of Texas to the coldest corner of New England the free black man, no matter how gifted, experiences obstacles to his elevation which are insurmountable. Across that imaginary line which separates the Union from the possessions of Great Britain, the condition of the African, socially considered, is not much superior.

* The proverb in Portuguese is very forcible—"He who enjoyed the meat may gnaw the bones."

The Anglo-Saxon race, on this point, differs essentially from the Latin nations. The former may be moved to generous pity for the negro, but will not yield socially. The latter, both in Europe and the two Americas, have always placed merit before colour. Dumas, the mulatto novel-writer, is as much esteemed in France as Dickens or Thackeray are in England. An instance came under my own observation which confirms most strongly the remark made above. In 1849, it was my privilege to attend with a large number of foreigners a *soirée* in Paris, given by M. de Tocqueville, then French Minister of Foreign Affairs. I was introduced to a visitor from the United States, who for the first time looked upon the scenes of the gay capital; and as we proceeded to the refreshment-room, his arm rested on mine. I found that this clergyman, by his intelligence, common sense, and modesty, commanded the admiration of all with whom he came in contact. A few weeks afterward a European university of high repute honoured him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In England, he was looked upon with interest and curiosity; but, had he proposed a social alliance equal to his own station, I doubt if success would have attended his offer. In 1856, the same clergyman was ejected from a New York railway-omnibus, by a conductor who daily permitted, without molestation, filthy foreigners of the lowest European class to occupy seats in the identical car. When the matter was submitted to the courts of justice, the decision sustained the conductor. There was no attempt to place the case on any other ground than that the plaintiff was a man of African descent.

"Thus far reason and Christianity have proved impotent in rooting out this prejudice, or in doing away with these social hindrances which, more than slavery, will ever render the black man "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water" to the Anglo-American, and which, unjust as they are, I fear can never be eradicated. These insurmountable obstacles, it seems to me, like plain providences, point to Liberia as the nearest land where the North-American-born negro may enjoy the full freedom and the social equality enjoyed by the African descendants in the most enlightened government of South America."

We fear that we must here take our leave of this interesting volume of Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher. Interesting is not the only word we should use; the large insight it gives us into Brazilian life in all its branches, deserves a more emphatic word: it is highly instructive and fascinating. We have been obliged to pause for want of space; but could we have spared a few more pages, nothing would have afforded us greater satisfaction than to have accompanied Mr. Fletcher in his journeys south and north, and into the interior, and to have culled some of his pleasant—"Dulce est olim acti meminisse laboris,"—adventures and experiences, as well as his studies in natural history, for the benefit of our readers.

There is, however, one point we would not pass over, and that is the religious condition of Brazil. We treated of this subject more at large in a notice on Mr. Ewbank's book, and it is, therefore, far from our intention to dwell upon the subject now. Mr. Fletcher found that the monks, so far from resisting his efforts to distribute the Bible, seemed to regard his labours with no hostile or jealous feelings. What did this arise from? Total indifference. The clergy of Brazil are ignorant and corrupt in the last degree; they neglect the education of the people, and are scarcely concerned for that ceremonial attention which is so rigidly exacted in other Catholic countries. But whilst this disgraceful priesthood are indulging in sloth and licentiousness, the people are not altogether forgotten. The government contributes largely to public instruction; useful and practical books are being introduced into the schools; whilst the Holy Scriptures are not interdicted. At present there appears to us, to be only one thing wanting to the full development of Brazilian greatness, and that is the introduction of a pure and elevating system of religion. The ignorance coupled with the indifference of the clergy seems to present a favourable opportunity for disseminating evangelical truths. At all events, the seed of Protestantism has been sown broadcast over the land, and we must wait in patience to see the results.

ART. V.—REVIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN THE YEAR 1857.

1. *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.* Vol. XVII. London. 1857.
2. *Report of the Twenty-seventh Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.—Athenæum*, Nos. 1557 to 1560.
3. *Philosophical Magazine.* Vols. XIV., XV. London: Taylor & Francis. 1857.
4. *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society.* Vol. XIII. Longmans & Co. 1857.

THE consecutive and never-ceasing efforts of scientific men to discover the mysteries of the material creation, may be compared to the fall of water upon a hard flinty rock, drop by drop seeking the earth's centre, but together making little impression on the surface. The human mind is ambitious to discover the laws of nature, and to understand the causes of the phenomena attending the exhibition of material objects. A

generation of men possessing a high order of intelligence and concentrating it upon such objects of research, is always in existence, and it can scarcely be doubted of this class, that each race is wiser than its predecessor. But when, at the close of a year, we take a survey of the progress of science, to ascertain how the great intellectual power of the age has been expended, and what addition has been made to the coveted knowledge, we see before us an unlimited area of research, and almost lose sight of the prodigious intellectual force, and what it has accomplished. Our feelings are those of the mountaineer, who climbing peak after peak, sees from each new platform another rising above him, or having attained the summit looks out into an impenetrable profundity of blue ether; or, those of the astronomer, who applying lens after lens to his telescope, discovers, with each accession of magnifying power, a densely crowded stratum not before seen, and loses vision itself in the mistiness of an infinitude of space. But unsatisfactory as an annual survey of science made with the correctness necessary to detect undefined areas in the field of knowledge, must be when considered in relation to the boundless amplitude of the subject to be investigated, it is a labour most necessary and useful. The object at which we aim, however, is not that of giving such an account of the sciences as would direct the investigator to those broken lines and unfilled spaces which indicate the necessity of research. Our immediate purpose is to illustrate a few of the more important acquisitions recently made, to record the honours of the successful, and to demand a recognition of the merits of those who rest from their labours.

It is scarcely to be expected in the present day, that astronomy should frequently announce, as it did in former ages, facts calculated to attract much public attention, and excite the interest of unscientific readers. Those labours of the astronomer in which society is most interested, are performed with the same regularity as the ordinary operations of business, and pass unnoticed; they are anticipated with uninquiring confidence, and no one cares to think upon what principle or by what process they are produced. The "Nautical Almanac" contains every year a series of invaluable tabulated calculations, which guide the course of the navigator in all parts of the world, aid the astronomer in his research, and forewarn mankind of approaching celestial phenomena; and, as it serves the purpose for which it is prepared, it is said to be a useful book, but there is no public acknowledgment of its value, nor any curiosity to know how it is compiled. Still less attention, we fear, is given to the long-continued observations and accurate calculations by which the forms, densities, and phenomena of planetary bodies

are determined; and we could scarcely hope to be heard with patience, if we were to relate how Mr. Main has recently corrected the estimated density of Venus, and the ellipticity of Jupiter—if we were to describe the phenomena observed during the occultation of Jupiter on the 2nd of January last—or explain the method and result of those measurements by which it is hoped, perhaps a century hence, to determine the orbits of a multitude of double stars. Yet it must be evident that whatever still remains to be discovered by man in celestial mechanics, or the physics of the solar and stellar systems, must be attained by patient and long-continued research; for just as the epochs of celestial phenomena are of extended duration, so observation must be continued for long periods to discover them. To this class of research the attention of the modern astronomer is directed, and at the end of each recurring year, we find but few subjects of popular interest to record, unless it may have been distinguished by some remarkable phenomenon, or the close of some special series of observations.

The discovery of planetoids was commenced in the present century, and has been of late years greatly facilitated by the production of new star maps, and star catalogues. During the year 1846, four of these bodies were detected among the fixed stars, and during the past year, seven more were discovered. Forty-nine of these little worlds are now known to astronomers, and are under constant observation. They hold a very subordinate place among celestial bodies, for the largest does not exceed forty miles in diameter, and the smallest (Atlanta) is not much more than four. But the existence of such a group of solid bodies in the solar system suggests many reflections upon the structure and mutability of worlds, and the possibility of ruin and re-formation, although we are apt to regard the condition of our own earth as sufficiently abiding to admit the application of the term everlasting.

When Galileo first applied his "optic glass" to the discovery of celestial phenomena, the sun, that majestic centre, and perhaps source of all known physical forces, was the object of curious examination. If he expected to see a uniformly bright surface he was disappointed; for on that apparently unsullied disc, he observed many dark spots, inconstant in form and magnitude. It is not strange that this discovery of the mutability of the great source of light and heat should have raised the anger of the Aristotelians, for the hypothesis of the schoolmen stood in violent antagonism to the facts of science. But from that hour to the present astronomers have watched, with inquiring solicitude, the ever shifting spots on the solar disc. We pass over the researches of John Fabricius,

Scheiner, and Hariot, and many who have, since their time, made observations or indulged in speculations upon the origin of these phenomena. But nearly a century ago, in 1769, Dr. Wilson of Glasgow proposed a theory which gave additional interest to inquiry, and was afterwards adopted by Sir William Herschel, or more properly was used by him as the foundation of a similar hypothesis. Wilson believed the sun to be an opaque body, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, and the spots to be portions of its surface viewed through openings in the luminous ether. Since his time practical astronomers have occasionally noticed these changes of form and place, and it is scarcely necessary to add that speculations have been as numerous as thinkers. Of late, however, authors of all grades, catching the cue from the records of science, recommended the suspension of theory, and the commencement of a consecutive course of well-devised observations. But while unfruitful excitement was wasting the energies of both the practical and the speculative, M. Schwabe, a gentleman residing in Dessau, was making careful daily observations. These observations were commenced in 1826, when every one believed that the wind itself was not so much a type of mutability and irregularity as the spots on the sun, and after the lapse of twelve years, in April, 1838, he published the result of his labours. In 1843, he pointed out a periodicity in the occurrence of these phenomena, his observations having then extended over two periods of maxima and minima. In an upper room of his house, with two good but small telescopes, this patient astronomer continued his observations for more than thirty years, and satisfactorily proved that the changes are periodical, the cycle being completed in about ten years. For this service the Astronomical Society of London awarded M. Schwabe, at the last anniversary meeting, its gold medal. It may be asked why so much consequence has been attributed to a discovery apparently so unimportant. To this question we reply—the origin of solar heat, and light, and the physical constitution of the sun are certainly subjects of curious speculative interest, and may be something more. Until Arago proved by the polariscope, that solar light, being unpolarized, emanates from a gaseous body or atmosphere, and not from an incandescent solid, observations on the solar spots offered the only possible means of solving these problems. But a new interest in these curious phenomena has grown out of the discovery of a relation between them and some phenomena of terrestrial magnetism.

It might have been supposed that man had learnt all he could know about terrestrial magnetism when the direction, inclination,

and intensity had been discovered, and that he would return to his navigation and explorations, fully prepared to understand and account for all magnetic phenomena. But none of these elements are permanent; they are all subject to variation, and the variations themselves are inconstant. Columbus in his first voyage observed a great change in the declination of the needle as he sailed westward, and as we now know that, while there are places upon the earth where the needle points north and south, it has in others an easterly or a westerly declination; but in no place is the declination invariable. In 1580, the declination in Paris was 11° 30′ E. In 1663, the needle pointed direct north and south; and after a short period of doubtful oscillation, it began to move westward. For a period of more than 150 years, the declination increased, and in 1814, was 22° 34′. This was the maximum westerly declination, and the needle is now slowly moving eastward. A diurnal variation is also known, and observation has proved that while its maximum westerly deviation coincides in time with the culmination of the sun, its maximum eastern limit occurs about six hours before noon and midnight. Dr. Lamont of Munich was the first to detect (in 1850) by the discussion of his own observations, a variation in this motion in a period of about ten years. Colonel Sabine confirmed the discovery by exhibiting a decennial period in the magnetic observations made at Toronto; and he, at the same time, pointed out the significant fact, of the coincidence of the maximum and minimum of the diurnal magnetic declination, and of the solar spots. This discovery warrants the belief that a close connexion, either as cause and effect, or as the effects of an unknown cause, exists between the changes in the solar envelope, and the magnetic condition of the earth.

We shall take this opportunity of mentioning the now well-known occasional oscillations of the needle attributed to magnetic storms, for the purpose of introducing an important suggestion made by Dr. Lloyd at the Dublin meeting of the Association. These storms are found to act upon distant parts of the earth simultaneously, and yet they occur at different hours in the places of observation so frequently as to suggest the existence of an unknown law.

"We are thus," says Dr. Lloyd, "in the presence of two facts which appear at first sight opposed—namely, the absolute simultaneity of magnetic disturbances at all parts of the earth, and their predominance at certain local hours at each place. General Sabine accounts for this apparent discrepancy, by the circumstances that the hours of maximum disturbance are different for the different elements, so that there may be an abnormal condition of the

magnetic force operating at the same instant over the whole globe, but manifesting itself at one place chiefly in one element, and at another place in another. I would venture to suggest as a subject of inquiry, whether the phenomena which have hitherto been grouped together as occasional effects may not possibly include two distinct classes of changes, obeying separate laws; one of them being strictly periodic and constituting a part of the regular diurnal change, while the other is strictly abnormal, and simultaneous in all parts of the globe. If this be so, it would follow that we are not justified in separating the larger changes from the rest, merely on the ground of their magnitude; and that a different analysis of the phenomenon is required."

As we have now obtained a view of the probable connexion between the sun and terrestrial magnetism, we may follow the idea by a few remarks on two other forces, light and heat, which, though no longer regarded as emanations from an incandescent body, are certainly the consequences of some occult agency exercised by the great central orb of our system. The experiments of MM. Fizeau and Foncault, upon the refractive index of water at the temperature which represents its greatest density, is regarded as the *experimentum crucis* and decisive as to the insufficiency of the Newtonian theory for the explanation of optical phenomena. But while rejecting the corpuscular hypothesis, we are not in all cases satisfied with that of undulations in a space-filling elastic medium. Professor Potter, speaking of the interference of light in his treatise on physical optics (1856), says—and he expresses the opinion of many physicists—"The occurrence of darkness where brightness should take place, and the converse of brightness where darkness should be, shows that the *mechanical* undulatory theory cannot be true. Our alternative is to study light upon *chemical*, and not simply *mechanical* principles, with luminiferous surfaces following each other at regular intervals so as to interfere." The development of the undulatory theory is the great triumph of physico-mathematical science, and the science of optics is now entering a new phase under the guidance of chemistry, Faraday himself conducting the research.

Professor Faraday's Bakerian lecture on the relations of gold to light is, even when compared with many other of his experimental contributions to scientific knowledge, worthy of notice, as the explanation of a remarkable investigation. In illustration of his object in pursuing a course of experiments which may, at first sight, appear to have no other purpose than the discovery of the physical and chemical properties of the precious metal, he says:—

"That wonderful production of the human mind, the undulatory

theory of light, with the phenomena for which it strives to account, seems to me, who am only an experimentalist, to stand mid-way between what we may conceive to be the coarser mechanical actions of matter, with their explanatory philosophy, and that other branch which includes, or should include, the physical idea of forces acting at a distance, and admitting for the time the existence of the other, I have often struggled to perceive how far that medium might account for, or mingle in with such actions, generally: and to what extent experimental trials might be devised which, with their results and consequences, might contradict, conform, enlarge, or modify the idea we form of it, always with the hope that the corrected or instructed idea, would approach more and more to the truth of nature, and in the fulness of time coincide with it. The phenomena of light itself are, however, the best and closest tests at present of the undulatory theory; and if that theory is hereafter to extend to and include other actions, the most effectual means of enabling it to do so will be to render its application to its own special phenomena clear and sufficient. At present the most instructed persons are, I suppose, very far from perceiving the full and close coincidence between all the facts of light and the physical account of them which the theory supplies. If perfect, the theory would be able to give a reason for every physical affection of light: whilst it does not do so, the affections are in turn fitted to develope the theory, to extend and enlarge it if true, or if in error to correct it or replace it by a better. Hence my plea for the possible utility of experiments and considerations such as those I am about to advance."

Dr. Faraday's investigations will excite an intense interest, but, considered in relation to a theory of light, they, at present do little more that point out a mode of investigation, and give hope of some great results yet to be obtained. Assuming the number of waves in the space of an inch as being from 37,600 to 59,880, and that from 458 to 727 billions pass the eye in a second —that it is unknown "whether reflection, refraction, &c., have any relation to the extent of the lateral vibrations, or whether they are dependent in part upon some physical action of the medium unknown to and unsuspected by us,"—and that the number of undulations in a given time determine colour—Dr. Faraday expected some important results from the introduction of a ray of light among particles, "having a great power of action on light," and so minute as to be small in comparison to the lengths of a wave of the light-producing ether. The conditions he sought were obtained by the production of films, and the diffusion in colourless liquids of the particles of gold, a metal opaque in bulk, transparent in films and thin leaf, exhibiting a coloured ray both by reflexion and transmission, and, though never losing its metallic state, transmitting various

colours according to the states and relative dimensions of the particles. Many of the observed phenomena are remarkable, the conduct of the experiments is instructive, and the results are suggestive; but the memoir is most important as the commencement of a probable series of investigations which will extend our acquaintance with the action of the solar light upon matter in its minutest forms, and do much to establish or disprove the undulatory theory.

As heat and light are united in the solar ray, and in the moonbeam before it enters the thick and deteriorated strata of the atmosphere, and as the two forces are usually combined in terrestrial phenomena, we find no difficulty in transferring our thoughts from one science to the other without the guiding string of scientific classification. And if the study of light be almost forced upon those who can make an intelligent use of their eyesight, scarcely less imperative is the demand for a knowledge of the science of heat, as it is an agent still more essential to the existence of the body, and a no less beneficial minister to the comfortable enjoyment of the many blessings of this life. But speaking of it simply as a subject of intellectual inquiry, it is worthy of study, whether we observe its sensible effects in the increase of temperature, and its latent union with matter for the production of fluidity, or whether we follow it in radiation, reflection, refraction, and other conditions of transmission. The circumstances of its production and the definite relation it bears to other forces have recently been subjects of investigation, both by deduction and experiment, and results too important to be passed over in silence have been obtained.

The increase of temperature by friction is as well known to the savage as to the philosopher; but while the one rubs together two pieces of hard wood to obtain a flame, and cannot think long enough to state the well-known fact in a generalized expression, the other seeks for a cause, and discovers numerous instances of the exhibition of heat as a consequence of mechanical power. For our present purpose it is necessary to consider this fact in connexion with another. When a liquid is converted into vapour, a definite amount of heat disappears, and when the vapour retakes its liquid state, the same amount of heat is liberated, and becomes sensible to the touch and measurable by the thermometer. But when the heat disappears in the formation of vapour, mechanical power is produced, which is in its turn lost when the liquid is re-formed and the sensible heat reappears. The annunciation of these facts at once suggests the probability of some definite relation between heat and mechanical power. The demonstration was supplied by Mr. Joule, who proved the convertibility of

these two forces, and by experiment ascertained that the mechanical power developed by the perpendicular fall of 772lbs. weight through a space of one foot, is equivalent to the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of a pound of water 1° Fahrenheit.

This discovery necessarily controls every theoretical explanation of the agent by which the effects of heat are produced. It was once supposed to be a highly elastic substance, having an independent existence and filling the pores of all bodies according to their capacities. To make a distinction in terms between the thing itself and its effects, the word *caloric* was introduced to represent the imaginary elastic fluid. This assumption was opposed by many eminent men of science, and was proved to be contradictory to the evidence of experiment; but the idea became popular and was thoroughly embodied in language. Dr. Young, who so fully adopted the undulatory theory and did so much to extend its application, sums up his objection to the corpuscular theory of heat in the following words:—

"If the heat (developed in boring cannon) is neither received from the surrounding bodies, which it cannot be without a depression of their temperature, nor derived from the quantity already accumulated in the bodies themselves, which it could not be, even if their capacities were diminished in any imaginable degree, there is no alternative but to allow that heat must be actually generated by friction; and, if it is generated out of nothing, it cannot be matter, nor even an immaterial or semi-material substance. The collateral parts of the theory have also their separate difficulties: thus, if heat were the general principle of repulsion, its augmentation could not diminish the elasticity of solids and of fluids; if it constituted a continued fluid, it could not radiate freely through the same space in different directions; and if its repulsive particles followed each other at a distance, they would still approach near enough to each other, in the focus of a burning glass, to have their motions deflected from a rectilinear direction."

"If heat," he adds, "be not a substance it must be a quality, and this quality can only be motion." This is the verdict of science in our own day. All bodies are composed of atoms, which are surrounded by an elastic atmosphere. Sensible heat, according to this hypothesis, consists of circulating currents or vortices, and the recession of the atmosphere from their nuclei causes them to occupy a greater space, and accounts for the dilatation of bodies by increase of temperature. Radiation is supposed to be produced by the transmission of the oscillations of the atoms. Upon these assumptions Mr. Rankine calculated the relation between pressure and the boiling points

of liquids, and between the density, pressure, and temperature of elastic fluids.

Let us inquire how these facts and theories are to be applied to the phenomena of radiation, the effect of which is to cool the radiating body. The heat radiated by the sun, Pouillet says, is equal to that which would be produced by the combustion of a bed of coal seventeen miles thick; and if the capacity of that body for heat is equal to the capacity of water, there must be an annual reduction of 2° 4′ Fahr. in its temperature. To determine when the sun will cease to radiate sufficient heat for the existence of man on the earth, or when the temperature of the equator will be reduced to the present temperature of the poles, might, therefore, be proposed as a rational problem for solution. But mechanical power developes heat, and if such power exist in the body of the sun, there may be that constant supply of thermal force necessary to sustain the present radiations. Upon the presence of such a force we have an undoubted right to presume, for the density of the sun is small, compared with many planetary bodies, and a contraction of its mass, equal to only a ten-thousandth part of its diameter, would supply heat equivalent to its present radiations for a period of two thousand years. We cannot, then, but perceive the importance of this principle in estimating the duration of solar heat, if the body of the sun be its source, and it is equally applicable to many of the great operations of nature in which the presence of heat is proved or necessarily assumed. The effects produced by the motions of the atmosphere may be partially estimated, but still more evident are those resulting from the ebb and flow of the tides. According to the estimate of Bessel, five thousand cubic miles of water are transferred from one quarter of the world to another every six hours; and how the conversion of the suspended force into heat must affect the temperature of the earth may be conjectured if it cannot be reduced to a positive determination.

But the subject to which we have referred has a much wider signification than can be deduced from the conversion of mechanical power into heat, and heat into mechanical power. May we not go back to the days of boyhood, when we amused ourselves with experiments, occasionally bending an anxious and ambitious thought to discover by what agency the phenomena we witnessed were produced, and then, plunging into speculation — all experimentalists speculate—identified light and heat, and connected magnetism with both? Have we not had many a pleasing dream about the origin of chemical forces, and many suspicions, almost

as satisfactory as certainties, why heat, and light, and electricity are so frequently exhibited when chemical combinations are formed or broken. There may have been much truth in these speculations; but we could not demonstrate our thoughts, and new theories must be supported by the authority of a great name, or by irrefragible proof. Since that time more foundation and opportunity have been given to such considerations as these, and the unity or agency of which we dreamed in those happy days is admitted to be the hope, if not the creed, of philosophers. Mechanical power developed by friction, or by compression, produces heat; but heat is also generated by an impeded current of electricity, by the absorption of light, by breaking contact between the poles of a magnet, and by certain chemical combinations and decompositions. Any of these forces, indeed, may stand in the position of a cause, and the rest will follow as effects. Electricity in motion, for example, developes mechanical force, heat, light, magnetism, and chemical change. The relations between them are also definite: increase the one, and in the same proportion you increase the other. Faraday announced the definite chemical effect of the voltaic current; and Mr. Joule proved—we quote his words—"that whenever a current of electricity was generated by a magneto-electrical machine, the quantity of heat evolved by that current had a constant relation to the power required to turn the machine, and, on the other hand; that whenever the engine was worked by a voltaic battery, the power developed was at the expense of the calorific power of the battery for a given consumption of zinc, the mechanical effect produced having a fixed relation to the heat lost in the voltaic circuit." The world seems, so to speak, to have been endowed with a force which is presented to us under numerous aspects and with different effects, constantly changing from one form to another. There is no perpetual motion, for motion dies into heat; there is no constancy in temperature, for it gives mechanical power to elastic fluids, molecular motions to solids and liquids, or chemical change of structure. Force is a creation as well as matter, and if the one cannot be annihilated, neither can the other, without the Almighty power. And may we not here pause to suggest, that if the force by which the physical phenomena of the material world are produced be thus permanent, it is not possible to believe that the vital principle and thinking power of man can be annihilated in death — that if the purely material principle passes and repasses from one stage of being to another, it cannot be the destiny of intelligence to become a nonentity.

We have briefly and imperfectly pointed out the direction in which the physicist is looking for new revelations of the material creation, and the reader will understand what is meant by the correlation and conservation of forces. We must now pass hastily under review a few meteorological phenomena.

In a former review of the progress of science, it was stated that the Government had inaugurated a scientific department, in connexion with the Board of Trade, for the collection and discussion of meteorological observations at sea. More than two hundred British ships are now supplied with instruments, instructions, and books for the registration of observations; and the department is actively engaged in tabulating and arranging the logs, which are being delivered from all parts of the world in such numbers that Admiral Fitz Roy is already in want of more assistance for the reduction of the observations they contain. Without depreciating the value of these labours, it is necessary again to insist upon the establishment of many meteorological observatories on land, if anything more than an empirical knowledge is to be obtained. So far as navigation is concerned, meteorological observations at sea will doubtless lead to results of the highest importance, for Maury's charts have already reduced the length, in time, of some voyages, more than one-fourth; but to give these observations their full scientific value, the great atmospheric changes which take their rise on islands and continents in both hemispheres, must be carefully registered.

The objection made to the science of meteorology, on the assumption that it proceeds by a wrong method, and, therefore, cannot lead to any satisfactory result, was admirably answered by Dr. Lloyd, in his address to the British Association at Dublin:—

"It is asserted that the capital vice of the science of meteorology, as at present pursued, is, that it has no definite aim; that it ought to embrace an inquiry into the physical constitution of the objects with which the science is concerned, and an investigation of causes as well as laws of phenomena. It may be admitted, at once, that the physical constitution of the bodies whose changes we are investigating is a proper object of study to the physicist; but it does not follow that it should necessarily be conducted by the same individuals who are in search for the laws of the phenomena, or even that the former knowledge is essential to the progress of the latter. The noblest of all the physical sciences, astronomy, is little more than a science of laws—laws, too, of the simplest kind of change; and the knowledge of these laws is wholly independent of the physical constitution of the masses whose movements it

studies. A similar observation may be made regarding the science of terrestrial magnetism; and the case is one which brings us still nearer to the question at issue, inasmuch as the laws which have been obtained — and they are numerous — have resulted from a method of inquiry altogether similar to that adopted in meteorology. Time will not permit me to inquire whether there is not a misconception of a metaphysical kind at the root of this objection. I may observe, however, before leaving the subject, that there are two modes of studying the sequences of natural phenomena: one in their relation to time, and which is best accomplished by observations at stated periods, and the other in the relation of the successive phases of the phenomena to one another. Of these, the latter, though not wholly neglected, has not been so much followed as it deserves, and I cannot but think that it would, if more systematically followed, enrich the science of meteorology with a new harvest of results."

Professor Powell has delivered to the British Association for the Advancement of Science his tenth report on luminous meteors, but he has not yet attempted to classify the evidence he has collected, nor to propose any theory for the explanation of the phenomena. When we speak of classification, we do not mean an empirical arrangement recognised by every one, and founded on certain broad distinctions in the phenomena. The terms falling stones, meteoric iron, and falling stars, prove that a separation into classes has been already made by unscientific observers. But the classification required by the physicist must have reference to form and colour, and to the direction and velocity of motion; and until this is produced there can be no such unity in the evidence as will satisfactorily explain the appearance of these bodies. Attention was specially drawn to them by the so-called periodical showers of meteorites in the months of August and November. By some observers they are supposed to be of atmospheric origin, but they are more commonly believed to revolve in space. If the latter hypothesis be adopted, the interplanetary spaces, or at least that space immediately beyond the earth's atmosphere, must be occupied by numerous small solid masses moving in orbits governed by the same laws as the planets themselves. The average velocity of these bodies, according to some observers, is double that of the earth in her orbit. When their centrifugal force is overcome by the earth's gravitation they fall, and are called aerolites; when they escape that sudden termination of their journey, and flash past us as points or discs of light, they are called shooting stars. The high temperature of those which fall to the earth could not be accounted for when Chladni proposed his theory of the cosmical

nature of meteoric bodies; but the principle of the correlation of forces, already explained, entirely removes the difficulty, for Mr. Joule has proved that the mechanical force due to the *vis viva* destroyed during their passage through the atmosphere would be equivalent to the production of any temperature the falling bodies may exhibit, and even to their dissipation in meteoric dust, which is, probably, a more frequent result than the descent of meteoric iron at white heat. The old hypothesis that these meteorites were ejected, perhaps many ages since, from lunar volcanoes, has been revived, and that they may be thus accounted for, we cannot deny; though we do not perceive what is gained to science, in the present state of knowledge, by assigning to them any special origin. The exhibition of showers of meteors in the months of August and September during a series of years, and a subsequent suspension of the phenomena, when considered as a recurrence of similar periods of apparition recorded by former observers, may be explained by the supposition that the earth was then in that part of her orbit where they are most abundant or best exhibited. But for the resolution of the phenomena we must wait the accumulation of more facts, or the full discussion of those now obtained, and in the meantime receive thankfully such generalizations as may be fairly deduced from a cautious examination. According to Mr. Bompas, twice as many of these meteors proceed from the east as from the west. The same writer states, that the number of meteors in given intervals of time increase from six in the evening to the same hour in the morning, and the greatest number must be visible when the observer's meridian is in the direction of the earth's motion. M. A. Poey has discussed the element of colour; and Professor Lawrence Smith has made some important optical experiments upon the apparent diameters of luminous objects at given distances, as a warning, if not a guide, to those who attempt to determine the distances of these bodies.

At the Dublin meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Captain Maguire described the phenomena of the Aurora observed by him at Point Barrow, where he was stationed for seventeen months in command of the "Plover," with provisions for Sir John Franklin's party; and although we know very little more about these polar lights than the gorgeous phenomena they exhibit, the subject is full of interest to science, and cannot be passed in silence. The aurora is seen in all polar countries, and receives the epithet of Borealis in the north, and Australis in the south. It consists of streams of soft, coloured lights, which, rising from one part of the horizon towards the pole, gradually spread with

increasing brilliance until they have reached a maximum brightness, when they fade away upon a part of the horizon opposite to that in which they first appeared. At Point Barrow the aurora was never seen between the hours of eleven A.M. and three P.M. From the latter hour the intensity of its light continued to increase till about one A.M. The first flashes were always seen towards the north, but they soon spread into resplendent arches of light, which meeting in the zenith formed a bright coronal. After having for several hours thrown a bright sparkling canopy, richer than was ever imagined for a fairy palace, over the cold region of ice and snow, tempting men and officers to face a temperature of 40° below zero, the brightness dimmed and the colours died away towards the south, leaving the cold blue starlit sky. But what is the aurora? everybody asks. Answers have been given, but they are only the conjectures of men a little wiser than their fellow-men—the proof is wanting. M. Kaemetz's hypothesis satisfies more of the conditions of the phenomena than any other, and is, therefore, best entitled to credit. He attributes the aurora to electrical induction in the atmosphere, produced by alterations in the intensity of terrestrial magnetism. But this is not altogether satisfactory, and it suggests other questions more difficult of solution than the one it is intended to answer. But we do know that there is some wonderful connexion between these luminous displays in the heavens and the motions of the magnetic needle. General Sabine having discussed the hourly magnetic observations made by Captain Maguire and his officers during their stay at Point Barrow, arrives at the following important conclusion: "The hour of the day at which no auroral display is ever observed corresponds with the minimum of westerly disturbance, while the maximum of both is found at the same hour of westerly disturbance—viz., one A.M. The frequency of the aurora, also, and the amount of westerly deflection of the magnet also accord; whilst, on the other hand, the auroral hours appear to have little or nothing in common with the turning hours, or the progression of the easterly deflections."

This terrestrial magnetism, of which we know so little, is, without doubt, a force of far more importance in the physics of the mundane system than the pointing of a compass needle; and we take a low view of the design of the Creator, when we describe it as a provision made for the intercourse of nations, though this is a predetermined secondary consequence, growing out of the conditions ordained for the safety of a world or the security of the universe. Be this as it may, the necessity of a larger acquaintance with the distribution and the laws

of the magnetic force, for the explanation of meteorological phenomena, is widely acknowledged, and the efforts now made to supply it are most encouraging. During the past year, magnetical and meteorological instruments have been prepared at the Kew Observatory, for Mr. McLeod, Consul at Mozambique; for the Austrian frigate, "Novaro," proceeding on a scientific voyage of circumnavigation; for Dr. Baikie and Lieut. Glover, who have recently sailed for an expedition to Africa; for Mr. Palliser and Lieut. Blackiston, who accompany an expedition to British North America; and for the North Polar expedition, fitted out by Lady Franklin.

The recent researches of geologists offer us many subjects of remark. Many of these eminent men have ceased from labour, and some, of whom we have a pleasing remembrance, and whose names will be long treasured in the records of science, have, during the past year, finished all work. To these we must pay a passing tribute of respect.

WILLIAM BUCKLAND was, perhaps, better known to the world than any other geologist of his day, with the exception of the illustrious Cuvier. He was the eldest son of a clergyman, and was born at Axminster in the year 1784, and there received his education. In 1798 he entered St. Mary's College, Winchester, and in 1801, Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In 1808 he received a fellowship, and had then acquired from the lectures of Dr. Kidd that attachment to the study of geology, which greatly distinguished him in after life. In 1813 Dr. Kidd resigned his professorship, and Buckland was appointed to his chair. His inaugural lecture, published under the title of "Vindiciæ Geologicæ," was written with the intention of meeting the objections then made to the science, on the ground of its opposition to the Mosaic narrative. It was received with as much violent opposition by one class of readers, as of approval by another and better informed. This may be regarded as his first important geological paper; and although he abandoned many of the opinions there advocated it may still be read with interest; and it would not be an unprofitable employment to compare it with his last work, the "Bridgewater Treatise." Our space will not permit us to enumerate, much less to analyze, his varied contributions to the science, or to trace its growth under his fostering care. But we well remember the intense interest with which his papers were listened to, in the rooms of the Geological Society, and the lively tone he gave to the discussions which followed the reading of all communications of importance. Only those who there received much of the scientific information with which they embarked in geological research, can estimate the respect and affection the younger

fellows entertained for Dr. Buckland. His easy and graceful elocution, his refined and playful wit, the elegance of his style, the depth of his reasoning, the breadth of his views, and his broad liberality of judgment, deserved all the honour he received. Most instructive and curious were the debates, when his natural and ingenious explanations of objects or opinions, overflowing with good humour, were brought into contrast with the rapid, picturesque, and severe argumentation of Sedgwick; the quick, nervous perception of De la Beche; the slow and hesitating, but sound and sensible illustrations of Lyell; and the unimaginative, authoritative assertions of Murchison. Always accessible in the retiring-room, he frequently attached himself to the young, in preference to those who were then leaders in the society; and there are many besides ourselves who remember how frequently he withdrew from the crowd, and with unrestrained familiarity, and in the most lucid manner, removed difficulties, directed research, or volunteered the most valuable suggestions. Long may the name of Buckland be honoured. We can express no better wish for the Geological Society, than that it may have a succession of men with such intellectual, social, and moral qualifications.

Daniel Sharpe, recently one of the most active members of the same society, died while holding its highest office. He was the youngest son of the sister of Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, and was early in life introduced into the counting-house of a Portuguese merchant. But while actively engaged in commerce, he zealously pursued the study of geology and natural history, presented several papers of mark to the Geological Society, was elected on the council, and, at the time of his death, occupied the president's chair. Colonel Portlock, his successor, paid a high tribute to his character: "His quiet humour, his manly, straightforward assertion of the truth, and his well-known liberality and benevolence, endeared him to us as a friend; while his shrewd discernment, his accurate observation, and his extensive knowledge, made us admire him as a philosopher and a geologist."

Every geologist will approve the award of the Wollaston medal to M. Barrandé for his researches among the Silurians of Bavaria. This French gentleman, expatriated for his attachment to the elder branch of the Bourbon family, has for more than twenty years occupied himself in the investigation of these rocks in the neighbourhood of Prague. At his own cost he has opened large quarries for the purpose of obtaining fossils. When he commenced his research in 1840, only twenty-two species of palæozoic remains had been discovered in Bohemia, and to these he has added more than 1,500 invertebrata, obtain-

ing fine specimens of the majority, and by numerous individuals tracing the history of the animals from one stage of life to another. The greater number of these are trilobites, which he has divided among forty-five genera, expending upon investigation and classification a talent for observation and an assiduity of research never devoted to any one subject without producing eminent success. From the imperfect state of the specimens in one locality, or the discovery of none but adult individuals in another, many years sometimes passed before he could satisfactorily read the history of a single species. In the instance of the *dalmanites socialis*, one of the most common Bohemian forms, we have an example of the perseverance and industry with which he attained the results so properly acknowledged by the Geological Society. In one part of the Drabow Mountains he found numerous fragments, but not a single perfect specimen. Extending his research, he obtained, after an interval of years, in another locality, some badly preserved but entire specimens, and again a long period elapsed before he collected individuals fit for examination; but when this was done the specimens were all open, and it was not till the eighth year that he discovered, in another spot, the same animal in its rolled state. After this patient waiting and unwearied search he had obtained only the adult, and two years more were expended in tracing the singular metamorphoses through which the animal passes between its birth and maturity.

Passing from the purely palæontological to the geological researches of M. Barrande, we are put in possession of some facts of the utmost importance. The Silurian formation, he says, is characterized in different countries by distinct stages, exhibited in the feature of the rocks, or in the peculiarities of their faunæ. When the stages in one country are compared with those in another, they do not exhibit any complete or constant agreement either in the rocks or in their fossils, though marked by strong relative features. He regards the whole formation as divisible into three principal stages, characterized by their several faunæ, which he distinguishes as the primordial, second, and third. The first two divide unequally what English geologists call the lower Silurian, while the third corresponds with the upper series of this country. In England the fauna of the lower beds is well marked, but those of the second and third are not so well separated. An attempt has been made to account for the remarkable distinction in Bohemia, by the fact that an ejection of trap followed the formation of the lower series, and one of less duration separated the second and third. But the most important fact discovered by M. Barrande, is the existence in the palæozoic age of "distinct natural history provinces of

mullusca and other classes of invertebrata. He has shown," says Sir Charles Lyell, "not only in regard to the fauna called by him primordial, but also in respect to his second and third fauna, corresponding with what we have usually termed lower and upper Silurian, that distinct assemblages of species inhabited simultaneously different marine areas. The palæozoic species, for example, of Bohemia, differed from those of Scandinavia, and the North American species from both. * * * In whatever manner we may endeavour to account for the intercalation in the midst of the lower Silurian strata of certain distinct groups of species, called by Barrande 'colonies,' we must, at least, accept the fact as true, and believe the exact position of the fossiliferous formations to be as described by this accurate observer.'

We must pass over Professor Nichol's interesting examination of the red sandstones, conglomerates, and associated gneiss rocks, on the north-west coast of Scotland, assigned by him to the lower carboniferous and Devonian epochs. Dr. Wright's paper on the sands of the inferior oolite;—Professor Buckman's re-examination of the oolitic rocks of Gloucestershire and North Wilts—and Professor Phillips's comparative sections in the oolite and ironstone series of Yorkshire, take us back to many well known scenes among the secondary rocks of England. To these papers and to Mr. Hull's "Geology of Cheltenham" we direct the attention of our readers; for it will not be an unprofitable task to review their knowledge of secondary geology, nor will they, we hope, be surprised to discover that there is still something to learn in these well-beaten fields.

Great additions have been made during the last twenty years to our knowledge of the Tertiary rocks; and those who were interested in the subject when Lyell was laying the foundation of his well-earned reputation, by the establishment of the present classification, can best appreciate the importance of the advance that has been made. Wherever they turn, in whatever aspect they examine the subject, they will be presented with the results of arduous and intelligent investigation. Our thoughts are immediately directed to the Paris basin, the scene of the prolific labours of Cuvier, and the fossiliferous *calcaire grossier*, long since supposed to have yielded all the beautiful forms it had preserved; and we find large additions have been made to the catalogue which a few years since we believed to be complete. At Grignon three hundred species were collected by Lamarck and Defranc; to these Deshayes added one hundred species; but M. Caillet collected from one small district six hundred species, of which one hundred were new, and several were previously unknown forms. The increased number of fossil

rife at the present day. In the preface the author says: "The object of the following 'Life Pictures,' including narratives, conversations, letters, and so forth, is to bring out, in concrete form, the true idea of the inner or Divine life. It is designed especially for inquiring minds, haunted, perhaps, by the prevalent scepticism, or by other forms of doubt." In the volume before us, Dr. Turnbull has, by profound and cogent argument, refuted the speculations of pantheism, and given us biographical sketches of some eminent Christians. In the characters delineated, which are taken from real life, he does justice to their good qualities without sparing their defects. The book will interest various classes of readers.

Rauch's "Inner Life of the Christian"[3] is a work which contains much excellent matter. It bears the impress of a vigorous, intelligent mind, and earnestness of purpose. The volume is edited by President Gerhart, from the manuscripts of Dr. Rauch. We notice occasionally some peculiar idioms which the author brought from his native land, but the merits of the volume vastly preponderate over its characteristic faults. The work is pervaded by a catholic and enlarged spirit.

A small volume by Dr. Alexander, entitled the "American Sunday School and its Adjuncts,"[4] may be read both by ministers and laymen with great profit. It is an admirable exposition of the influence of the Sunday School on Christian education, the habits of the young, and the social condition of the poor, with collateral remarks on the wants and temptations of the age, in its relations to religious culture.

Webster's "History of the Presbyterian Church in America"[5] is a work of great industry and research. The author expended twenty-five years of labour on this valuable history, and his efforts in the examination of original documents, and the collection of important facts, are apparent. Presbyterians of every school, and Christians of other denominations, will welcome the appearance of this unique and interesting volume. An appendix, of nearly four hundred pages, contains the biographies of about two hundred of the early ministers of the Presbyterian Church. The work is enriched with a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. C. Van Rensselaer, D.D., and an Historical Introduction by the Rev. William Blackwood, D.D.

In mental philosophy we have a new edition of Hickok's "Empirical Psychology; or, the Human Mind as given in Consciousness."[6] This elaborate treatise will reward a careful and studious perusal,

---

[3] The Inner Life of the Christian. By Frederick R. Rauch, First President of Marshall College, author of "Psychology and a View of the Human Soul." Edited by Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D.D., President of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. Philadelphia. 1856. 12mo, pp. 333.

[4] The American Sunday School and its Adjuncts. By James W. Alexander, D.D. Philadelphia. 1857.

[5] A History of the Presbyterian Church in America, from its Origin until the year 1760. By the Rev. Richard Webster. Published by authority of the Presbyterian Historical Society. 8vo, pp. 720. Philadelphia. 1857.

[6] Empirical Psychology; or, the Human Mind as given in Consciousness. By Laurens P. Hickok, D.D. Second Edition. New York. 1856.

the attention of the reader to a few of the most important researches of the age, and interest him in investigations destined at no distant period to have great influence on thought, and perhaps on the material interests of humanity, we shall have attained all that can be reasonably anticipated from a brief review.

Quarterly Review of American Literature.

THE Americans, it appears on good authority, have become the largest publishers of any country in the world. In the United States almost all popular books are stereotyped, which renders them much cheaper, and an American publisher issues an edition of five thousand, where a London publisher would print only one thousand. In consequence of the general diffusion of education among all classes, there is a much larger demand for books in the United States, than in Great Britain. Notwithstanding the financial panic, the publishers across the Atlantic, lay before the reading public an extensive bill of fare for the ensuing winter. Our object will be, as heretofore, to make a selection, and present to our readers a brief account of the most valuable and interesting works in the various departments of American literature. Amongst the recent works on theology, and kindred subjects, we notice the following:—

Kirk's "Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical,"[1] is a volume in which the great principles of religion are inculcated with earnestness, united with good taste and judgment. The contents of this work are—God's Love to Man; the Primitive Glory of Christ; Christ's Death the only Atonement for Sin; the Miracles; Christ a Preacher; Jesus, the Great Missionary; Our Sanctification; Effectual Prayer: Parental Solicitude; Childhood Praising the Lord; Fasting; Paul's Review of his Life; Glory in Reserve. The author seizes with a comprehensive grasp the important points of a subject, and presents it in a style natural, dignified, and worthy the pulpit orator. A few statements in the volume have an air of paradox, which afford room for criticism. Dr. Kirk has long enjoyed the reputation of being among the most eloquent preachers in the United States, and his name is not unknown in this country, where he preached, for several months, in the metropolis.

Turnbull's "Life Pictures"[2] is a valuable contribution to religious literature, and is designed to furnish an antidote to the infidelity so

---

[1] Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical. By Edward N. Kirk, D.D. 8vo., pp. 225. Boston. 1857. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

[2] Life Pictures; from a Pastor's Note Book. By Robert Turnbull, author of "Christ in History," "The Genius of Scotland," &c. New York. 1857. 12mo., pp 342. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

mollusca has called for a new "Description des Animaux sans vertèbres découvert dans le Bassin de Paris," which Deshayes is now publishing. But while geologists are still extending their researches in well-known deposits, and investigating new fields, they are taking a wider range, by an attempt to compare the faunas of locally distinct beds, and to determine the correlation of strata. It is no longer assumed that the same species existed in all parts of the earth at the same period, but the identification or relation of strata is made to depend upon the more general relation of their characteristic forms. A want of identity, but a prevalent resemblance, between the genera and species of rock of the same age, in distant localities, and especially those of the tertiary epochs, in which there is such an evident approximation to present physical conditions, and existing organic distribution, might have been anticipated as the result of extended research. Geologists, for a time, took too confined a view of the great discovery of William Smith. On the fossils alone we must still depend in any attempt to correlate distant deposits, availing ourselves, with caution, of such assistance as may be casually obtained from stratigraphical relations. The greater the number of species common to the beds we compare, the more nearly are they, in all probablity, related to each other in age, but the palæontologist must use his knowledge of the present distribution of genera to aid him in the comparison. Upon this assumption Mr. Prestwich, who was fully prepared by previous researches, has attempted to prove that the eocene beds may be divided into stages, and that the beds of one country may then be compared with those of another. He thus identifies the *sables inferieur* of France, the Laudemen and lower Ypresian systems of Belgium, and the Thanet sands, Woolwich series, and London clay of England, as forming in these countries, severally, the lowest series of the eocene group. Above these the lower Bagshot sands of England, the upper Ypresian system of Belgium, and the nummulitic *lits coquilliers* of France, form another contemporaneous group; and still more recent are the Bracklesham sands and Barton clay, which he identifies with the *calcaire grossier* and *sables moyens* of the Paris basin. (See *Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc.*, vol. 13, p. 96.) The subject is admitted to be one of great difficulty, for the physical conditions of given localities may have been essentially different at the same epoch; and when similar deposits were formed in distant places at the same period, the faunæ may have had little resemblance from circumstances of distribution for which we can give no precise explanation.

We are painfully conscious of the imperfect view of the progress of science presented in this essay, but if it serve to direct

the attention of the reader to a few of the most important researches of the age, and interest him in investigations destined at no distant period to have great influence on thought, and perhaps on the material interests of humanity, we shall have attained all that can be reasonably anticipated from a brief review.

Quarterly Review of American Literature.

THE Americans, it appears on good authority, have become the largest publishers of any country in the world. In the United States almost all popular books are stereotyped, which renders them much cheaper, and an American publisher issues an edition of five thousand, where a London publisher would print only one thousand. In consequence of the general diffusion of education among all classes, there is a much larger demand for books in the United States, than in Great Britain. Notwithstanding the financial panic, the publishers across the Atlantic, lay before the reading public an extensive bill of fare for the ensuing winter. Our object will be, as heretofore, to make a selection, and present to our readers a brief account of the most valuable and interesting works in the various departments of American literature. Amongst the recent works on theology, and kindred subjects, we notice the following:—

Kirk's "Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical,"[1] is a volume in which the great principles of religion are inculcated with earnestness, united with good taste and judgment. The contents of this work are—God's Love to Man; the Primitive Glory of Christ; Christ's Death the only Atonement for Sin; the Miracles; Christ a Preacher; Jesus, the Great Missionary; Our Sanctification; Effectual Prayer: Parental Solicitude; Childhood Praising the Lord; Fasting; Paul's Review of his Life; Glory in Reserve. The author seizes with a comprehensive grasp the important points of a subject, and presents it in a style natural, dignified, and worthy the pulpit orator. A few statements in the volume have an air of paradox, which afford room for criticism. Dr. Kirk has long enjoyed the reputation of being among the most eloquent preachers in the United States, and his name is not unknown in this country, where he preached, for several months, in the metropolis.

Turnbull's "Life Pictures"[2] is a valuable contribution to religious literature, and is designed to furnish an antidote to the infidelity so

---

[1] Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical. By Edward N. Kirk, D.D. 8vo., pp. 225. Boston. 1857. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

[2] Life Pictures; from a Pastor's Note Book. By Robert Turnbull, author of "Christ in History," "The Genius of Scotland," &c. New York. 1857. 12mo., pp. 342. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

rife at the present day. In the preface the author says: "The object of the following 'Life Pictures,' including narratives, conversations, letters, and so forth, is to bring out, in concrete form, the true idea of the inner or Divine life. It is designed especially for inquiring minds, haunted, perhaps, by the prevalent scepticism, or by other forms of doubt." In the volume before us, Dr. Turnbull has, by profound and cogent argument, refuted the speculations of pantheism, and given us biographical sketches of some eminent Christians. In the characters delineated, which are taken from real life, he does justice to their good qualities without sparing their defects. The book will interest various classes of readers.

Rauch's "Inner Life of the Christian" [3] is a work which contains much excellent matter. It bears the impress of a vigorous, intelligent mind, and earnestness of purpose. The volume is edited by President Gerhart, from the manuscripts of Dr. Rauch. We notice occasionally some peculiar idioms which the author brought from his native land, but the merits of the volume vastly preponderate over its characteristic faults. The work is pervaded by a catholic and enlarged spirit.

A small volume by Dr. Alexander, entitled the "American Sunday School and its Adjuncts," [4] may be read both by ministers and laymen with great profit. It is an admirable exposition of the influence of the Sunday School on Christian education, the habits of the young, and the social condition of the poor, with collateral remarks on the wants and temptations of the age, in its relations to religious culture.

Webster's "History of the Presbyterian Church in America" [5] is a work of great industry and research. The author expended twenty-five years of labour on this valuable history, and his efforts in the examination of original documents, and the collection of important facts, are apparent. Presbyterians of every school, and Christians of other denominations, will welcome the appearance of this unique and interesting volume. An appendix, of nearly four hundred pages, contains the biographies of about two hundred of the early ministers of the Presbyterian Church. The work is enriched with a Memoir of the Author, by the Rev. C. Van Rensselaer, D.D., and an Historical Introduction by the Rev. William Blackwood, D.D.

In mental philosophy we have a new edition of Hickok's "Empirical Psychology; or, the Human Mind as given in Consciousness." [6] This elaborate treatise will reward a careful and studious perusal,

---

[3] The Inner Life of the Christian. By Frederick R. Rauch, First President of Marshall College, author of "Psychology and a View of the Human Soul." Edited by Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D.D., President of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. Philadelphia. 1856. 12mo, pp. 333.

[4] The American Sunday School and its Adjuncts. By James W. Alexander, D.D. Philadelphia. 1857.

[5] A History of the Presbyterian Church in America, from its Origin until the year 1760. By the Rev. Richard Webster. Published by authority of the Presbyterian Historical Society. 8vo, pp. 720. Philadelphia. 1857.

[6] Empirical Psychology; or, the Human Mind as given in Consciousness. By Laurens P. Hickko, D.D. Second Edition. New York. 1856.

and deserves to be introduced into schools of learning. It embraces a general survey and complete classification of the mental powers, and the consideration of the affections, the religious susceptibilities, and the will. The distinction which Dr. Hickok has made between rational and empirical psychology, and his observations pertaining to the will and the freedom of its actions, are acute and valuable. The form of thought, and the technical and artificial phraseology which sometimes unfortunately disfigure the work, will, we fear, prevent that candid and just appreciation which its merits deserve.

In biography, travels, and general literature, the following are worthy of notice:—Mackie's "Life of Tai-Ping-Wang"[7] is one of the most entertaining books we have read for a long time. The volume contains a graphic account of the early life of Tai-Ping-Wang, who was born in 1813, in a small village in the province of Kwang-tung. Here his ancestors had resided for about a century. His father, Hung-Jang, was connected with a branch of a numerous clan of the Hungs, scattered over this and one or two other provinces adjoining. Its members from time immemorial have belonged to the class of agriculturalists, which, in China, takes rank next to the literati. Several of the ancestors of Tai-Ping-Wang have been remarkable for their virtues and length of days. Before the insurrection he was known by the name of Phuh, and Hung-Siutshuen. He showed great desire for the acquisition of knowledge at an early age, and when he passed his examination for literary degrees at Canton, he selected the name Siu-tshuen, which signifies Elegant and Perfect. After this he became a schoolmaster, and embraced the tenets of Confucius. Meeting with the Evangelist, Liang Afah, he was much interested in the perusal of his Scriptural tracts, and was induced to visit the American missionary, the Rev. T. J. Roberts, —who has been long resident at Canton,—with whom he passed several weeks, as an inquirer on the subject of religion. The work, also, gives an account of his religious essays and poems, and his form of worship; his destruction of images; his preaching, and the persecution he received: his military exploits, army, and court; his expedition against Nanking, intercourse with foreign nations, and the Insurgent Creed. Although the interest which has formerly gathered around the name of Tai-Ping-Wang—which signifies King of Peace—may have somewhat diminished, yet we believe the volume will be as popular as it is interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and though he has painted many of the events in the light and colour of romance, yet the chief incidents of the life, and the descriptions of Chinese manners and customs, appear to have been gathered from the most authentic sources. No one can peruse the work without being convinced that the Chief of the Insurgents is a man of talent, a scholar, an intrepid general, and a skilful ruler. Time alone will determine the ultimate result of the revolution.

---

[7] Life of Tai-Ping-Wang, Chief of the Chinese Insurrection. By J. Milton Mackie, author of "Cossa de España," "Life of Shamyl," &c. Post 8vo., pp. 371. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

Goodrich's "Recollections of a Lifetime,"[8] is a work which will be welcome to all who delight in personal biography and anecdote. The author is better known, on both sides of the Atlantic, under the *nom de plume* of Peter Parley. His multifarious productions under this name, as well as his own, Samuel G. Goodrich, give evidence of remarkable literary activity. Among these "The Outcast, and other Poems," "Sketches from a Student's Window," and "Fireside Education," are deservedly popular. The volumes before us give a vivid portraiture of an age that will soon have passed away. Mr. Goodrich is now more than threescore and four years old, and in the course of his varied life, he has been more or less intimately associated with many persons of distinction in different parts of the world, and his reminiscences of these constitute the charm of his autobiography. He has a remarkable power of individualizing men and things, and his descriptions are like pictures. There are a few mistakes, but they do not materially affect the general accuracy of the work.

Prime's "Tent Life in the Holy Land,"[9] is a clever work, written with ease, vigour, and spirit. The author traversed that country from Jaffa to Beyrout, visited the principal places of historic interest, and gives us the results of his careful observation and inquiry. The volume contains illustrative engravings of the most interesting objects. The same author has given us another entertaining volume entitled "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia."[10] The work is highly spiced with incidents and ludicrous adventures, some of which may lead his readers to suspect it is tinged with Oriental hyperbole. The author excels in the life pictures which he presents; but his discussion of topographical and historical questions is unsatisfactory.

The missionary enterprise is every year contributing additional materials towards the history of the human race, and the completion of the science of ethnography. Two volumes by American missionaries, recently published, comprise a great amount of authentic information respecting a part of the world, which, a few years ago, was almost a *terra incognita*. Wilson's "Western Africa"[11] contains accurate details of the topography, history, moral and social state of that vast region. The author was eighteen years a missionary in Africa, and while engaged in disseminating the benign principles of Christianity, he has also made valuable contributions to our scientific and statistical knowledge.

---

[8] Recollections of a Lifetime; or, Men and Things I have seen: in a Series of Familiar Letters to a Friend; Historical, Biographical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive. By Samuel G. Goodrich. 2 vols., post 8vo., pp. 1106. New York.

[9] Tent Life in the Holy Land. By William C. Prime. Author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia;" "The Old House by the River;" "Later Years," &c. Post 8vo., pp 498. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1857.

[10] Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia. By William C. Prime. With Illustrations. Post 8vo., pp. 498. New York. 1857. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

[11] Western Africa; its History, Condition, and Prospects. By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, Eighteen Years a Missionary in Africa, and now one of the Secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. With numerous Engravings. 12mo., pp. 527. New York. 1856.

Bowen's "Central Africa" [12] is a work of merit, from the pen of a Baptist missionary, who has laboured more than seven years in the interior of that vast continent. Mr. Bowen commences with a summary of earlier and later researches in that country, and proceeds to give a full account of the present condition of Liberia and its inhabitants. He then passes to Yoruba, the chief seat of his missionary labours. Most of the volume is occupied with the geography, natural history, ethnology, manners, language, traditions, religion, and government of this region, which, until recently, has been almost unknown. Both of the above volumes form an excellent supplement to the fascinating work of Dr. Livingstone.

"Married or Single?" [13] by Miss Sedgwick, comprises the results of many years' observation, on a subject more or less interesting to all. The whole story is arranged with skill, and told in a manner that cannot fail to charm the reader. The portraits of social life are accurately drawn, and the *dramatis personæ* embrace a great diversity of types. The works of Miss Sedgwick are marked by individuality, and always animated by a cheerful philosophy. She was one of the earliest Americans, of her sex, who were distinguished in the republic of letters, and the volumes before us bear conclusive evidence that the author has lost none of her power. In a moral point of view this is the best of her tales, and, in the words of the author, it "will not have been in vain, if it has done anything to drive away the smile, already fading from the lips of all but the vulgar, at the name of 'old maid.'"

Mrs. Richards's "Life in Israel," [14] is an interesting volume, consisting of a series of sprightly sketches of character, local scenes and historical incidents, illustrative of Hebrew life, commencing with the Exodus from Egypt, and closing with the return of the Jews from the Captivity. The work is written in an easy, natural style, and does credit to the author's industry and good judgment.

"The Heiress of Greenhurst," [15] by Mrs. Stephens, is a tale of well-sustained interest, and its scenes are exciting. It is of the intense school, and the author displays dramatic skill in depicting the deepest feelings and passions of our nature.

The temperance reformation has exerted an important influence on navigation and commerce, economy and morals, as well as the Christian religion. We believe that intemperance, that prime minister of depravity, is the cause of three-fourths of the crime in all lands. We are gratified to see that this subject continues to excite increasing interest in the United States, and that Christians

---

[12] Central Africa. Adventures and Missionary Labours in several Countries in the Interior of Africa, from 1849 to 1856. By T. J. Bowen. 12mo., pp. 359. Charleston. 1857.

[13] Married or Single? By the Author of "Hope Leslie," "Redwood," "Home," &c., &c. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 261, 284. New York. 1857.

[14] Life in Israel; or, Portraitures of Hebrew Characters. By Maria T. Richards, Author of "Life in Judea." 12mo., pp. 389. New York. 1857.

[15] The Heiress of Greenhurst: an Autobiography. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 12mo., pp. 430. New York. 1857.

of various denominations, and men of all classes, are concentrating their efforts to deliver the land from a curse that blasts everything fair, and scatters woe, want, and death. Men of acknowledged worth and talents in the three learned professions are employing their pens to oppose this gigantic evil; and we cannot more appropriately close our report of American Literature, than by introducing to the notice of our readers Dr. Nott's "Lectures on Temperance."[16] In this volume the whole subject is discussed with ability, learning, and eloquence. The author gives prominence to the wine question, and to the origin, character, and various adulterations of wine, presenting a great array of most important facts. Dr. Nott has rendered a signal service to the world by the publication of these Lectures. This venerable scholar and divine has ably and honourably presided over Union College for more than half a century, and though far advanced in the vale of life, his intellectual energies are still beneficially devoted to the interests of his own and succeeding generations. The volume is enriched with an able Introduction, by Professor Lewis; and Bishop Potter's admirable "Address on the Drinking Usages of Society,"—a moral question that deserves the serious consideration of every member of the community.

Brief Notices.

THE HOMILIST Conducted by the Rev. David Thomas. Vol. VI. London: Ward & Co.

THE present volume of the *Homilist* contains some sermons of great originality and beauty; while there are others which, we cannot help thinking, hardly rise above mediocrity. Of course it is scarcely fair to criticise mere outlines severely, for a skeleton is never very beautiful; but we take for granted that the rough material is there for the working out of the sermons,—and it is the quality of this rough material that we would be understood to speak of. And we fancy that greater simplicity might be used in some instances with advantage. Imagine, for instance, a minister announcing as fifthly: "*This individual consciousness of duty, though it makes the soul superior to all other considerations, still allows full scope for the play of its* DISCRETIONARY REASON."—P. 53. We should be very glad to hear that the *Homilist* had the effect of improving the pulpit-teachings of the present day; and we believe that Mr. Thomas labours conscientiously and earnestly for this end. But it always has been a matter of doubt with us, whether sermons or outlines of sermons are not a premium for idleness rather than a

---

[16] Lectures on Temperance. By Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., President of Union College. With an Introduction by Tayler Lewis, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Union College. 12mo., pp. 341. New York. 1857.

help to the earnest worker. We have heard, upon reliable authority, that sermons have been preached *verbatim* from the *Homilist*, and we can testify ourselves that the "germs" have been sometimes used. And we fear that the man who goes at first to other sermons for thoughts, will end at last in going there for words. Preaching, to be effective, must be the minister's own living thoughts,—and borrowed thoughts will ever fall more or less flatly. The volume, however, will be perused with interest, for it embraces a wide range of subjects—and some of these are treated in a novel way; and we should have been glad to have selected some for especial commendation, were it not an invidious task in the presence of so many authors. The volume also, in addition to literary notices, contains three very interesting sketches of Tertullian, Athanasius, and Gregory of Nyssa.

POPULAR ERRORS EXPLAINED AND ILLUSTRATED. By John Timbs, F.S.A. Kent & Co., Fleet Street. 1857.

A VERY amusing and useful little book, though the reader must not be misled by the similarity of the title to expect a new Pseudodoxia Epidemica. Mr. Timbs compiles for the million, and avoids those mazes of quaint speculation wherein one wanders so dreamily and so pleasantly with Sir Thomas Browne. Mr. Timbs casts his net in all waters, and appropriates rather than invents. The process is legitimate enough so long as it is avowed, and if we have a quarrel with him, it is because he does not in all cases tell us his authorities. His reserve at once diminishes the value of his book, and does injustice to the sources whence he has drawn his supplies. The wrong is aggravated by partial acknowledgment, because one naturally takes for granted that whatever is unacknowledged is Mr. Timbs's own. Yet this is by no means the fact. For example, we find that although Miss Baker's "Northamptonshire Glossary" is duly cited at page 100—in "cuckoo spit," and at p. 240—"ax for ask;" at page 147—"Spots in the Nails;" p. 157—"Fairy Rings," and "Fairy Butter," p. 163—"Sty-an eye,"—all which are equally Miss Baker's, for aught that appears they would be taken for the results of Mr. Timbs's own researches. A closer investigation would, no doubt, show that other authors have been treated with a similar license. We regret this the more, because the volume includes a vast deal of curious matter, and are sorry that any doubt of its trustworthiness should attach to it.

THE GEOLOGIST: a Popular Monthly Magazine of Geology. No. I., January, 1858. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Kenilworth: W. T. Parsons.

THE object of the proprietors of this periodical is to give popular but accurate information upon subjects connected with Geology; to explain and illustrate elementary principles, and to follow the course of discovery. The task is difficult, for it involves a diligent examination and just appreciation of the researches of Geologists in all parts of the world; but the benefit to the readers will be equivalent to the labour of the contributors. The number before us contains

several articles of merit, and, without intending to detract from the value of others, we would particularly direct attention to a paper headed "Foreign Correspondence" by Dr. T. L. Phipson, of Paris. It is part of the plan of "The Geologist" to furnish appropriate illustrative wood-cuts. Those given in this number are of great artistic excellence. We have no hesitation in recommending the publication to our readers, as a valuable addition to the scientific periodical literature of the year.

GLIMPSES OF OUR ISLAND HOME. By Mr. Thomas Geldart.

THIS is one of the most charming little books for young people, ay, and for old ones too, that we have seen for a long time; full of information about our old British and Saxon ancestors, most agreeably communicated. Loving aunts and uncles cannot do better than buy it for their nephews and nieces.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE: its Blemishes and Defects. By Henry H. Breen, Esq., F.S.A. London: Longmans. 1857.

THIS is a very interesting and amusing book. Mr. Breen believes that the most remarkable feature of modern English literature is the loose and ungrammatical diction which disfigures every species of prose composition; and that he is doing good service to the nation by exhibiting the strange and unaccountable offences of our most popular writers. He finds singular verbs attached to plural nominatives, and plural verbs attached to singular nominatives; the indicative mood employed instead of the subjunctive, the subjunctive instead of the indicative; relatives without antecedents, and adverbs in the wrong place. The blunders which Mr. Breen has detected in such writers as the elder Disraeli, Henry Hallam, Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, and Jeffrey, are among the queerest we ever saw. E.g., "No one as yet had exhibited the structure of the *human* kidneys, Versalius having only examined *them* in dogs."—HALLAM. "Human kidneys in dogs? Talk of Irish bulls after that!"—P. 79. Again, "Hence, he considered marriage *with* a political economist very dangerous."—DISRAELI, *Curiosities*. "The writer meant to say, that the person of whom he speaks, agreed in opinion with a political economist, that marriage is a very dangerous thing; but instead of that, he makes the danger to consist in marrying the political economist."—P. 85. His illustrations of the mannerisms of some of our well-known authors are irresistibly ludicrous. The different styles are classified under appropriate titles. There is the "however" style, the "of all others" style, the "if" style, and the "great as" style. In one hundred pages of Sir Archibald Alison, Mr. Breen finds as many as twenty-two paragraphs, each of which begins with the same form of phrase. We should have liked to see Sir Archibald looking down the long array of offending sentences which our literary detective has marshalled. Mr. Breen gives them after this manner: "*If* the period succeeding the war is one which is not rich in great events, it is fruitful in great men." "*If* the

triumphs of British art and industry have been great during this memorable period, those of its genius and thought have not been less remarkable." "*If* the wide spread of his fame and deep impression produced by his poems *is* (!) to be taken as the test of excellence, Campbell is the greatest lyric poet of England." "*If* ever two poets were in striking contrast to each other, Rogers and Southey are the men," &c., &c., &c. The book is as useful as it is entertaining. We wonder when as much attention will be given in English schools to the study of English as is given in French schools to the study of French. How very few boys ever had half-an-hour's instruction about writing a sentence of their own language correctly. We cordially recommend Mr. Breen's book to all who have occasion to speak in public or to write for the press.

ANNOTATIONS ON DR. D'AUBIGNE'S SKETCH OF THE EARLY BRITISH CHURCH. With a development of some important Missionary Efforts of the Ancient Scots; and an Essay on the first introduction of Alphabetical Writing into Ireland. By M. Webb; remarks introductory from Archbishop Whately. Pp. 219. London: Wertheim & Macintosh. 1857.

THE author of this very interesting volume, a lady, and a Friend to boot—for she dates her preface "ninthmonth," which meaner mortals are content to designate "September"—enters the lists against the historian of the Reformation, and we are not quite sure whether she does not somewhat confuse, if she does not confute him. A person, whose opinion carries a deserved weight with it, the present learned Archbishop of Dublin, declares he has "no doubt of the correctness of the author's conclusions." If this be indeed so, the Genevan divine had better look to his spurs, and either gracefully yield to his fair antagonist or prepare himself for a joust *à l'outrance*. One of the points on which his judgment is called in question by his female critic, relates to an historical mistake respecting the country of the ancient Scots, whereby, as Mrs. Webb fancies, he has committed an act of apparent injustice to Ireland. Our author advances from this allegation, to exhibit the independent position which the church of Ireland maintained for 700 years, during which period it neither permitted the Bishop of Rome to interfere with its government, nor to dictate to it in reference to its actions or principles. Attention is further called to the great schools established by Irishmen on the continent prior to the eleventh century. The circumstances of so many Irishmen having been placed as principals of the universities which the Carlovingian monarchs founded is brought forward to show that the seminaries of Ireland, in which those men were educated, must have been of a superior kind in general literature, science, and philosophy, to what they are usually represented. It is proved, on the authority of ancient continental writers, that it was an Irishman who founded the university of Paris, under the patronage of Charlemagne. And it is further shown, that the founder of the Paris University was he, so celebrated in later ages as Claude of Turin, whose reformatory labours led to the final separation of the Waldensian church from Rome. The

writer also shows that the founder of the University of Pavia was an Irishman, who went to Ireland with his countrymen in 792, A.D. The philosophical researches, and the deep insight of such Irish scholars as Virgilius, who, in the eighth century, wrote on the rotundity of the earth; and of Erigena, the first introducer of scholastic theology to continental Europe, the most accomplished linguist of his age, and the original propounder of the science of phrenology, are adduced by the author along with the facts before-mentioned, to prove that neither the schools nor the primitive church of Ireland have been faithfully represented by English historians, or Roman Catholic divines. Dr. D'Aubigné can, of course, only reflect the light of his authorities on the condition of mediæval Ireland, and that light Mrs. Webb shows is unfriendly and delusive. The leading idea of her philosophical essay is this: the Irish alphabet contains only sixteen letters, and the original Greek alphabet, down to the era of Palamedes, contained precisely the same number. It is concluded, therefore, by this lady, that the Irish must have received their alphabet at some period previous to the date of 1000 years before Christ. But the Irish people profess to have annals of their country extending as far back as that period, and if they possessed a knowledge of the art of writing of so ancient a date as that presumed, it is at least rendered possible that these annals should be authentic. The conjecture is ingenious, and we willingly give the lady all due credit for suggesting it; but must be pardoned for saying that the line of investigation it opens up demands for its successful pursuit stores of erudition, which it is no disparagement to our author to aver she does not possess. Mrs. Webb is a great enthusiast for her country, and to that we can have no objection; but in our own critical capacity we boast to be above all petty national predilections, while we deal out even-handed justice, without fear, favour, or affection to "*Tros Tyriusve*" alike.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

NEVER has the heart of England been more profoundly moved than by the death of General HAVELOCK. He was the recognised type and representative of all the military daring and Christian heroism which have been revealed by our troubles in India. His long and faithful, but unrewarded services, his dauntless bravery in the midst of appalling perils, his indomitable resolution, the quiet lustre of his private virtues, and his unostentatious but frank and manly piety, had won for him what is far holier and purer than the fame of military prowess—the reverence and affection of the entire nation. Our victories henceforth will lose half their joy since he will not share the glory. We cannot but regard the universal homage which the secular press has paid to the religious character of our lost hero, as among

the most encouraging indications of the direction in which the currents of public thought and feeling are now running.

The same mail that brought us the tidings of the death of HAVELOCK, also announced the great victory of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, and the final relief of the garrison of Lucknow. The skill with which the plans of the veteran commander were devised, and the exactness with which they were executed, are unparalleled in the history of either modern or ancient warfare. It now appears that in the defence of the Residency there had been shown a heroism equal to that displayed in the successive attempts at its relief. The narrative of Brigadier INGLIS is a simple and pathetic, but glorious demonstration that the English men and English women of the nineteenth century have neither lost nor forgotten the great qualities of their fathers.

During this month France has narrowly escaped a fourth revolution, and Europe all the disasters of general anarchy. We need not say that on the score of his virtues LOUIS NAPOLEON has small hold on our regard; but for sagacity and energy, he stands foremost in the royal fraternity of Europe. For France he is a grim necessity—a breakwater against the surges of political fanaticism and unrule. We lament that such an iron hand is needed, but we should lament still more that it were paralyzed or withdrawn till the nation under its grasp gave hopeful signs of fitness for a more mild and equitable sway. We are, therefore, heartily thankful that the dastardly designs of Italian conspirators have been thwarted, and that the men who, by their dark villanies, have disgraced the name of liberty, and strengthened the foundations of every despotism in Europe, are sure to be punished for their crime.

At home our commercial and manufacturing prospects are certainly improving. The Bank of England, which, on the 24th of December had reduced the rate of discount from ten to eight per cent., made a further reduction to six per cent. on the 7th of January, and to five on the 14th. It seems probable that the experience of 1848 will be repeated, and that after the recent panic, general reluctance to incur the ordinary commercial risks will make money a drug.

The revenue of the quarter ending Dec. 31 showed a great falling off when compared with the corresponding quarter of 1856. In the customs the decrease was £642,157, arising partly from the financial crisis, but partly also from the reduction of the duties on tea and sugar. In stamps the decrease was £77,000, the direct result of the commercial pressure. In the income tax, there was a decrease to the extent of £615,027; but this, of course, arose in some measure from the removal of the war tax. In the Post office there was an increase of £62,000. The net decrease in the general revenue of the year 1857 as compared with 1856, amounts to £1,828,646; but, as several important taxes were reduced during the year, there is no need for the unfavourable conclusions concerning the state of the country which these figures must suggest. The calamities of the last three months have caused most of the real loss, and from them we are rapidly emerging.

The appointment of Lord CLANRICARDE as successor to the Earl of HARROWBY, has proved the most unpopular act into which Lord PALMERSTON has been betrayed. Need the Premier of this "noble and puissant nation" be reminded, that now, more than ever, while her pulse beats full and strong with admiration of her Eastern heroes, she demands for the high offices of her home service, a union of talent and virtue which shall not shrink from a comparison with that exhibited by her LAWRENCES and her HAVELOCKS? We could almost imagine a voice whispering to him in the quiet domains of Broadlands, "The chastisements of the Almighty Father have quickened the moral feeling, the conscience of your country, by a terrible though salutary heart-pang. Reverence *that* conscience, my lord; follow its dictates; by so doing, you will at least preserve the lustre of your coronet untarnished, even though you should not add to it (what perhaps has not *yet* been an element in your ambition) the *aureola* of saintship!

The outlines of the Government plan for the future administration of the affairs of India, are gradually being disclosed; and people are beginning to discover that it is not as easy as they imagined to create a constitution, or even a new department of government. We expect very much, however, from the good sense of the people and the thorough discussion which the great question seems likely to receive. The Company will not perish without a struggle; we earnestly advise our readers carefully to study the elaborate justification of their rule in the "Petition" submitted to the Court of Proprietors. Much that is said is obviously open to adverse criticism; but lovers of justice and fair play will not condemn the conquerors of India unheard.

Ecclesiastically, the month has not been without its important events. The Abbey of Westminster has been opened on a Sunday evening for working-class services; splendid music, a stately liturgy, gorgeous architecture, and the grandly solemn associations which cluster round the monuments and sepulchres of the greatest of England's sons, have lent their aid to strengthen the impression produced by earnest and eloquent preachers. Exeter Hall and the Music Hall at the Surrey gardens, with their simpler services, are, however, as crowded as before; and night after night, through the week, both in the East and West of London, Evangelicals and High Churchmen are preaching to thousands of the poor the glad tidings of salvation. We wish them all, God speed!

The latest event of the month that we have to record is an auspicious one: OUR PRINCESS-ROYAL HAS BECOME THE BRIDE OF A PRINCE OF PRUSSIA. The ancient ties between England and Germany are thus strengthened; and though the theological and philosophical influences of the great German people on ourselves may not have been free from noxious admixtures, we cannot but rejoice at any event which binds us closer to the land of Luther. On bride and bridegroom let the rich benediction of that God who has sanctified all human relationships, by making them the types of Divine facts, abundantly rest!

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MARCH, 1858.

ART. I.—THE WATER CURE.

1. *The Metropolis of the Water Cure; or, Records of a Water Patient at Malvern, &c.* By a Restored Invalid. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1858.
2. *The Water Cure: its Principles and Practice. A Guide to the Preservation of Health and Cure of Chronic Disease.* By James Wilson, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Third Edition. London: Trübner. Malvern: H. Lamb. 1857.
3. *The Water Cure in Chronic Disease.* By James Manby Gully, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. Fifth Edition. London: Churchill. Malvern: H. Lamb. 1856.

THE lively little book named at the head of this article, though last published, is a non-professional work, and, therefore, will best serve as the basis of the few remarks which our experience may warrant our making on the Water Cure, its professors, and their patients. The doctors are beyond our criticism, seeing they address, or ought to address, the medical profession rather than the public; for though the clever volumes on the Water Cure above named, are written by doctors with a view to popularize the philosophy of their methods, and to persuade the chronic sick, if they can afford it, to come to them and be cleansed of their peccancies, yet they profess to treat the matter altogether on physiological principles, which they interpret in their own manner, and for their own purposes, and which, therefore, can only be fairly and fully discussed by those who have made physiology, in relation to disease and remedy, their study. We would, however, observe that the titles of both

Dr. Gully's and of Dr. Wilson's works, so far show an agreement between the doctors as that they seem to limit the virtue of the water treatment to the cure of *chronic diseases;* that is to say, such maladies as admit of slow methods of meeting them: for, as Abernethy used to say, "chronic diseases require chronic remedies." If the wise propounders of hydropathy, at Malvern and elsewhere, succeed in proving the advantage which the Water Cure possesses over any other mode of treating chronic disease, it will, of course, be best done by curing those who are its subjects, and, therefore, they are right in so constructing their books as to persuade such sufferers to resort to their establishments. But a very different style of presenting the subject is desirable to the profession, and we devoutly wish that qualified men would honestly and scientifically gather up the facts that are accessible, both in relation to the various modes of applying water in hydropathic establishments, and to the results as affecting the physiological peculiarities of given cases. We believe that the medical profession would be thankful for such a work; but the practitioners most interested in learning the relative value of remedies are too urgently engaged, even if they had the inclination, to plod through the learned wastes of hydrology, for the sake of becoming acquainted with the facts scattered through them, and which, when found, would perhaps not always be found worthy of note. Wanting this really scientific testimony from suitable, that is, from scientific pens, the next best testimony is that afforded by those who have submitted themselves to the thing itself, and are capable of describing the actualities of their own experience. We, therefore, revert with satisfaction to the records of the water patient at the "Metropolis of the Water Cure," since his book is at least pleasant reading, and abounds in sketchy pictures of hydropathic life, touched with a master hand, and well worth looking at, notwithstanding the hurry and indiscretion here and there brought to the surface. Though a small book, there is in it plenty both of partiality and of prejudice mixed up with more agreeable ingredients. The object of the writer being to eulogize hydropathy, all that can commend the system is skilfully introduced in the midst of highly coloured descriptions, off-hand sketches of persons and places, snatches of legendary lore, and all about Malvern, and whatever can be fancied as existing in it, or seen from its beacon heights. It is ostensibly written by one who has experienced the benefit of the pure air and water of the place, together with all the advantages of kindly skill in the presiding doctor. Here we have an overtasked mind released and at play, as if conscious that nerves and muscles might be safely permitted to act at their own

sweet will, provided the duty of douche, or what not, were first fulfilled, and the due proportion of the pearly draught from the pure spring were appropriated to its purifying and exhilarating work within that truly hydraulic machine—the patient's body. The writer knows well how to observe and to depict, but, like a man under the influence of the laughing gas, which, by-the-bye, seems to be the common air of popular writers, he betrays a disposition to laugh somewhat too much, and sometimes in the wrong place. The good man, however, is in earnest, even to enthusiasm, and he cannot help it; but he needs a friend to steady his movements, as by some means his aptitude has a tendency to run into extravagance, passing from side to side with unbecoming readiness, and verging on the extreme in both directions, precisely when he assures us that he is taking the most sober view possible of things before him. Thus, with a right good will, he praises hydropathy because he has emerged from it with advantage himself, and with equal heartiness he abuses doctors and dignities in general, forgetful that it was a diplomatized doctor that cured him. This particular doctor having contributed to relieve him of a malady arising out of acknowledged bad habits, he vituperates those who had no chance of curing him, first, for the sufficient reason that he did not consult them; and secondly, because if he had consulted them he could not have relinquished his bad habits until committed to a system of treatment which, as a *sine quâ non*, enforced their relinquishment. The bad habits we mean, are those which are only less injurious in their consequences than the more degrading vices. The patient had driven sleep from his brain and strength from his muscles, by pertinaciously, if not ambitiously, exciting his nerves to excite other minds, when he knew he ought to have sought repose. He confesses he often did not get to bed till three or four in the morning, and yet was busy all day, and then wondered that his life-spring lost its tone, his brain its force, and his heart its energy. This is a specimen of much of the malady that comes under the water-doctors' management. Of course Malvern and the doctor genius of the stream duly get all the credit; and most deservedly too, for have not the doctor and the other *genii loci* diverted the sufferer from himself and his dunning thoughts, by invigorating novelties in the form of bracing baths, wholesome diet, free fresh air, pure water, and exercise with a meaning soul in it, where the voice of Hope is heard mingling with that of the lark, cheerily singing from heaven's gate,—

"Up with me! up with me! into the sky."

Doubtless thus our author found the rest and health he never

could have found in town, nor in the country either, if permitted to take all his load of thoughts with him, and to doctor himself at his own leisure, and with a pill-box and a phial at his own command; for without constraint almost equal to that experienced in a lunatic asylum, it is impossible to make a man of strong will, persisting ideas, and anxious heart, cast aside his cares and take the course suited to ensure his improvement, just because he may not have quite his own way. Our author gets all his nerve-powers engaged in a healthy manner, and, as a result, improves all his faculties; but then the "poor worn-down captain of the quill," as he styles himself, wisely gave the mind-energies of his brain a regular exercising while he invigorated his muscles, and thus he bettered the whole man, at the same time having an eye to the business of his calling by premeditating this smart little book. While favouring his friends with highly descriptive and equally discursive epistles, he was considering how much towards the matter of a half-crown book could be folded under a penny stamp. He was literally turning a penny while regaling their fancies with word-pictures, pourtraying the horrors of being "abreibunged" in a dripping sheet at five in the morning, and describing the bliss of being sent to run about that partial paradise, Malvern, after being rubbed into a glowing delirium by a man hard and imperturbable enough to inflict the tortures of the Inquisition. Perchance the hope of constructing a telling book not a little contributed to the success of the watering. We hope the reward of his effort will satisfy his expectation, for, doubtless, he did well to state, as pleasantly as he might, what he knew, by happy experience, of the inmates, managers, and management of Townsend House. We wish, however, that with all the good he got there for his money, he had also got a little more wisdom and charity; for, while applauding to the full the lucky mode of his shrewd water-doctor, he somewhat malignantly regards all those practitioners who happen to believe that nature furnishes other agencies for the cure of disease besides water. He includes medical men in general amongst the class of "mystery men" (as described by Catlin in his "North American Indians"), who agonize, harlequinade, pasquinade, and make antics before high Heaven to propitiate the clouds and the rain-gods. He says:—

"They have no acquaintance with the *laws* of disease. Symptoms are not to them what they are to a man of real knowledge—the interpretation of states; they cannot get *beyond* the symptom. All their prescriptions terminate in the symptom."—(P. 83.) "Suppose we could write the history of medicine for the last fifty years—suppose we could chronicle the deeds of all the doctors during that

period, the history of the millions who have been pushed into their graves, when knowledge, such as a savage has, would have saved them; humanly speaking, of all who have died of fever and inflammation, how many ought to have died?"

—and so on. Now is there not a spice of maliciousness in this, besides a "plentiful lack" of knowledge? Doubtless the restored invalid is a knowing man; let him say then whether the knowledge of the savages could save the best of them—for instance, the Mandan Indians—from extermination by disease? And let him consider how it has come to pass, that during the very fifty years he specifies, the value of life has doubled, though the number of trained medical men has increased more than twofold in proportion to the population? Does he know how many *ought* to die of fever and inflammation under different modes of treatment? Or can he state from any statistics, how many *would* have died had there been no medicine in existence but Cold Water? Our author betrays the fact that he hates medical men in general; and that apparently for no other reason than that he was not wise enough to employ a man of common sense and right feeling as his own domestic doctor. Thus he says, after enumerating the supposed mischiefs of medicaments, "all these high misdemeanours against humanity have been sanctioned by colleges of physicians and surgeons. The truth is, medical science [?] finds itself perfectly posed. What can it do? Why, it has itself tipped with poison the dart with which fever was preparing to strike its victim." "I do not wish to be impertinent and abusive." No, of course not; but, whatever the wish may be, here comes the abuse—"Well, well, I can speak what I know. *I have not had much to do with medical men; I have not liked the breed well enough.*"

"We know [*we* know otherwise] the medical men who attend our cottages have, generally speaking, the hardest hearts and the emptiest heads, in the profession—numbskulls. I am by no means incorrect in saying that they are the representatives of the profession!"—P. 119.

So then it appears this disparagement of the profession is a contempt amounting to hatred, because the members thereof are supposed to be a breed of beings inferior to that of this professor of humanity, who combines in his own person such a rich abundance both of theology and physic, as to expound and explain equally well in either. But even supposing medical men not to be of the same kind of flesh and blood, life and soul, as this restored invalid, yet why this hatred? He relents, he is conscious he has too strongly expressed himself, for he adds, "I have many friends among them I highly esteem, but I never had a medical man beneath my roof but he came as a curse." Thus in a breath he

tells his sweet friends, his highly esteemed friends, that he knows little about them practically, but that to have one of them in his house would be to admit a curse. We suspect that the invalid is still bilious, and rather jaundiced, at least in his intellect, for he persists in declaring that men who devote their lives to the observance of disease are less likely to understand the *laws* of disease than stray geniuses who have never enjoyed the advantages of preliminary training to prepare them to observe individual symptoms, and to trace their connexion with normal and abnormal physiological processes. Is such a crude conclusion compatible with the facts accumulated by scientific, observant, and conscientious men, who for more than three thousand years have laboured to discriminate between facts and fallacies, and who have left on record the results of their experience? There are fools and rogues in all professions, for unfortunately it is too true that libraries and abundant opportunities of learning, and even practical intimacy with the secrets of nature, do not make a man a philosopher, any more than acquaintance with Divine doctrines makes a Christian; but yet he is a philosopher or a Christian in his own esteem only, who despises the advantages of such knowledge. It requires indeed something besides, and far above, a loaded memory to constitute a practical physician; it requires a talent capable of perceiving the relation of facts to each other, and a tact to apply them; in short it needs a commanding mind, that, like a skilful general, shall be well acquainted with the forces at his disposal, and ready to use them to the greatest advantage against an enemy accustomed to appear in a thousand varied forms. Is not training available to the end desired? and is it not most devoutly to be wished that the talent to be so employed should be tested as far as possible previous to the final trial of actual experience? Surely; and therefore it has become a demand in this, the most practical country in the world, that medical students should really be subjected to more difficult and searching examinations than those to which the aspirants of any of the other learned professions, as such, are required to submit; and hence, too, it arises that no body of men exhibit more practical skill, or more devotion to the public good, than our physicians and surgeons, and general practitioners; none are more benevolent; none expose themselves to greater risks and inconveniences; none are usually worse paid, and none are less honoured in proportion to their usefulness. They are, indeed, from their knowledge and practical habits of mind, peculiarly sceptical of all undemonstrated pretension; but still so far are they from positively repudiating all novel treatment and advancement, that they, like other men, are naturally prone

to the danger of taking up new methods of cure without always waiting for sufficient evidence in their favour, and that simply because the quackery that is apt to trust to too slender and individual an experience, is natural to man; since a new hope is ever more lively than an old one, and we are all hoping to find the philosopher's stone until we learn that the universal medicine is made up of all the ingredients of the universe. Science is the knowledge of the properties of things, and medical science is the knowledge and application of the properties of things in relation to the vital functions. Hence scientific legalized medical practitioners are required to avoid all pretension to the possession of any curative secrets as peculiarly their own; because true science is truth, and reserves no secrets, and has no arcana, no private interpretations, but is open to all who have the wit or the wisdom to look into her treasures.

Why is it that all the colleges granting medical diplomas to their examined graduates, demand that these should with solemn oath or asseveration declare that they will practise honourably and openly, and make no pretension to the possession of any secret remedy? Why is it but that science forbids concealment, and repudiates the degradation of making a money profit out of any presumed superiority as respects that knowledge which should be equally the property of all? Of course the test of any new thing in science, especially in medicine, requires time and something more; it requires to be subjected to the scrutiny of scientific minds at large—minds intimate with the profundities of physiology and pathology — minds endowed with power to detect the differences existing amongst resemblances. Thus have been tested the discoveries of Harvey and Jenner, and many others, who never thought of repudiating the colleges of physicians, because some among their *socii* were too blind or too stupid to perceive the claims to attention which a new phase of science presented; for it was, after all, those colleges themselves that acknowledged and honoured those claims, and stamped them with validity. Now let us suppose ten medical men going to Malvern to study hydropathy under Gully, Wilson, Grindrod, and the rest. They soon discover that water, under the management of these mighty men, has great power to modify the condition of patients; some get well, some get worse, pretty much as they expected from their own experience in the use of other powerful agencies. Perhaps they see a greater power of adaptation in the use of this agency to particular cases, than their reading or their practice had led them to anticipate, but they also see that the water establishments are in no respect like hospitals, in that instead of all kinds of cases being taken

in, it is only those having a chronic character, and that need no especial nursing. But what a difference this to any public or private practice properly called medical. "Why," say these *medici*, "if we or our hospital *confrères* had no patients likely soon to die, and only those who could bear the baths whether of water or hot air, and pay from five to ten guineas a week for amusement, wholesome food, fine air, agreeable company, and the exhilarating accompaniment of faith-inspiring evidence that nobody died there except by accident, because no forlorn hopes were admitted by the very pleasant doctor, how vastly the number of our cures would be multiplied." All the supposed ten aforesaid are ready to exclaim: "Oh! if we could but introduce all the external advantages of the Malvern Retreats to our patients, especially to the toiling and despairing poor who crowd into the dirty lanes, close alleys, and undrained back settlements of city civilization, how different would be the weekly records of mortality! When the *res angustæ domi*, in all senses, can be met by hydropathists in our homes, then indeed their mode of practice may supersede drugs and drug-doctors with success equal to the boasted achievements of their best professors. Then, probably, instead of a million children every seven years being, in London alone, thrust out of life within twelve months of its commencement, infant death would be as it ought to be, an exceptional occurrence. The mortality of children is far more frightful in Manchester, Ashton, Preston, Leeds, and such places, than in the metropolis. Is it the apothecary that kills them? No; he seldom sees them till their mothers expect them to die, and the vast majority die without the aid of any other medicines than those administered by mothers. Bring hydropathic auxiliaries into street, and lane, and dark den practice, say ye, O Malvern doctors? Would we could, even though thereby the doctor's bill were reduced to nothing, and drugs and doctors become as extinct as dodos. If the disciples of Priessnitz only help on sanitary improvements, and show us the way to liberate souls and bodies from turmoil, dirt, misery, and foulness, then indeed we would, could, should, or might throw 'physic to the dogs,' and take ourselves to happier courses than trying to stem the torrent of corruption with instructions to accomplish the impossible." Now of the ten aforesaid, all agree that water is a good thing, but it may be that only some odd one of them sees how he may make a good thing of it for himself. He is a man of enterprise, and employs his diploma as only a part of his stock in trade. He gets up a private joint-stock company, having faith in the powers of pure water and simplicity; and then on his own terms, or as a partner in the firm, obtains the appointment of

physician in chief to the grand establishment, which of course is situated amidst inviting hills and valleys, noted for good water and fine air, and if in the neighbourhood of a holy well, so much the better.

The breezy and imposing house and land being secured, an equally imposing book is also prepared, rendering it the public's own fault if everything worth its knowing about life and nerve-force in relation to douches, packings, "abreibungs," baths, exercise, water tipple, pure air, early prayers, and skin matters, be not as palpable to that public's understanding as that the three corners of an equilateral triangle are equal to one another.

So this one out of the ten cleverly and meritoriously gets a good reputation and a large fortune, by directing the purification of retired aldermen, and other ornamental members of society, while the other nine return to their private and conscientious toils, and get abused for doing their very best, though they do verily endeavour with all their might to commend the use of pure air and good water, and entreat those who will persist in being chronically diseased from bad habits of business, or what not, to try Malvern and its "abreibungs;" that murder sleep, if nothing else, at five in the morning, and make a man with any nerves and muscles glad to run.

That hydropathists of sound principles perceive that their system is not capable of superseding regular practice, we learn from their seeking to show the profession that it is "perfectly *compatible* with the legitimate scope of the profession and *harmonious co-operation*." Thus Dr. Grindrod expresses himself, who also says that he "maintains a friendly intercourse and professional union with the medical attendants of many of his patients, and not a few of whom are sent to him by metropolitan and other physicians, equally distinguished for the depth of their learning and the extent of their practice." A sufficient proof this, were any wanted, that learned physicians are not so very prejudiced and indisposed to test the Water Cure, as our Restored Invalid so insultingly asserts.

We think our Restored Invalid has caught a spirit far beneath him as a Christian and a man of genius, when, like the hacks of the Morisonian and other quack pretensions, he writes evil of men of whom he confesses he is practically ignorant. How is it that a Christian gentleman, warm-hearted and poetical, should bring himself to calumniate a profession, which for conscience, practical knowledge, benevolence, general usefulness, and common sense, is quite as remarkable as that which occupies the pulpit?

He knows, or ought to know, by this time, that he has fallen

into a perverse state of mind, because Providence has brought disappointment to some of his early, fond, or foolish hopes, in medical possibilities, not justified by his small experience. He has committed a mistake, but it is a mean mistake; for medical men are by their very position excluded from rebutting the abuse which an anonymous writer, however clever, may think proper in the fits of his fine frenzy to pour out upon them. He calls even the best of them—for he speaks of no exceptions—bamboozlers and pasquinaders, simply because they trust in the evidence of their own practices for defence, all universal quackeries notwithstanding. Thus, he takes umbrage at the circumstance that physicians write prescriptions in what he calls, as if from sheer ignorance, "cabalistic hieroglyphy." Now, so far are these brief formulæ from being of a cabalistic character, invented to promote wonder, and practised for purposes worthy only of the basest charlatanry, that they operate in precisely the opposite manner, since they serve to give a permanent and fixed meaning to the language of pharmacy, and enable the eye at once to catch the whole of each line usually containing the distinct name of an authorized form of preparation, and showing, by an almost unmistakeable sign, the quantity intended. As brevity is the soul of wit, because it conveys a quick and, therefore, strong impression of an apt idea, so brevity in expressing scientific thought aids the instant and clear reception of that thought; and on the same principle that chemical symbols are invented to avoid a cumbersome mode of demonstration, so abbreviature in prescribing has arisen from its felt practical advantage, both to him who reads and him who writes. That it does not serve to conceal, and is not intended to "bamboozle" simpletons, is evident enough, from the fact, that any druggist's lad in the kingdom, who knows the names of the medicines in the shop, is able to read and to dispense the most learned prescriptions of regular physicians. And as to the use of Latin names and set phrases, where shall we find a fitter language? Let each prescriber write in full, according to his own aptitude in employing his mother tongue, yet where shall he find English names of drugs and chemicals that shall everywhere have the same fixed and determinate meaning, such as the language of science always and everywhere conveys to the scientific mind?

Does the Restored Invalid sneer at the College of Physicians simply because his favourite M.D.'s have not the license of that body?

We will inquire why? The legalized credentials certainly would not impair any physician's *status* in society, and would afford a proof that the test of examination, which in the laws of

the land is contemplated, had not been too conveniently avoided. The bye-laws of the College of Physicians do not oblige its members to write their prescriptions in Latin; but they do require that every licentiate of that body should append the name of the patient, the date, and his initials, to every prescription, in order that the responsibility as to its correctness should rest upon the prescriber, and indicate that he aims at no concealment, and makes no mystery of his science.

In contravention of the outcry raised by all innovators, we venture to assert that no great improvements in relation to the art of preserving or restoring health have ever been effected by any but educated medical men. Is Priessnitz an exception? We grant that he, with a fine natural instinct and a noble tact, applied cold water within and without, thereby curing a great variety of obstinate and chronic maladies, with a success worthy the boldness of his genius; but the power of water to cure numerous diseases was not his discovery, for it had been known and applied long before that fine peasant recalled the attention of the learned to its virtues. It had been used with more prudent modifications and appliances than he could master from time immemorial, as, for instance, by the *medici* of Rome, as we learn from Celsus. We have now before us a *tractate* (8th ed. 1726) by Dr. Hancocke, D.D., entitled "Febrifugum Magnum; or, Common Water the best Cure for Fevers, and probably for the Plague," &c.; another, of the same date, from France, extolling the curative virtues of water, and quoting Avicenna, Rhases, Hippocrates, &c., &c., in its favour; and a third entitled "Morbifugum Magnum" (1726), proving that cold water cures every disease. Hoffmann's universal medicine was cold water; and Dr. Wall, a hundred years ago, cured inveterate maladies, at Malvern too, by the free application of water within and without. More recently, Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, published a multitude of experiments, which demonstrated the undeniable advantage of using water freely, both internally and externally, in all febrile affections. And as to inflammation, the irrigating mode, as it was called, that is, the constant application of water, was very generally advocated by surgeons, as the best means of subduing heat and tumefaction, long before the untoward word *hydropathy* was invented. Now is it to be supposed that such facts were unknown to the profession in general? Certainly not; the theory and practice of the Water Cure have been again and again tested, and after the fullest discussion and the most obstinate defence, been found wanting in the treatment of disease under ordinary conditions. A mode of managing fevers and inflammations, however, now prevails in general

practice, which probably the discussion of the Water Cure may to a degree have assisted to establish; for it is founded, as indeed all true medicine must be, on the discovery of the safest and most natural means of aiding nature in her efforts to overcome impediments to the fulfilment of her normal functions. But there are causes as well as consequences to be met and to be considered; so that it may be fairly asked whether hydropathists pretend to assert that water alone does present all the inherent qualities demanded in the treatment of specific maladies? Whatever pure water may accomplish, by way of removing from the body that which it ought to cast off because it does not belong to it, of course, pure water cannot supply any of the solid materials which may be wanting in that body, water being only a medium, and a menstruum, and a vehicle for conveying the elements of life into their places, and of deporting them in new combinations, when their office has been fulfilled; so that a perpetual supply of these materials may be kept up, on whose changes—like those of the coal and the water in the locomotive—the maintenance of vital force and activity depends. Diet must supply these, say the water doctors. Doubtless; and so say all doctors; but the pathologist, who understands anything of the chemistry of life and physiology, knows that the very essence of medical art consists in detecting what is wanting, and exhibiting *that* in the most convenient and most convertible manner, whether as physic or as food. If the water-doctors exercise the same discernment, it is well; but then if they are calculating what physical ingredients may be best conveyed to the blood that demands them, they are not positively depending on pure water as the only medicine, but making medicine of the aliments administered, which, of course, all physicians acknowledge to be a good method of treatment where it can be efficiently followed. But can it be pursued in all cases of disease? That is the question to which the experience of all ages answers No! Hydropathic establishments now subserve the same convenient purposes that Bath and the other fashionable watering-places answered under the old *régime;* they are the retreats of chronic invalidism, whether induced by business, luxury, abuse, or ignorance; and though hydropathic practitioners repudiate all mineral waters, they can scarcely exhibit larger lists of marvellous cures than those presented under the authority of "the faculty," in the manuals published wherever "the waters" have been brought into note enough to attract a sufficient number of dowagers and others equally endowed. Now it must not be imagined that because pure water is put forth as the simple, the safe, the universal, and the only

remedy, that, therefore, water alone is really the only remedial agency resorted to in hydropathic houses. No; science has come to the help of Priessnitz, and where he boldly cured or boldly killed, and knew not why and cared not wherefore, science now, by the assistance of Drs. Gully, Wilson, Grindrod, and many other really most skilful physicians, shows how this and that results from water working *with* the life or *against* it. But then these scientific hydropathists apply all known appropriate appliances and medical memorabilia. Thus, the library of our Restored Invalid's friend, Dr. Grindrod, proved to the invalid's satisfaction that the Doctor was—as we fully believe he is—a philosophical physician; for there the new comer saw the works of the most highly reputed allopathic physicians, together with a lancet-case, the stethescope, the dry cupping-glass, the inhaler, the weighing machine, the microscope, chemical tests for morbid deposits, the *spirometer*, or breath-measurer, and an instrument to take the height of patients, because it is proved that there is a pretty invariable proportion between the breathing capacity and the height of a man of sound lungs. Moreover, beside the spirometer stands a machine by which, the patient having poor blood, or blood abounding in carbon, and in need of more vital air than he can obtain by the exercise and water he may take, is enabled to *swallow oxygen*. And if the nerve-power of the sufferer creeps inefficiently through his muscles, here, also, is the galvanic apparatus, to excite and accelerate the vital current. But above all in direct efficiency, is that mighty auxiliary, the lamp-bath, which, as perhaps a novelty to most of our readers, we take the liberty of describing, or rather its effects, in the somewhat unrefined language of our author:—

"Persons who know nothing about the Water Cure, or treatment, have an idea that a sponge, and a plunge, and a draught of cold water, include all that can be done in and with the new system. How surprised they would be to see a list of the various modes of treatment, and the adaptations of hot, and cold, and tepid, and the various baths, different in heat and in force, and especially how surprised they would be in beholding a lamp bath. It is a bath, I know, of remarkable power and efficacy in the cases to which it is especially applicable. How shall I describe the process to you? There is nothing so likely to draw the gravy out of a man as the lamp bath; it is for all the world like putting a fat goose before a slow fire; it makes the bird sweat again. We had, and have still here, a London alderman—you know what a London alderman is generally. This man was purse-proud and belly-proud; the size of the one had increased in consequence of the size of the other. He was a consequential puffy bladder of lard, blowing and grunting like a grampus, with a very horrible mucous membrane, troubled with congestion of

the brain, and I am sure he was troubled with congestion of the stomach. Well, he is here, stomach out of order, brain out of order, liver out of order. How is such a man to be treated? The other day, in passing out of my bath-room, I saw him seated on a throne, his head rising up in all its bald, ruddy, Olympian grandeur, out of a mighty pyramid of blankets and sheets. He was merely sitting down in a chair, beneath which was placed a spirit-lamp, the sheets and blankets so hung round him as to keep out all the air, and he was perspiring freely, I do assure you. Never did the big drops stand on the brow of guilty malefactor more heavily than on the face and forehead of our poor suffering alderman, perfectly helpless, dependent on the bath-man to wipe his brow, the perspiration streaming from him in torrents. You know what it is to be running fast to catch the train, finding yourself just a moment too late. You know what it is to be caught upon your knees paying your adoration to a young lady, when a third party pops into the room, 'begs pardon, and did not know that you were there.' And then, you must recollect, that after the pores have been opened, and the rich unctuous, and oily drops of our spermaceous alderman have exuded, he is at once requested to leap into a full cold-water bath, and thus a new and healthful glow is imparted to the skin, the perspiration is arrested, and an energy and balance is given to the system, the treatment of which none but those who have suffered and have been restored can form any clear idea. None of our cold-water practitioners, however, must claim the sweat-bath as an invention of their own. Catlin, I think, mentions something very much like it in use among the North American Indian tribes, and an account of something very similar existing among the Laplanders, is recorded so far back as 1681. The process adopted is not quite so pleasant, but the principle is precisely the same."—P. 83.

This lamp-bath is merely a spirit-lamp placed under the clothes surrounding a patient so as to heat the air in contact with his skin; which is thus suddenly exposed, so to say, to a tropical temperature. It was employed by several medical men during the earliest incursions of the terrible cholera; but we remember it was found on the whole rather injurious than otherwise. Our author adds what he calls "a lamp tragedy;" which may serve as a warning and to show that it is not always safe, even in a case of aldermanic congestion:—

"Funny stories are told of the consequences attending the lamp-bath, and its misfortunes, or rather the occasional misfortunes attending its unhappy victims. I have just heard of an event in one establishment somewhat disastrous to the party—whom I can scarcely call the patient—although no less laughable to others to whom the disaster was merely a spectacle. The bath-man of the establishment, having a number of patients under his care, went from room to room to administer the several baths, after having placed a gentleman in the lamp-bath, firmly fixed in his chair of state, and the spirit set on fire. He was attending to his other subjects, and pro-

bably called to some distant part of the house. From what cause I cannot tell, whether the patient became restless and upset the lamp or tin, I cannot say, but the clothes took fire, and the situation of the unfortunate invalid became hotter than was desired either by him or the doctor. Loud were the cries for help. Some neighbouring patients, packed tightly in their wet sheets, and consequently helpless, were disposed to render assistance; but not being aware of the extent of the mischief, and, I suppose, fancying that he exaggerated the state of his case, were equally loud in their jokes and consolations. But it was no joke to the patient, who was so scorched in the nether regions as to be laid up for some weeks before he was able to be cured of the effects of the accident."—P. 84.

We see, then, that the so-called hydropathy is rather a misnomer, since the treatment included under that name is not altogether a watery suffering, as the term would really imply; but that fire and water combine their potent agencies in hydropathic establishments, besides many other appliances which the curative profession has always advocated as most energetic in so altering the disordered functions of the body, as under wise direction, greatly to contribute to the restoration of health. The Restored Invalid says some pertinent things on health:—

"You should remember that *injustice to any one part of the frame is felt by sympathy with every other part of your animal household, Health is, as I have before said, in equilibrium.* If you unduly tax any one power or portion of the frame, you do it at the expense of the health and strength of some other portion. Look at a person with weak lungs, but large mental powers. Alas! alas! and this person *will* read, *will* think. The poor lungs say, 'We are very weak; take us out for a walk to-day.' The brain says, 'My dear, hold your tongue; I want to read this book.' The lungs say, 'We feel very hungry; you know, we did not have our fair proportion of blood yesterday; you, dear brain, you took not only your own portion, but a large proportion of ours. Oh, now do pay us back to-day.' 'My dear lungs,' says the brain, 'I must master this section of chemistry to-day.' 'Ah, to-day,' say the lungs, 'we feel weaker than ever; really you do take so much work. Dear brain, you do require so much looking after, I am quite fagged and exhausted, and alas! I am very sorry to say it, but there is the lower portion of my right lung; I have not been able to send any blood to it at all, and it is getting very dangerous, very weak. Now, to-day throw aside the books; just let us take a gentle walk together.' 'Pooh! pooh!' says the brain, 'I am in a most delightful reverie.'"

After enlarging somewhat insultingly on the sympathy of the skin and the rest, he thus triumphs over the sad scamps—doctors in general:—

"It is also another great thing that a course of water-treatment usually routs out all the congealed and compacted abominations

which medicine has left in the system, as when a new tenant, cleanly and well-disposed, enters into a house which has been occupied by some disorderly dirty slovens, who have left the evidences of their carelessness or their filthiness over the whole house—the floors are washed, a new mucous membrane is put upon the walls (for your wall-paper is very like your mucous membrane), your garden is dislodged of all its filthy reservoirs and aggregations, the whole household economy is made to assume a new appearance beneath the hydropathic superintendence of bucket and broom. Even so it is when the new tenant Hydropathy dislodges the old tenant Allopathy. *I have seen the compresses and sheets stained and fetid with medicine taken years ago.* People who have undergone a course of mercury years since have it routed out of their constitution beneath the all-powerful compulsion of water. 'Be off, sir; you have no business here.' Where morbid matter exists, there it is instantly dislodged, and the whole town of Mansoul is as jolly and as glad as in the old days of Bunyan, when King Shadai took possession. You know there are many diseases which have their origin in the lodgment of what are called medicines in different parts of the system. Mercury has been found in the brain, muscles, and bones; lead in the liver, muscles, and spinal marrow; and copper in the liver. Here is a pretty company to invite to a guest-chamber."

The term *allopathy* is not applicable to the practice of general medicine, since its principle is not to treat disease by what may produce merely another disorder, but by whatever experience teaches as to the means of subduing that which exists. The absurdity of all these last quotations is delicious; how should we prize, as a rare curiosity, some of the mercury or fetid medicine that had lodged in the brain of our author! We know that many hydropathic practitioners, while employing all the helps that water can bring towards recovering health, do not scruple to employ medicines, and we also know that many patients of those who refuse to resort to such assistance have suffered severely and dangerously for want of it. Dr. Wilson, also a Malvern water-doctor, with characteristic good sense, says in his preface, "We cannot altogether dispense with medicines; they are, in certain cases, a great aid and indispensable." With this understanding the Water Cure commends itself to common sense, and, doubtless it will find its proper place in rational medicine; but that any system will speedily blot out the pharmacopœias from the records of science is not very likely, since they are the growth of three thousand years' experience. The water nymph is not the goddess of health; she is only one of her handmaids, for she has a very numerous train, who gather simples in the dewy morn, and collect healing influences from all the elements at her bidding. The scientific management of the body, whether diseased or in health, resolves itself into

the proper use of whatever power resides in the body; and, of course, implies appropriate food, and pure air and water, a due temperature, together with rest and action, according to condition, and whatever may help to ensure the production of good blood, that is, blood that shall contain all the elements required for the perpetual renewal of every organ of the body, while, at the same time, supplying the materials necessary for the maintenance of vital warmth and nerve action by the processes of breathing in immediate relation to the circulation of the blood, and the evolution of all the secretions. Health is mainly preserved by that amount of exercise, both of mind and muscle, which may excite function without exhausting power, and predispose to that nerve-rest, which peaceful sleep and satisfied appetite secures by withdrawing the mind from the demands of the body. The Water Cure, as conducted by scientific physicians, such as those we have already named, certainly affords just that measure and variety of employment and diversion, which, while giving motive for action, imparts an interest sufficient, so far as the patient in all his movements is doing, or supposed to be doing, something for himself, of great value, that is, he is helping himself to recover health. In the ordinary run of chronic disorders we cannot imagine any method more to the purpose. Mental unrest and dissatisfaction, or a sense of inability to meet the demands of business, duty, or of social claim, is a main cause of the chronic invalid's nervous depression, and it greatly tends to keep up that state of brain which, by interfering with the regular distribution of nerve-force, disturbs all the functions and perpetuates the disorder. There is a spell upon all the powers of both soul and body, and the first step to breaking this spell is removal from every person and thing accustomed to claim attention. A new order of action is at once attained, and this action, because it is new, is mental rest; and we know how justly a certain kind of mental repose is deemed indispensable to the success of medical treatment, not only by hydropathy, but by all physicians. Without it the pearly stream of the holiest well will reflect the image of the pilgrim who seeks the shrine of health in vain; his cheek will only appear more and more wrinkled as he looks into the fountain, for the sunbeam that there dances with the dimpling waters imparts no healing virtue to their moving except for those who come led on alike by rosy Hope and holy Quiet. The anxious mind is one of the worst forms of *bad habit*; it more than any other deadens what Dr. Wilson aptly calls the body-conscience, for a man carrying a load of care has enough to do with his burden, and is scarcely sensible of the duties of the body as such, or capable of giving due heed to their fulfil-

and dwells with emphatic frankness in his introductory remarks upon the debt which, with or without acknowledgment, some of our greatest writers owe to the French essayist. "The Essays," it is observed, "are known in substance far beyond the circle of readers who can decipher their idiomatic French, studded with Gascon phrases, or relish the quaint old English translations by Florio and Cotton, however modernized." But to the question of influence. "From Shakspere and Bacon, down to the humblest essayist, earnest enough to make man the theme of his speculations, we find traces of communion with Montaigne. His acquaintance is sometimes acknowledged, oftener implied. Butler and Pope quote, but Swift and Sterne show that they were familiar with him." But not to their discredit. "To point out that English writers are under obligations to this wonderful speculator," ingenuously admits Mr. St. John, "is not to diminish their value, but to show that it is a debt of gratitude in us to study his career."

The object of Mr. St. John in publishing the present biography, is to enable us to pay back this debt of gratitude, and study the career of this great thinker, whether as a soldier, a courtier, a magistrate, or a recluse student in the solitary tower of the Château de Montaigne in Perigord. Hitherto we have had no complete life of Montaigne, except one of about thirty pages by President Bonhier; and some smaller ones composed of sentences from the Essays, strung together; with that by Hazlitt, prefixed to an edition of the Essays, which is a fair but slight *résumé*. Besides these, there are discussional books, pamphlets of various sizes, on different parts of the Life of Montaigne—Guizot, Villemain, Sainte-Beuve, and Philaréte Chasles have all entered the lists—commentaries, or documents found; but every one has hitherto shrunk from the difficult, the tedious task of putting these materials together. The fact, those dusty old antiquaries, though capable of deciphering a document, were incompetent to interpret it, or connect it with one great whole. In fact, Dr. Payer, who has been indefatigable in endeavouring to ferret out documents which might throw light upon the history of this extraordinary man, and who published a valuable series of researches, some four or five years since, on what he calls "The Public Life" of Montaigne, has pronounced that it is as yet impossible to write a biography. It may, therefore, appear presumptuous that any one, especially an Englishman, should have undertaken so bold and arduous a task. No one, however, who reads carefully, and analyzes critically, the first full-length portrait drawn by Mr. St. John, but must admit that he has come well prepared for the labour he has imposed upon himself. He not only

them; they have had little business in the great battle of life; the brain has not had enough to do; the nervous system has been inactive; and now, wherever they go, fears are in the way. In their eyes, the slightest pimple is an abscess or tumour; a scratch of the skin will lead to mortification. Fears are always in the way. They dread to walk; very likely have few ideas to quiet their minds, and the few ideas they have turn into giants or Frankenstein ghosts, and crush them. Even to come to a place like this is to such persons a great benefit."—P. 100.

Now, it is evident that he who goes with the most faith and hope to the Malvern doctor is the likeliest to recover, but it is also evident that, could the chronic invalid be induced to break away from his morbid habits of mind by any other means, the success would be equally remarkable; but such persons require strong persuasives—such as the physiological treatises and elaborate advertisements, and attractive pictures, very properly published by hydropathic practitioners. We would, however, that equal efforts were made to remedy those evils of conventional society which are so apt to produce chronic morbid states of blood and nerve; and we cannot but believe from evidence before us that if pulpit ministry was more frequently and consistently directed to the enforcement of social duties and activities, we should witness more of that faith and hope which would cure without the doctor; for is not the common cause of such disorder to be found in the fact that men and women are too ignorant of the natural laws of God to be able to obey them?

Life at Dr. Grindrod's is thus described by the Restored Invalid, and we rather think we should enjoy it:—

"It is very true that this is a life of trifles, and it would not do to last long. I already feel that I long to be back to my book and my pen; but then everything here is devised that can keep the mind *un*occupied. If any reading at all is indulged in, the doctor prescribes that reading that taxes no thought, and the object in coming to this place is not to medicine the mind, but to renovate the body, and, therefore, for once we have to reverse the injunctions here—some of us at any rate—and to 'give no attendance to reading,' and to keep under the mind, and bring it into subjection."—P. 88.

"I was prepared to expect in coming here rather a short allowance in the provision way. I thought our diet would be much plainer that it is. I find that the doctor maintains a perfectly generous table. We breakfast at half-past eight. Some patients have cocoa, others I see sitting with oatmeal-porridge before them; but the most of us have our ordinary fare of tea, though it goes to my heart to tell you that the doctor has cut down my allowance to two cups, and those not over strong. Then at dinner, which is at two o'clock, we have a well-spread table of good substantial meat in addition to game or poultry. I have not seen a rasher of pork since I have

been here, and I fancy if I stay in Malvern for twelve months, I never shall. After the meat, various puddings, tapioca, sago, bread, and rice, generally rise to the charmed lips of the enamoured spectators. Feeding time over, we disperse until seven o'clock brings us to the re-union at tea. Our doctor appears to be most hospitably inclined, and seldom an evening passes that we do not find two or three, or more, entertaining strangers at the table, sometimes persons of rank, sometimes persons of conversational power, but always persons whose tastes are congenial to the company. The other evening we had Lady P——, a very interesting woman indeed, although she did not say much. I felt an interest in her on account of her active benevolence as the friend of Mrs. Fry, and as the wife of the late Sir John P——, whose energy and benevolence all who have learned to know, have learned to esteem. An evening or two ago, we had Lady M——, and this was an occasion when we had a fine storm of song and talk, lasting in the drawing-room till what would be considered a somewhat late hour. One of the most interesting evenings I have spent here was with Mrs. A——, and I only fear that, from no bad manners of mine, I managed to monopolize with her and Dr. Stevens nearly the whole of the conversation, the central point of which was whether the mind be seated in the brain or in the stomach. What think you of that? All sorts of people look in here; we rub off the rust and the dust of false notions and prejudices most admirably. Methodists, quakers, baptists, independents, and church people; baronets, colonels, captains, tradesmen, merchants, ladies of rank, and ladies who would like to be thought of rank;—I have been in the company of all these, and seen them all together, since I have been here, sitting on the same sofa, chatting over the same book, entering with gusto into the same view or idea. How admirably minds and characters meet together in a place like this."—(P. 88.) "We are strange people here, and do strange things. This morning I was up on the beacon by seven o'clock; a pretty considerable height, let me tell you; but before I arrived there, I met a gentleman without a hat, his uncombed hair 'streamed like a meteor to the troubled wind,' passing to and fro with a glass of water in his hand, which he had been at the trouble of carrying up for the purpose of drinking on the top from St. Anne's Well. Little Graefenberg glasses are very common here; you can easily put them in your pocket and avail yourself of every spring. Abandonment is the style of living; the more abandoned you are, the more happy, the more likely to find the benefit of the treatment. Upon the whole, all the people here are very abandoned characters; they are compelled to be so. Mercy upon us, how could it be expected that we could wade through all the purgatorial fashionabilities of our truly ridiculous town life? In towns, we pad and puff ourselves up and out, with stocks and neckerchiefs, tight boots, tight pantaloons, fronts which have very properly been denominated hypocrites, and ten thousand little inventions, every one an inversion of the simple teaching of nature. Here, in our house, we have one man who will run about without a hat, and another

never wears braces, and a third will not, if he can possibly help it, mount a neckerchief, and a fourth strives to steer clear of waistcoats; the aim is everywhere to bring back a natural glow, to make the warmth of nature supersede the warmth of clothes."—P. 103.

We learn, then, from the practice of hydropathy an important lesson, namely, that to preserve health, we must preserve the balance of our mental and of our bodily powers by affording them liberty to restore themselves in relaxation from all undue demand. We learn what indeed we all know by instinct or intuition, that an easy life is the likeliest to last, provided we keep a clean conscience as well as a clean skin. We must, in short, do our duty to the body by attending to all its claims upon us, while taking our places in society in such a manner as to be busy for its benefit as well as for our own. Thus shall we best sustain that perpetual motion within us called life, and best preserve the balance of decay and reproduction on which, by a mysterious ordinance, depend health and happiness, so far as bodily machinery and the working of its corresponding mental functions are concerned. Physiologists all confirm the doctrine which our invalid strenuously enforces, as if his own discovery, "*Living things can repair their own injuries.*" That is, of course, provided the injury be not too extensive, and the living thing be supplied with what it needs, and delivered from all obstructions to the natural efforts of the living spirit within it. As we would avoid injury so must we endeavour to obtain what as human beings, with souls as well as bodies, our Maker intends for us; and then we shall be in as fair a way of retaining health if we possess that blessing, or of recovering it when lost, as far as the probationary circumstances of this world of sin and death will allow.

We only add the words of a wise man (Jeremy Taylor): "God is He only that needs no help, and God hath created the physician for thine; therefore, use him temperately without violent confidence; and sweetly, without uncivil distrustings."

Art. II.—ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA.

Oriental and Western Siberia: a Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas Witlam Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1858.

The courage, energy, and perseverance of the Anglo-Saxon race have become proverbial. In war, in commerce, in political

and social science, the possession of these qualities has enabled them to surpass all competitors, while in the field of discovery they stand unrivalled. Who but one of that chosen race would have attempted the bold and apparently desperate task of crossing the vast continent of Africa from sea to sea, an enterprise but lately successfully carried out by the gallant Dr. Livingstone? and who, except an Anglo-Saxon, would dream of spending seven long years in the wild regions of Siberia and Chinese Tartary, merely for the purpose of gazing upon what had never before been seen by European eye, and sketching what had never before been sketched by European pencil? Yet this is just what Mr. Atkinson has done, in spite of cold, fatigue, and hunger, and in defiance of the perils of travel amidst unknown mountains, tempest-vexed lakes, raging torrents, and pathless deserts, as well as of those arising from the lawlessness and cupidity of the wild robber-tribes that inhabit the steppes bordering upon the great central desert of Asia. He seems to have possessed rare qualifications for his daring enterprise—of tall stature and great activity, a gallant horseman, an unerring shot with the rifle and the pistol, he was just the man to win the applause and conciliate the regard of the wild spirits among whom he was thrown; and when danger threatened, to confront it with promptitude and vigour. He also enjoyed the great advantage of a special passport from the late Emperor of Russia, which proved a talisman throughout his wide dominions, and swept down every obstacle that barred his progress. Armed with this passport, he travelled, in carriages, on horseback, and in boats, 39,500 miles in the course of his seven years' wanderings; his route extending from Kokhan on the west, to the eastern end of Lake Baikal, and as far south as the Chinese town of Tchin-si, including the immense chain of the Syan-shan, never before seen by any European; as well as a large portion of the western part of the desert of Gobi, over which, six centuries ago, Genghiz Khan marched his wild hordes towards the West. During these seven years, he made 560 sketches of the scenery of Siberia and the hitherto unexplored regions of central Asia, some of which were executed under circumstances of great difficulty and danger—in the tents of the nomad tribes of the Kirghis, among snowy mountains, or on the brink of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1,500 feet. These sketches furnish the illustrations to the volume before us, which are both numerous and beautiful, and convey a high idea of the peculiarity and grandeur of the lake and mountain scenery, particularly between Siberia and Mongolia. For days and weeks together, Mr. Atkinson was almost entirely dependent for

subsistence on his rifle and fowling-piece; and he gives a tempting account of the double snipes, pheasants, bustards, partridges, blackcock, wild duck, antelopes, deer, and wild boar, that fell victims to his skill. He often travelled, particularly in Mongolia and Chinese Tartary, with a large retinue of Cossacks and Kalmucks, all well armed and prepared for the worst, as was needful while traversing steppes infested by robber tribes, and desperate convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements. This armed and numerous following caused Mr. Atkinson to be taken more than once for a powerful robber chief, and his assistance was twice earnestly solicited, and a large share of plunder promised him, if he would join in an expedition against Koubaldos, the most renowned freebooter of the steppes.

Mr. Atkinson's book possesses one great advantage over that of Dr. Livingstone. It is remarkably good in point of style, which is clear, graphic, and forcible. It is also accompanied by an excellent map, upon which the author's wanderings are distinctly marked out. He passes slightly over his journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and presses on towards the less known and more interesting portions of his route. After a fatiguing journey he reached Ekaterineberg, the capital of the Oural, and the centre of its extensive and important mining operations. At the house of a director of mines, in which he had been compelled to take refuge by stress of weather, he met with a rather overpowering specimen of Russian hospitality, which is thus amusingly recorded:—

"In Siberia, each good housewife makes from the wild fruits, of which there is a great variety, several sorts of *nalifka* (cordial). A bottle of this was produced, and a glass of it handed to me; it was the colour of claret, but the flavour vastly superior. I took a second glass to their particular satisfaction; immediately four other bottles of different sorts were ordered in, from all of which I was obliged to drink a 'wee drap' during supper; and most delicious nalifkas they were. Finally, as a finish to our repast, my host brought in a bottle of champagne and *two* glasses on a tray, evidently intending that he and I should drink it alone; but here I was forced to disappoint him, for as soon as he had filled a bumper for me, I could not help presenting it to his wife, evidently to her great surprise and pleasure. Another glass was brought for me, and we then very deliberately proceeded to finish the bottle. When this was disposed of, I thought all concluded for the night, but was mistaken; my hostess left the room, returning with other varieties, all of which she insisted on my tasting; this with them means finishing a glass; I had no sooner taken one than she had another ready. At last I got through the tasting process, or, at least, supposed that I had. But judge my astonishment, when my host walked in with another bottle of cham-

pagne, which, in spite of all opposition, my friends compelled me to join in drinking. I was then provided with a sofa to sleep on, and turned in for the night."

This forms a capital pendant to Lord Dufferin's account of his jovial dinner-party with the Governor of Reikiavik, where he was challenged by each of the twenty guests to drink wine (which in Iceland, as in Siberia, means emptying your glass) *before* the public toasts began.

On page 42, we are presented with a sketch of the birth-place of the great-grandfather of the present Prince Demidoff, who now possesses, in and around the Oural mountains, an estate of upwards of three millions of acres, on which nature has been most lavish of her wealth. Iron and copper ore appear to be inexhaustible. Platinum and gold are in the upper valleys, and malachite also is found there in enormous quantities, as well as porphyry, jaspers, and marbles of great beauty; while the forests are thickly timbered, and extend over more than 2,000 square miles. The capital of this vast estate is the town of Nijne Tagilsk, with a population of 25,000 inhabitants, where iron and copper are worked on a very extensive scale. Anatole Demidoff spares no expense in educating the young men on his estates who show any talent for geology, mineralogy, or mechanics. He has sent several to England and France, affording them every facility for prosecuting their studies; to some he has given their freedom, and several of those in his service have acquired considerable wealth. The Demidoffs early saw the advantage which they would derive from imparting to their workmen a knowledge of the fine arts, and there was a school of design in Nijne Tagilsk seventy years ago; several workmen belonging to that town were sent to Italy and placed with eminent artists, under whom they studied for some years, returning home fully qualified to act as teachers themselves; and Mr. Atkinson tells us that he has seen five or six tables painted by them that would do credit to any establishment in Europe at the present day.

At Kooshwink, on the Asiatic side of the Oural, our author had a violent attack of fever, which was subdued by the following powerful method of treatment:—

"In the course of half an hour the doctor arrived, and seeing the condition I was in, directed that I should at once go to bed, while a Russian bath should be prepared for me. This was commencing business in earnest. In due time the bath was got ready, to which I was carried by two sturdy Cossacks. Having laid aside my last clothing, the body-guard placed me on the top shelf of the bath-room, within an inch of the furnace—if I may so call it—and there *steamed* me till I thought my individuality well-nigh gone. After about forty

minutes of drubbing and flogging with a bundle of birch twigs, leaf and all, till I had attained the true colour of a well-done craw-fish, I was taken out, and treated to a pail of cold water, dashed over me from head to foot, that fairly electrified me. I found myself quite exhausted and helpless, in which condition I was carried back to bed. I had scarcely lain down ten minutes, when a Cossack entered with a bottle of physic of some kind or other, large enough apparently to supply a regiment. The doctor followed instead of preceding the apothecary, and instantly gave me a dose. Seeing that I survived the experiment, he ordered the man in attendance to repeat it every two hours during the night. Thanks to the Russian bath, and possibly the quantity of medicine I had to swallow, the fever was forced, after a struggle of eight days, to beat a retreat."

Twice afterwards, during his wanderings, Mr. Atkinson was attacked by fever, and recovered by the use of the Russian bath, which might possibly be found as successful in this country as in Siberia.

Before leaving the district of the Oural, our author ascended Mount Katchanar, the highest of the range, which is crowned by some remarkable crags, standing up like crystals, several not less than 100 feet high, composed of regular courses, with pure magnetic iron ore between their beds, varying from one inch to four inches thick. In some places, cubes or crystals of iron, three and four inches square, project from the solid rock, and in other parts the whole mass seems to be of iron. Another Ouralian mountain, ascended by Mr. Atkinson, is the Great Blagodat, on whose summit stands a small wooden chapel, and a tomb erected to the memory of a royal chief, named Tchumpin, who was there sacrificed and burnt by his ferocious countrymen, as a penalty for pointing out the mines of magnetic iron ore to the Russians. As a favourable specimen of Mr. Atkinson's descriptive powers, we shall quote his picture of a sunrise among the Ourals :—

"The sun was rising fast, his yellow rays were thrown far up into mid heaven; and, in a short time, the rocky peaks above me were tipped with golden light. Soon he was shining upon me in his full glory, whilst all beneath was undefined and misty. Presently the tops of the lower hills caught the light, and every few minutes new objects seemed starting into life from out the gloomy shroud which overhung the valleys. I sat watching the changes for an hour. It was, indeed, a glorious sight. Hill after hill was breaking into view—each ridge as it receded was more aerial, until, at length, they appeared like golden mists; while the nearer rocks stood out grim, dark, and rugged, as if the spirits of darkness were trying to penetrate the mysteries of heaven."

Mr. Atkinson praises highly the generous and almost

universal hospitality of the Oural. The ancient mansion of the Demidoffs at Nevrainsk, is now kept up solely for the accommodation of travellers, who are welcome at whatever hour of the day or night they may arrive; and the table is covered with excellent fare and delicious wines—port, sherry, Rhine wine, and champagne, free of expense. At Nevrainsk there is a curious leaning brick tower, of which a sketch is given, and an extensive manufactory of rifles, coarsely finished, and stocked with birchwood, but which will carry a ball with as much certainty as the best Purday. They have the further advantage of being exceedingly cheap, costing, ready for use, £1 11s. 8d. each. Two rifles were manufactured here expressly for Mr. Atkinson, and cost him, complete with cases and all necessary apparatus, only £4 15s. Nevrainsk and the neighbouring mines are the property of the wealthy family of Yakovlif, between whom and the Demidoffs a dispute arose as to boundaries, and gave rise to expensive and protracted litigation. The Yakovlifs claimed the iron mines in Nijne Tagilsk; and, during the author's visit to that place in 1847, a new boundary was being formed between the conterminous estates of the two families in a somewhat singular manner: a deep trench was dug along the boundary, and filled up with small charcoal, which is almost indestructible, and can scarcely be moved without immediate detection.

Besides various metallic ores, many valuable precious stones, such as the emerald, amethyst, beryl, chrisoberyl, topaz, rose tourmalin, and garnets, are found in the Oural; and there is also an inexhaustible variety of jaspers, porphyry, aventurine, and other ornamental stones, which are made into columns, pedestals, vases, and tables, unrivalled in workmanship, either in ancient or modern times. The establishment where this is done belongs to the crown, and is worked by peasants, who receive the veriest trifle as wages.

"I have seen," says Mr. Atkinson, "a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled anywhere in Europe, whose wages were *three shillings and eightpence per month*, with two poods, or thirty-six pounds of rye flour per month, to make into bread; meat he is never supposed to eat. I have seen another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper, of two colours—the ground a dark green, and the head a yellowish cream colour—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia. *He* also, poor man! received his three shillings and eightpence per month, and his bread. There are many men employed in these productions possessing great genius; were they free to use their

talents for their own benefit, this country might send into civilized Europe numerous works of vast merit."

At Ekaterineberg especially, and also at many of the other mining centres of Siberia, where wealth is pretty widely spread, gambling is a prevalent vice; and during our author's stay in the Oural, a young officer shot himself, owing to his losses at play. Even the fair sex pass a considerable portion of their time at cards; and among them are some most inveterate gamblers. It is almost their only resource to kill time.

"In England," said an intelligent Russian to Mr. Atkinson, "you have the daily papers, the monthly periodicals, a literature unequalled, and the liberty of discussing any subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds, we should not care for cards."

The wealth, comfort, and intelligence of the mining population are not confined to the Oural, but are quite as conspicuous in the Altai district, where 64,000 men are employed in mining operations, and where are the richest gold and silver mines of Siberia. The town of Barnaoul, with a population of 10,000, is the centre for the administration of the mines of the Altai; and there resides the Natchalnick, or chief director of the mines. This officer is responsible for the proper working of the mines; and every department is under his control. Once a-year he must visit every smelting work, iron work, gold mine, and silver mine; to accomplish which he must travel nearly 4,000 miles annually, chiefly in a mountainous country, sometimes in a carriage, and frequently also on horseback; then he must descend the rivers on rafts or boats, and must often face terrible storms. But to compensate for this, he possesses immense power, as every officer and man in the Altai is under his command, and must obey his orders. Mr. Atkinson pays the highest compliments to the abilities of the Russian mining engineers. No class of men in the empire can approach them in scientific knowledge and intelligence; and many among them in that distant country, are qualified to take their stand beside the first *savants* in Europe, as geologists, mineralogists, and metallurgists.

At Barnaoul, our author found living exceedingly cheap, and the society the pleasantest of any in Siberia. Of the former of these advantages, he gives the following examples: White flour, 3s. 4d. for thirty-six pounds; rye flour, 4d. for the same quantity; beef, from 2s. to 3s. per pood of thirty-six pounds; salmon, 2d. per pound, and sterlet, 3d.; grouse, 6d., and partridges, 4d. a-brace; fresh eggs, 1s. per hundred. Truly, housekeeping must be a sinecure in this part of Siberia; but

this is by no means the only advantage of Barnaoul. Its neighbourhood presents a great variety of attractions to the sportsman. The valley of the Obi swarms with the double snipe, of which Mr. Atkinson and three Russian friends on one occasion bagged 198 in less than three hours and a-half. Besides snipe, tree-partridges, blackcock, and hares, are abundant; and in winter wolves are more numerous than agreeable. Mr. Atkinson relates an amusing adventure that occurred to some keen sportsmen while engaged in a snipe-shooting excursion in the vicinity of Barnaoul. They were overturned in a morass, while driving to the ground, and thoroughly drenched; but the day was hot, the snipe numerous, and they could not bear the idea of returning; so, sending the driver back to Barnaoul for dry garments, they stripped off their wet clothes, spread them out to dry, and, clad only in their long shooting-boots and broad-brimmed hats, and with game-bags slung over their shoulders, they commenced operations against the snipe with the utmost vigour and success, their dogs—after getting over the first surprise at the novel costume of their masters—behaving admirably. None of the party suffered from the exposure; and the adventure is now one of the local legends of Barnaoul.

In the course of his rambles our author visited Zlataoost, the Birmingham and Sheffield of Siberia, where there is one of the most extensive and best-arranged fabrics of arms in the world. Its director, General Anossoff, who died at Omsk, in 1851, had succeeded in reviving the forgotten art of damascening arms, and had carried it to a higher degree of perfection than even the ancient armourers of the East. But, as far as the art of damascening steel is concerned, the glory of Zlataoost has departed with Anossoff; for, on our author's visit, in 1853, he found that a damasc blade could no longer be manufactured.

Among the Siberian mountains, bears are still numerous and often savage and dangerous, and many stories are related of their strength and fierceness. The greatest bear-hunter of the Oural is a damsel of the name of Anna Petrovnaia, a heroine, who, single-handed, has engaged and slain seventeen bears. In all Siberia, bruin has not a more intrepid or dangerous enemy, yet her countenance is soft and pleasing, and nothing in her appearance indicates her extraordinary intrepidity.

Not the least risk which the traveller in Siberia must encounter, is that arising from the sudden and terrible storms which sweep over the mountains and steppes with startling rapidity and violence. The following is a spirited account

of a gallop for life during one of these tempests which overtook our author while traversing the Kholsoun mountains:—

"Without speaking a word we turned our horses and started off at a gallop. It was a race for the pass, as it was only in this ravine that we could hope for shelter. Every few minutes the thunder rolled nearer and nearer, and on we galloped; the horses, with an instinctive dread of what was following, putting forth their full powers without either whip or spur. Road, or track, there was none; only some high rocky peaks pointed out to my companions the head of the pass. Our course was straight towards these; sometimes over fine mossy turf, then over ground rough and stony, which would, under any other circumstances, have caused both horse and rider to hesitate before dashing onward at the speed at which we were going. The storm was still behind us, for, as yet, we had only seen the flash, but not the streams of lightning that were descending, every two or three minutes, in our rear, followed by claps of thunder, which resounded among the mountains until the distant echo was lost in another loud roar. At a short distance in front of us, I beheld huge pillars of rock, rising up fifty or sixty feet, which reminded me of Stonehenge, but on a most gigantic scale. I looked at the place with intense interest, determined to visit it, if possible, on the morrow. We were within a couple of versts of the head of the pass when we heard a great rushing sound behind us. Instantly our heads were turned to see what was coming, when we beheld branches of cedar torn up from the valley, carried over the rocky peaks, and whirled high into the air; this was the blast before the storm, which now swept on with terrific force. Fortunately for us the rocky pillars broke the fury of the gust, or we should have been hurled down to a certainty; for, at a short distance on each side of us, the dwarf cedars, which creep over the rocks, were torn up and carried along by the hurricane. We found it difficult to sit our horses, as they swerved and bounded on, when the fearful squall rushed past.

"The storm was now near; but for the last few minutes there had not been a flash. This was even more appalling than the loud thunder. I turned my head and saw a thick red stream strike among the rocks we had just passed; at the same instant there were three reports, like the firing of a heavily loaded musket, over our heads, and then came a crash which made our horses shudder, although in gallop. Now came hailstones so thick that, for a moment, they almost blinded us; the lightning flashed in quick succession, and the thunder was incessant. We reached the pass, and turned into its rugged jaws with a delight known only to a mariner when he runs his sinking craft into a safe haven. In about ten minutes we were quietly standing under the shelter of some friendly rocks, our tired horses trembling with fear. The men crossed themselves; nor did I forget to offer up my thanks for our preservation."

Near Little Narym, a frontier post of Cossacks, our author

got his first glimpse of the vast and sedulously guarded territory of the Chinese empire. Afterwards he descended the Irtisch, the principal tributary of the great river Obi, for a considerable distance, amidst scenery of the most magnificent description. In one place he found a mountain rent asunder, the chasm being not more than thirty feet wide and upwards of 800 feet in height. The sides are almost perpendicular, and would fit into each other could they be brought together. The celebrated "Brèche de Roland," in the Pyrenees, is nothing to this.

In the neighbourhood of the Irtisch, Mr. Atkinson made his first acquaintance with the Kirghis of the steppes. They are great robbers, continually making *barantas*, or forays, in search of plunder; and, on one occasion, in the valley of Isilksou, the author made a narrow escape from their clutches. His first introduction to a Kirghis chief took place at the *aoul*, or dwelling of Mahomed, one of the wealthiest princes of the steppes. He was upwards of sixty years old, stout and square built, with broad features, a fine flowing grey beard, small piercing eyes, and a countenance not disagreeable. He wore on his head a closely-fitting silk cap, beautifully embroidered in silver; his dress was a long robe, or *kalat*, of pink and yellow striped silk, tied round the waist with a white shawl; and his boots, of reddish brown leather, had such high heels as to cause him some difficulty in walking. The Kirghis have a drink peculiar to them, and of which they are passionately fond; it is called *koumis*, and is made by fermenting mare's milk. They begin making the *koumis* in April. The mares are milked at five in the morning and evening into large leathern pails, which are taken immediately to the *yourt*, or tent, and the milk poured into the *koumis*-bag, a most important piece of furniture in Kirghis housekeeping. It is made of leather, and is sometimes nearly six feet long by upwards of four wide; at one corner there is a leathern tube, four inches in diameter, through which they pour in the milk and draw out the *koumis*. A wooden instrument, resembling a churning staff, is introduced into the bag, and with this the *koumis* is frequently stirred. The bag is never washed out, as this would spoil it. The milk is stirred and fermented for fourteen days, after which it is considered perfection, and is drunk in great quantities by the wealthy Kirghis, as it requires a large stock of brood-mares to afford a corresponding consumption of this beverage. Almost every Kirghis has a *koumis*-bottle slung to his saddle in summer, which he loses no opportunity of replenishing.

Mr. Atkinson had some rum among his stores; and he soon found that, although old Mahomed would on no account touch

it when others were present, he was but too fond of drinking it when alone with his guest. Fearing this might lead to mischief, he hit upon a humorous expedient which entirely cured the old sinner of his taste for the forbidden spirit. Here is Mr. Atkinson's account of the scene:—

"I took a piece of stearine candle out of my box, lighted it, and put it beside me. I then poured a small quantity of rum into the cup, leaving it standing on my tea-box, which I had placed before him. He looked into the cup and was greatly dissatisfied with the quantity, asking for more; I poured a little into a teaspoon and held it over the candle, without letting him see what I was doing. When the spirit caught fire I took the cup, poured the burning fluid into the rum, and placed it before him. As the blue flames curled up he looked perfectly aghast, muttering something about Shaitan. After the flame had burnt out I offered him another cup; but nothing could induce him to touch it even with his finger. I spent two more nights at this *aoul* without even having induced him to taste rum tea."

One of the most wonderful objects in Siberia is Altai-Kool, or the Golden Lake, which lies buried among the recesses of the Altai mountains. It fills up an enormous chasm in the mountain chain, about sixty miles in length, by six or seven wide, and is almost entirely surrounded by lofty summits. Its depth is said to be 2,000 feet, while precipices of as great a height in many places overshadow its waters. Several of the neighbouring peaks rise far into the regions of eternal snow, contrasting finely with the vivid colours of the rocks which rise immediately above the lake. Their tints are often of the most brilliant description; some are bright red, and others purple, yellow, and green, and among them are many rare and beautiful varieties of granite, marble, and jasper. One spot is thus described by the author:—

"The rocks on both sides in the foreground are a dark red granite; those in the distance are slate. The plants and flowers growing with a tropical luxuriance upon and out of their crevices, gave the scene quite an enchanting aspect. It was savage nature adorned with some of her most lovely ornaments. The deep red on the granite, the grey, purple, and orange on the slate, with the bright yellow of the birches on the distant rocks, overtopped as they were by deep purple mountains, rendered this a study of inestimable value. Had Ruskin been here he must have acknowledged that Dame Nature was as a colourist more Turneresque than Turner himself."

The scenery on the river Tchoulish, which empties itself into the Altai-Kool, is stupendous; there is nothing in Europe to compare with it. Unfortunately, the navigation of

the Golden Lake is extremely perilous; landing places are few and far between; storms sudden and frequent, and so furious, that any boat caught in them is doomed to certain destruction. Mr. Atkinson made a very narrow escape, of which he gives the following account:—

"The lake was perfectly calm, but these mountaineers knew that a storm was coming, and it was evident that they were exceedingly anxious. Our little boats were pulled along at a great speed towards a bay, where there was a sandy shore—our only place of refuge. We were within 100 yards of the beach, when we heard the wind sweeping over the lake with a fearful sound. Looking out in the direction of the noise, I saw a streak of white foam coming towards us like a race-horse, and felt that if we were caught in this blast we were doomed; a few minutes more, and we should be safe. At last we touched the sand; to leap out was the work of a moment; simultaneously we seized the canoe, and ran it up on the beach; the other two crews performed the same operation. Now the gale swept past in its terrible fury, and a wave came dashing on to the strand four or five feet deep. Two of the canoes being a little behind were not out of reach of the wave as it rolled in, and were filled in a moment; the men, however, held on, and the boats were soon pulled out of danger. We sought shelter in the forest under several large cedars, and while some of my companions brought our baggage, others began preparing a *balagan*, as a protection against the storm. Just at this moment came a vivid flash, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, which appeared to shake the solid earth. The roaring of the wind and waves, and the heavy roll of the thunder, were appalling. It soon became a perfect hurricane; the tops of the waves were blown off as they rose, and the lake was covered as if with a sheet of snow. Had we gone even a hundred yards farther before turning towards the shore, we should never have been heard of again. Beyond this little bay there was not a spot on which we could land for fifteen versts."*

The Bielouka is the monarch of the Altai chain, and his gleaming crest penetrates far into the regions of eternal snow. Mr. Atkinson attempted the ascent, and gives a very spirited description of it in his twenty-third chapter. After a toilsome struggle among rocks and glaciers, he succeeded in reaching the foot of the two peaks which crown the Bielouka, and overlook every summit of the Altai; but further progress was impossible, as these two peaks are steep cones nearly 1,000 feet high, covered with hard-frozen snow, with a few points of green slate jutting through. Shortly after this the author had an affray in a Kalmuck *aoul* with a couple of drunken Kalmucks, both of whom he knocked down; but who, upon the appearance of his

* There are 104 versts in the degree of sixty geographical miles.

Cossacks, and finding themselves the weaker party, thought it safest to keep the peace. Mr. Atkinson pronounces the gorge of the Korgon to be the finest of the many magnificent scenes to be found among the Altai mountains. The precipices rise up 2,000 feet, broken into rugged and picturesque shapes, while the torrent roars and chafes at their base. Jasper of various colours is got here in very large masses; blocks for columns, fourteen feet long, are obtained near the summit of one of the highest precipices, and are lowered to the stream beneath with great difficulty. The labour of cutting out these large blocks is enormous; the workmen drill holes, five inches apart, the whole length of the block, and to the depth required; into these holes they then drive dry birchwood pines, and keep watering them till they swell and burst off the mass. Some of the workmen come from a distance of three or four hundred miles, arriving in May, and remaining till the end of September, when they all return to their homes. During the working season they live, in filth and wretchedness, in small stone huts built at the foot of the precipices which overhang the ravine, subsisting upon black bread and salt, and receiving a miserable pittance of two shillings and ninepence a month. Several vases from the jaspers of the Korgon were exhibited in the Crystal Palace of 1851; and a medal was awarded to the workmen, of which they are very proud.

Ancient Mongolia, now the country of the Kalkas, where the strong plunder the weak, and where the traveller must run the risk of losing his life, or being sold into slavery, was visited by our adventurous wanderer, accompanied by an escort of three Cossacks and seven Kalmucks, the party mustering in all eight rifles. The chief of the little band of Kalmucks was named Tchuck-a-boi, an active, powerful fellow, with a fine, manly countenance, a massive forehead, and large black eyes. He wore a horse-skin cloak, fastened round his waist with a broad red scarf, and his manly bearing and graceful movements made him a fine study. He was Mr. Atkinson's faithful companion through many a day of toil and hardship, and suffered hunger and thirst without a murmur. From an elevated position on the Tagnou mountains, which lie to the southward of the Altai range, the author got a peep far into Central Asia, and over a region never before beheld by any European. Many vast burrows or tumuli are scattered over the steppes of the Kalkas; and, as it was over these interminable plains that Genghis Khan marched his savage hordes, more than 600 years ago, to the conquest of the West, he conjectures that these mounds may cover the remains of nations which they exterminated during their desolating progress. On these far-

stretching plains of Mongolia the phenomenon of the mirage was frequently observed; and, in some places, considerable danger was incurred from the numerous and fierce packs of wolves which infest them. On one occasion they were attacked by them twice during a single night, and beat them off only after killing eight of their number, and wounding a great many more. Among the copse-wood and reeds in the valleys, and along the banks of the streams and lakes of the steppe, wild boars are numerous, and afford splendid sport. Mr. Atkinson, after a long and exciting gallop, succeeded in killing one which weighed 324 pounds.

The twenty-sixth chapter introduces the reader to Chinese Tartary, the snowy chain of the Syan-shan, and the desert of Gobi, a vast waste in the centre of the Asiatic continent, 2,000 miles in length, and varying in breadth fron 300 to 700. Here the author falls foul of Mr. de Quincey, and points out various gross geographical blunders which occur in his "Exodus of the Tartars." The *aouls* of several of the nomad sultans of the steppe were visited by Mr. Atkinson; and, while the guest of Sultan Baspasihan, he jointed a hunting party, where deer and antelopes were caught and killed by the "bearcoote," or large black eagle, which is trained and used by these Tartar tribes as falcons formerly were in Europe. A graphic description is given of this novel and exciting sport:—

"We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the reeds, and bounded over the plain, about 300 yards from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded, and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch, and soared up into the air. I watched him ascend, as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height and seemed to poise himself for about a minute. After this he gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line towards his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful speed. There was a shout, and away went his keepers at full gallop. I gave my horse the rein and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck-and-neck with one of the keepers. When we were about 200 yards off, the bearcoote struck his prey. The deer gave a bound forward and fell. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing out the animal's liver. The Khirgis sprang from his horse, slipped the hood over the eagle's head, and the shackles upon his legs, and removed him from his prey without difficulty. The keeper mounted his horse, his assistant placed the bearcoote on his perch, and he was ready for another flight. No dogs are taken out when

hunting with the eagle; they would be destroyed to a certainty; indeed the Khirgis assert, that he will attack and kill the wolf. Foxes are hunted in this way, and many are killed; the wild goat and the lesser kinds of deer are also taken in considerable numbers. We had not gone far before a herd of small antelopes were seen feeding on the plain. Again the bird soared up in circles as before —this time, I thought, to a greater elevation; and again he made the fatal swoop at his intended victim, and the animal was dead before we reached him. The bearcoote is unerring in his flight; unless the animal can escape into holes in the rocks, as the fox sometimes does, death is his certain doom."

Like the ancient patriarchs, the wealth of the sultans of the steppe consists in flocks and herds. Sultan Baspasihan had more than 2,000 horses, 1,000 cattle, 280 camels, and upwards of 6,000 sheep and goats. Mr. Atkinson's appearance and costume were, to these children of the desert, subjects of great curiosity and wonder, which does not at all astonish us, if the following picture be a correct one:—

"I wore a shooting-jacket of rifle green, a checked waistcoat and trousers—but very little of the latter were seen, as my legs were inserted into a pair of long shooting boots; a pink calico shirt, with the collar turned down over a small neck-tie, and a large-brimmed felt hat, that would accommodate itself to any shape. For a period of four years no barber had touched my silvery locks, and they were hanging down in heavy curls. This was a great wonder, as all male heads with them are closely shaven."

Mr. Atkinson had the boldness to visit the *aoul* of the celebrated robber-chief Koubaldos, the greatest scoundrel of the steppes; and was afterwards pursued by him with a strong party, and only escaped by misleading them as to the direction he had taken. He afterwards visited Sultan Sabeck, one of the richest chieftains of Mongolia, who possessed 8,000 horses and 600 camels, and who showed him great kindness and hospitality. Subsequently, he penetrated to within three hours' ride of the Chinese town of Tchin-si, and obtained a fine view of Bogda Oïla, the giant of the Syan-shan range, with his rocks, snows, and glaciers. It is an enormous mass, and the inhabitants of these regions have a saying, "that it hides both the sun and the moon." Sultans Baspasihan, Sabeck, and Oui-gass had concerted a plan for the destruction of Koubaldos, and the last-named of the three chieftains made the most liberal offers to Mr. Atkinson if he would remain with his band and join in the raid, and was greatly disappointed when his guest declined to aid in the anticipated massacre. Some of the sultans of the steppe still claim descent from Genghis Khan and Timour.

Ishonac Khan is descended from the first of these conquerors, and, in right of descent, wears the owl's feather hung from the top of his cap; while Sultan Ali Iholdi, of the line of Timour, has a son who bears the name of the great conqueror of Bajazet, and a chair of state, ornamented with peacock's feathers, is carried before him—a mark of the highest distinction amongst these people. Portraits of several of these chieftains and their families form some of the most interesting of the many beautiful illustrations in Mr. Atkinson's volume.

Great as were the dangers encountered by our author from the lawless banditti of the steppe, a greater peril awaited him, in the shape of a sand-storm, which overtook and nearly overwhelmed himself and his followers, and of which he gives the following vivid narrative:—

"Soon after crossing the river, we skirted the edge of a bed of reeds for several versts, and whilst riding on, I noticed a cloud of sand rising high into the air; but this was so common an occurrence that I paid no attention to the matter till we passed the bed of reeds, when we had a view over the steppe for fifty or sixty versts. I now saw that a dense black mass, of fearful appearance, was rolling straight towards us, extending about a verst in width. The moment the Kirghis beheld it, in the greatest alarm they turned their horses and galloped back under the shelter of the reeds; I and the Cossacks stood watching its approach for a few minutes, and then made for the shelter. The Kirghis led the horses into the cover, securing them fast, and urged me to lie down. It was not long before we heard the approach of the hurricane; on it came obscuring the sun, and casting a deep gloomy shade over the country. In a few minutes a terrific blast rushed by, laying the reeds and bulrushes flat over us. To look up was impossible; we were shrouded in a thick cloud of dust. In five minutes the storm passed, and then I saw that we had only been visited by the edge of the cloud as it rolled on with fearful rapidity. Fortunately we were not caught on the steppe, or every man and animal would have perished."

Among the magnificent scenery of the Alatou and Tagnou Mountains, Mr. Atkinson wandered for 123 days, and enriched his portfolio with 109 sketches, not departing from their neighbourhood until almost without clothes, and without a serviceable pair of boots. The last part of his book contains a description of the Saian mountains and the Baikal lake, two of the most interesting natural features of Oriental Siberia. He travelled first from the western frontier of Siberia to Irkutsk, its eastern capital, occasionally at the rate of nearly 200 miles in the twenty-four hours. The great post-road is very uninteresting, and if the traveller will keep awake for three stations after leaving the Irtisch, he may sleep for the remainder of the journey, and yet

be able to describe the whole country on his arrival; for the soil is everywhere either sandy and overgrown with the pine, or swampy and covered with the birch. Mr. Atkinson also descended the great river Yenissey, in a small boat, for upwards of 800 miles, viewing and sketching many magnificent scenes. At one spot he came upon enormous cliffs of white marble, as fine as any obtained at Carrara, which now remain untouched, as the waters of the stream which they overhang are lost in the Arctic Ocean, so that the marble cannot in this way be conveyed to Europe. Much, indeed, of the mineral wealth of Siberia seems destined to be for ever useless to man, from the savage and inaccessible localities where it lies. Thus, in the remote and lofty valley of the black Irkout, our author afterwards discovered beautiful marbles—some white, with deep purple spots and small veins, and others of a rich yellow, equal, if not superior, to the finest Sienna. In a ravine on the course of this river, which was filled with snow and ice, he also saw large poplars growing and in full leaf, though their tops only were above the icy mass, and their trunks imbedded in the snow to a depth of twenty-five feet. While among the Saian mountains, he came upon a volcanic region where vast masses of lava and extinct craters still remain to show the tremendous agencies formerly at work. The scenery here is sublime, and its most striking feature is thus pourtrayed:—

"The cone is about 800 feet high, is exceedingly abrupt and steep in the interior, and formed of lava and red ashes. It stands at the northern end of the crater which is elliptical in form, but very irregular, extending from north to south nearly two miles, and in some parts, more than three quarters of a mile in width; towards the southern end of the crater rose another cone of more recent date, and of greater magnitude. Beyond this a small stream, which comes from the snowy mountains above, dashes over the brink of the crater, and rushes on among masses of lava till it takes its last leap into a fearful abyss. This crater is not on the summit of a mountain, as high peaks and ridges surround it on every side. Its eastern side is bounded by rocks, probably not less than 2,000 feet high; which are not perpendicular but overhang their base—their faces bearing marks of intense heat. A few are grey, others purple, and some of a deep red. To the north-east these high precipices have been rent asunder into a tremendous chasm, through which the lava has flowed into the valley which joined the Djem-a-look, where I observed it in making the ascent. No scene with which I am acquainted conveys such an impression of the terrible and sublime, as the prospect from some parts of this wonderful region, in which I spent many days."

Shortly after this, Mr. Atkinson, in the course of his wanderings, visited a black-lead mine, discovered and worked by a

Frenchman—M. Alebère. It is situated on the summit of a dome-shaped mountain, and has a shaft twenty feet in diameter, and fifty deep. M. Alebère considers its produce superior to the best Cumberland lead; and the author, who tried it, pronounces it equal to any now produced, and much better than that at present in use. The extent of the vast ranges of mountains that traverse Asia, separating Siberia from Mongolia, is immense. The Alps may be easily crossed in four or five days; but the wanderer among these Asiatic alps has lost no time if he succeeds in crossing them in thirty-five. After exploring these mountains, Mr. Atkinson embarked on the Baikal, or as the natives call it, the Holy Sea. It is subject to terrific storms, and is said by them to be unfathomable. His boat voyage on this great inland sea lasted for twenty-eight days, and proved rather fatiguing, as the scenery, though presenting a few points of extraordinary beauty, is, upon the whole, very monotonous. There are a great many bears in the adjacent country, and one of the boatmen, who was a mighty hunter, mentioned a curious fact in the natural history of Bruin, which the author relates upon his authority: When a bear finds a man sleeping by a fire, he will not attack him, but will first go into the water, saturate his fur, return, put out the fire, and then devour his victim at his leisure.

We take leave of Mr. Atkinson reluctantly, and strongly recommend his delightful volume to the attention of our readers, as one of the most interesting books of travel that has lately issued from the press.

Art. III.—DEBIT AND CREDIT.

Debit and Credit. From the German of Gustav Freitag. Translated by L. C. C. With a Preface and Introduction by the Chevalier Bunsen. In Two Volumes. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1857.

Any romance which takes the capital of Prussia for its scene of action, must derive its interest from the manners it depicts, and not the site it has chosen. Never was situation less picturesque than that of Berlin. It is Shakspere's "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," crystallized. It is a slice of the great ham of the Zahara cut off for European uses. It is dull, level, and prosaic, to an almost poetical degree. It requires

superlatives to describe its prosiness. It is sand without and sand within; sand originally, and sand derivatively; sand all, and sand only; sand amid the corn, sand amid the trees, sand in molehill and mountain; sand by the highway, and sand by the river; sand in *Thal*, and sand in *Thier-garten;* sand in *Schloss*, sand in *Stadt*, sand in *Strasse;* sand in short, and nothing but sand, everywhere. Now, with such a whereabouts as this, it is quite clear an author must depend upon his whatabouts for his main interest, like Fanny Kemble or Rachel in their dramatic readings, deprived of the subsidiary helps of tragic costumes, pictorial accessaries, and footlights. What Shakspere's plays are without Charles Kean's embellishments, that a Prussian novel must be from the native and irremediable dearth of local attraction.

How different from the fiction of Rousseau, wherein the wild Alps, the vine-clad Meilleray, the placid Leman, constitute so much of the fascination of the "Héloise;" from that of Charles Kingsley, where the quiet combes of Devon, the broad estuaries and lovely rivers, the red tors and snowy-blossomed orchards, fill so important a part in the *locale* of "Westward Ho!" To leave the English novelist out of the question, Byron did no more than justice to the scenery of Rousseau's romance when he made that "apostle of affliction" pour out his passionate utterances amid the unequalled panorama of Southern Switzerland:—

> "'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
> Peopling it with affections; but he found
> It was the scene which passion must allot
> To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
> Where early love his Psyche's zone unbound,
> And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
> And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
> And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
> Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne."

The Prussian romance of Freitag, on the contrary, having chosen so unpropitious an *arena*—we abjure the implicit pun—can neither seek nor derive its interest from questions of latitude or longitude, from the temperature of the climate, or the productions of the soil. It is a story of town life, and might happen in any town—out of England; for here, its romantic cast of thought and incident would render it an impossibility. And we may add, that it is thoroughly German: a characteristic of the novel somewhat natural, seeing that it is the composition of a German author, on German ground, and depicts exclusively German life. With this native tinge, showing itself

everywhere in remarkable depth of colour, we are not disposed to quarrel, having decided sympathies with Teutonic literature, and with the better side of the German temperament; but nevertheless, we cannot bring ourselves to that enthusiastic appreciation of this novel which it has found in its native country. It is altogether more romantic than is quite consistent with ordinary life; and its sympathies are too confined, its object too didactic, for our own cosmopolitan sentiments, and the requisitions of modern fiction.

We must own, nevertheless, that the novel of "Debit and Credit" possesses many striking merits. Imprimis, it is interesting—an indispensable necessity of works designed for entertainment; in the next place, it is perfectly intelligible from beginning to end—no slight merit in a production of German genius, where a misty "Faust" forms an intellectual puzzle only surpassed by the deeper darkness to which a Cimmerian "Wilhelm Meister" consigns us; and, finally, it abounds in touches of humour more nearly akin to our native quality than the greater portion of the humorous composition which is floated in upon us from the Continent. To explain which assertion we must avow our belief that humour is a quality almost entirely our own. Look where we may out of bonnie Britain, we rarely find the genuine article, but coarse, or ludicrous, or spasmodic imitations of it. Let the Berlin *Brimborium*, or the Parisian *Charivari*, be compared with our London *Punch*, and the difference between the spontaneity of genius, and the cleverness of talent, will at once appear—the wide interval between the hearty laugh of enjoyment, and the simulated merriment of Harlequin. Even glorious Jean Paul, with his unquestionable humour, was more of a grotesque *farceur* and posture-master, than with our hearty reserve of admiration for his ample endowments, we care to place on record. As a sample of what our readers may expect in this department, we extract from "Debit and Credit," the account of the birth, parentage, and early education of the hero, who very properly fascinates the regard, and secures the admiration of the reader, from the beginning to the end.

"Ostrau is a small town near the Oder, celebrated even as far as Poland for its gymnasium and its gingerbread. In this patriarchal spot had dwelt for many years the accountant-royal, Wohlfart, an enthusiastically loyal subject, and a hearty lover of his fellow-men—with one or two exceptions. He married late in life, and his wife and he lived in a small house, the garden of which he himself kept in order. For a long time the happy pair were childless; but at length came a day when the good woman, having smartened up her white bed-curtains with a broad fringe and heavy tassels, dis-

appeared behind them amidst the approbation of all her female friends. It was under the shade of those white bed-curtains that the hero of our tale was born.

"Anton was a good child, who, according to his mother, displayed remarkable peculiarities from the very day of his birth. For instance, he had a great objection to going to bed at the proper hour; he would pore time untold over his picture-alphabet, and hold lengthy conversations with the red cock depicted upon its last page, imploring him to exert himself in the cause of his young family, and not allow the maid-servant to carry them off and roast them. Lastly, he would often run away from his play-fellows, and sit lost in thought in a corner of the room. His greatest delight, however, was to perch himself on a chair opposite his father, cross his legs in the same way, and smoke a mimic pipe in emulation. Moreover, he was so seldom naughty, that all such of the female population of Ostrau, as took a gloomy view of things in general, held it doubtful that he should live to grow up, till one day Anton publicly thrashed the councillor's son, which in some degree modified the opinions concerning him. In short, he was just the boy that the only child of warm-hearted parents might be expected to prove. At school he was an example of industry; and when the drawing-master began to declare that he must be a painter, and the classical teacher to devote him to philology, the boy might have been in some danger of being diverted from the serious pursuit of any one specific calling, but for an accident which determined his choice.

"Every Christmas evening the mail brought to the house of the paternal Wohlfart a box, containing a loaf of the finest sugar, and a quantity of the best coffee. This sugar the good man himself broke into squares—the coffee was roasted by his wife's own hands; and the complacency with which they sipped their first cup was pleasant to behold. These were seasons when, to the childish soul of Anton, the whole house seemed pervaded with poetry; and his father was never weary of telling him the history of this periodical present. Many years ago, he had chanced to find, in a dusty bundle of law-papers, a document, of great importance to a well-known mercantile house in the capital. This document he had at once forwarded, and, in consequence of it, the firm had been enabled to gain a long-pending law-suit, which had previously threatened to go against them. Upon which, the young head of the concern had written his acknowledgments; and Wohlfart had refused to be thanked, having, he said, only done his duty. From that time forth, the box we have described made its appearance every Christmas evening, accompanied by a few cordial lines, to which Wohlfart responded in a masterpiece of caligraphy, expressing his surprise at the unexpected arrival, and wishing a happy new year to the firm. The old gentleman persisted, even to his wife, in treating his Christmas box as a mere accident, a trifle, a whim of some clerk in the house of T. O. Schröter, and yearly protested against the expectation of its arrival, by which the good woman's household purchases were more or less influenced. But its arrival was, in

reality, of the utmost importance in his eyes; and that not for the sake of the actual coffee and sugar themselves, but for the poetry of this connecting link between him and the life of a perfect stranger. He carefully tied up all the letters of the firm, together with three love-letters from his wife. He became a connoisseur in colonial produce, an oracle in coffee, whose decision was much deferred to by the Ostrau shopkeepers. He began to interest himself in the affairs of the great firm, and never failed to note the ups and downs, reported in a certain corner of the newspaper, wholly mysterious to the uninitiated. Nay, he even indulged in fancy speculations, and an ideal partnership—chafed when sugars fell, and chuckled at the rise of coffee.

"A strange, invisible, filmy thread it was, this which connected Wohlfart's quiet household with the activity of the great mercantile world, and yet it was by this that little Anton's whole life was swayed. For, when the old gentleman sate in his garden of an evening, in his satin cap, and pipe in mouth, he would dilate upon the advantages of trade, and ask his son whether he should like to be a merchant: whereupon a kind of kaleidoscope picture suddenly shaped itself in the little fellow's mind, made up of sugar-loaves, raisins and almonds, golden oranges, his father's smile, and the mysterious delight which the arrival of the box always occasioned him; and he replied at once, 'Yes, father, *that* I should!' Let no one say that our life is poor in poetical influences; still does the enchantress sway us mortals as of old! Rather let each take heed what dreams he nurses in his heart's innermost fold, for when they are full grown they may prove tyrants, ay, and cruel ones, too.

"In this way the Wohlfart family lived on for many a year; and whenever the good woman privately entreated her husband to form some decision as to the boy's way of life, he would reply, 'It is formed already; he is to be a merchant.' But in his own heart he was a little doubtful as to how this dream of his would ever be realized.

"Meanwhile, a dark day drew on, when the shutters of the house remained late unclosed; the servant girl, with red eyes, ran up and down the steps; the doctor came and shook his head; the old gentleman stood in prayer near his wife's bed, and the boy knelt sobbing by, while his dying mother's hand still tried to stroke his curls. Three days later came the funeral, and father and son sate together alone. Both wept; but the boy's red cheeks returned, not so the old man's health and strength. Not that he complained; he still sate and smoked his pipe as before, and still concerned himself about the price of sugars, but there was no heart in the smoking or the concern; and he would often look anxiously at his young companion, who wondered what his father could have on his mind. One evening, when he had for the hundredth time asked him whether he really liked to be a merchant, and received the unvarying answer, he rose from his seat with an air of decision, and told the servant girl to order a conveyance to take him the next morning to the capital; but he said nothing about the object of his expedition.

"Late on the following day he returned in a very different mood —happier, indeed, than he had ever been since his wife's death. He enchanted his son by his account of the incredible charms of the extensive business, and the kindness of the great merchant towards himself. He had been invited to dinner; he had eaten pee-wits' eggs, and drank Greek wine, compared to which the very best wine in Ostrau was mere vinegar; and, above all, he had received the promise of having his son taken into their office, and a few hints as to the further course of his education. The very next day saw Anton seated at a ledger, disposing arbitrarily of hundreds of thousands, converting them into every existing currency, and putting them out at every possible rate of interest.

Thus another year passed away. Anton was just eighteen, when again the windows remained darkened, and the red-eyed servant girl ran up and down, and the doctor shook his head. This time it was the old gentleman by whose bed Anton sate, holding both his hands. But there was no keeping him back; and after repeatedly blessing his son, he died, and Anton was left alone in the silent dwelling, at the entrance of a new life.

"Old Wohlfart had not been an accountant for nothing: he left his house in the highest order, his affairs were balanced to a farthing, and he had written a letter of introduction to the merchant only a few days before his death. A month later, on a fine summer morning, Anton stood upon the threshold of his home, placed the key in a friendly hand, made over his luggage to the carrier, and, with his father's letter in his pocket, took his way to the great city."

As the youth draws nigh the place of his destination, he strays without design into the private grounds of the mansion Rothsattel, and encounters unwittingly the young daughter of the house, a lively girl of fourteen, who thenceforward becomes his destiny for years. Beautiful in form and feature, free, and gay, and fascinating in manner, the young aristocrat had everything to charm the susceptible Anton; and he, like all the world of her acquaintance, bowed to her sway, although in his position, an under clerk in a grocer's counting-house, his devotion to his Dulcinea was a secret and scarcely conscious worship. Proceeding from Rothsattel, our hero encounters a young townsman and schoolfellow, a Jew, who was likewise going to establish himself in the same city; and the further development of the story presents the two careers of the honourable and upright Anton, and the unscrupulous rascal Veitel, in striking contrast. On this field the ethical unfolding of the fiction is perfect; and poetical justice is done to both the worthy and the unworthy. In the issue, Itzig, the Jew, is drowned, after adding murder to peculation; while the "patient continuance" of Wohlfart in well-doing is rewarded by happiness at last.

In the character and fortunes of these two leading personages, the story of "Debit and Credit" is but the two apprentices of Hogarth done into German. Another gentleman of leading importance in the progress of the story is the wealthy and dashing Herr von Fink, a clerk in the same establishment as Anton, and his fast friend, who eventually takes the aristocratic Lenore von Rothsattel off Anton's hands — a more congenial union—and leaves our worthy hero to a less ambitious marriage with the sister and housekeeper of his widowed principal, the thrifty and amiable Sabine Schröter.

After an honourable and upright course of a few years in the merchant's employ, during which Wohlfart wins his principal's confidence, the first place in his establishment, and the golden opinions of all around him, Anton relinquishes every advantage at the summons of a chivalric desire to rescue the family of Rothsattel from pecuniary embarrassments which threatened their ruin. Mr. Schröter resents this desertion of the firm by its most trusted servant; but our hero deemed the sacrifice he made a duty, and succeeded in his object, as well as in regaining afterwards the esteem which his Quixotic disinterestedness and regretted departure had shaken. While absent from Berlin, managing a most disheartening Polish property of the Baron's, an insurrection of the native population takes place, accompanied with every outrage upon the persons and property of the German colonists settled in their midst. An attack is made upon the castle of the baron, which is successfully defended by the courage of Anton and Von Fink. One of the adventures attending the attack we shall extract from the story:—

"The ring of horses' hoofs, and the hollow march of the infantry, were now heard.

"'Zounds!' said Fink, 'the whole corps marches, as if on parade, up to the castle front. If they mean to storm your fortress on this side, they have the most remarkable conceptions of the nature of a strong place. They draw up against us at a distance of five hundred yards. The infantry in the middle, the horsemen at both sides: quite a Roman order of battle. Julius Cæsar over again, I declare! Look, they have a drummer; the fellow advances, the row you hear is the beat of drums. Ah, ha! the leader rides forward. He comes on, and just halts before our door. Politeness demands that we should inquire what he wants.' Fink pushed back the heavy bolts of the door,—it opened; he stepped out on the threshold covering the entrance, and carrying his double-barrel carelessly in his hand. When the horseman saw the slender figure in hunting costume, standing so quietly before him, he reined in his horse, and touched his hat, which Fink acknowledged by a slight bow.

"'I wish to speak to the proprietor of this estate,' cried the horseman.

"'You must put up with me,' replied Fink; 'I represent him.'

"'Tell him, then, that we have some orders of the Government to carry out in his house,' cried the rider.

"'Would your chivalry permit me to ask what Government has been frivolous enough to give you a message for the Baron Rothsattel? From what I hear, the views taken in this country about Government in general are a little disturbed.'

"'The Polish Central Committee is your, as well as my Government,' replied the rider.

"'You are very good-natured in allowing a Central Committee to dispose of your heads; you will allow us, however, to hold a different opinion on this particular point.'

"'You see that we have the means to enforce obedience to the orders of Government, and I advise you not by opposition to provoke us to use force.'

"'I thank you for this advice, and should be still more obliged, if, in your zeal for your duty, you would not forget that the ground on which you stand is not public, but private property; and that strange horses are only allowed to exercise thereon by consent of the proprietor, which, so far as I know, you have not obtained.'

"'We have had words enough, sir,' cried the rider, impatiently. 'If you are really authorized to represent the proprietor, I require you to open this castle to us without delay, and to deliver up your arms.'

"'Alas!' replied Fink, 'I am under the unpleasant necessity of refusing your request. I would add a hope that you, together with the gentry in shabby boots, ranged behind you there, will leave this place as soon as possible. My young folk are just going to see whether they can hit the mole-hills under your feet. We should be sorry if the bare toes of your companions were to be hurt. Begone, sir!' cried he, suddenly changing his careless tone to one of such vehement anger and scorn, that the Pole's horse reared, and he himself laid his hands on the pistols at his holster.

"During this conversation, the rest of the horsemen and the infantry had drawn nearer, to catch the words.

"More than once a barrel had been lowered, but they had always been pushed back by a few riders in advance of the ranks. At Fink's last words, a wild-looking figure in an old frieze jacket took aim, a shot was heard, and the bullet flew past Fink's cheek, and struck the door behind him. At the same moment a suppressed scream was heard, a flash seen on the top of the tower, and the luckless marksman fell to the ground. The man who had conducted the parley turned his horse, the assailants all fell back, and Fink closed the door. As he turned round, Lenore stood on the first flight of the stairs, the recently discharged gun in her hand, her large eyes fixed wildly upon him. 'Are you wounded?' cried she, beside herself.

"'Not at all, my faithful comrade,' cried Fink.

"Lenore then threw away the gun, and sank at her father's feet, hiding her face on his knees. Her father bent over her, took her head in his hands, and the nervous agitation of the last few hours brought on a convulsive fit of sobbing. His daughter passionately clasped his trembling frame, and silently held him in her arms. There they were—a broken-down existence, and one in which the warm glow of youthful life was bursting into flame.

"Fink looked out of the window; the enemy had retired beyond the range of fire, and were, as it seemed, holding a consultation. Suddenly he stepped up to Lenore, and laying his hand on her arm, said, 'I thank you, dear lady, for having so promptly punished that rascal. And now, I beg you to leave this room with your father. We shall do better, if anxiety on your account does not withdraw our eyes from the enemy.' Lenore shrunk back at his touch, and a warm blush overspread her cheek and brow.

"'We will go,' she said, with downcast eyes. 'Come, my father.' She then led the Baron up-stairs to her mother's room. There she heroically strove to compose herself, sate down by the couch of the invalid, and did not go near Fink again the whole evening."

Of course such an incident as this seals the beautiful Amazon, high-spirited and really noble girl, to be the Herr von Fink's for ever, and completely extinguishes any ambitious hopes the humble and quiet Anton may have ever cherished of wedding the Baron's daughter. We would fain have quoted a softer scene, but, in sooth, there is little love-making in this tale, which rather exemplifies the course of lowly duty and proud principle, amid the temptations of town-life, and the strifes of war, than that over-mastering passion which rules "the camp, the court, the grove." There is a wonderful degree of freshness in the incidents and the style of narration. The business-life of Berlin is depicted with Pre-Raphaelite minuteness of touch—the fellow-clerks of Anton are individualized with remarkable skill, from Pix and Pumpkins down to the pious Baumann, who had a call to become a foreign missionary. Schröter, the head of the firm, is a model of commercial enterprise and integrity; while Anton, the hero, is the very ideal of chivalry in humble life. The end of the villain of the piece is full of melo-dramatic horror, and in keeping with his antecedents. The translation by L. C. C. is admirably executed, for it reads with all the ease of an original, while the turn of thought, illustration, and phraseology are closely German. To the original we have only the objection to urge which we have already hinted, of being restricted in its national and social sympathies. In Herr Freitag's creed, Poles, Jews, and aristocrats are a worthless set of beings, if not something worse. Now, with all our respect for Fatherland (and we think the man is a Christian of an inferior order who does not feel the

impulses of patriotism), and with our known sympathies for an upright democracy, we must, nevertheless, pronounce this Prussian romance as too narrow in its range of national and class predilection. Even Nazareth had its one redeeming inhabitant. In so far as Bunsen adopts the circumscribed and merely Prussian view of civil and social polity advocated here, we must part company with that great statesman. Judging from the strain of this romance, and its wide popularity wheresoever German is the vernacular, the battle of races is as likely to be interminable as the conflict of opinions. Little apprehension need ever be entertained of a coalition of Schlave and Teuton for any common object; as little of Celt and Saxon; as little of Scandinavian and Frank. The undying and radical opposition of race to race so noted by ourselves as well as others; but although we recognise the fact, we do not, with Bunsen and his author, hail it as the best possible arrangement in this best possible of worlds. Nevertheless, Bunsen's noble preface will make this edition rank immeasureably above every other. Translator, prefacer, and publisher, have done their work well.

ART. IV.—MONTAIGNE THE ESSAYIST.

Montaigne the Essayist: a Biography. By Bayle St. John. With Illustrations. Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman & Hall. 1858.

IN his Essay on Truth, Lord Bacon has remarked: "There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and, therefore, Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.'" This is an instance how rapidly ideas are communicated from one country, and from one great thinker, to another; and the influence which a writer of large, intense, and natural power may exert over the style of thought and language amongst the writers of his own and subsequent ages. It shows, at least, how extensively Montaigne the Essayist became known in England, and with what reverence and authority his name and opinions were received even by his contemporaries. Mr. St. John alludes to this prevalent homage,

and dwells with emphatic frankness in his introductory remarks upon the debt which, with or without acknowledgment, some of our greatest writers owe to the French essayist. "The Essays," it is observed, "are known in substance far beyond the circle of readers who can decipher their idiomatic French, studded with Gascon phrases, or relish the quaint old English translations by Florio and Cotton, however modernized." But to the question of influence. "From Shakspere and Bacon, down to the humblest essayist, earnest enough to make man the theme of his speculations, we find traces of communion with Montaigne. His acquaintance is sometimes acknowledged. oftener implied. Butler and Pope quote, but Swift and Sterne show that they were familiar with him." But not to their discredit. "To point out that English writers are under obligations to this wonderful speculator," ingenuously admits Mr. St. John, "is not to diminish their value, but to show that it is a debt of gratitude in us to study his career."

The object of Mr. St. John in publishing the present biography, is to enable us to pay back this debt of gratitude, and study the career of this great thinker, whether as a soldier, a courtier, a magistrate, or a recluse student in the solitary tower of the Château de Montaigne in Perigord. Hitherto we have had no complete life of Montaigne, except one of about thirty pages by President Bonhier; and some smaller ones composed of sentences from the Essays, strung together; with that by Hazlitt, prefixed to an edition of the Essays, which is a fair but slight *résumé*. Besides these, there are discussional books, pamphlets of various sizes, on different parts of the Life of Montaigne—Guizot, Villemain, Sainte-Beuve, and Philaréte Chasles have all entered the lists—commentaries, or documents found; but every one has hitherto shrunk from the difficult, the tedious task of putting these materials together. The fact, those dusty old antiquaries, though capable of deciphering a document, were incompetent to interpret it, or connect it with one great whole. In fact, Dr. Payer, who has been indefatigable in endeavouring to ferret out documents which might throw light upon the history of this extraordinary man, and who published a valuable series of researches, some four or five years since, on what he calls "The Public Life" of Montaigne, has pronounced that it is as yet impossible to write a biography. It may, therefore, appear presumptuous that any one, especially an Englishman, should have undertaken so bold and arduous a task. No one, however, who reads carefully, and analyzes critically, the first full-length portrait drawn by Mr. St. John, but must admit that he has come well prepared for the labour he has imposed upon himself. He not only

shows himself to be most intimately acquainted with the writings of Montaigne, with the lives of his contemporaries and familiars, with the annals of the times in which he lived, and especially with the history of Gascony at this period: he has exhibited a wonderful power of discrimination, suggestion, and analysis, and has so completely deviated from his predecessors, and so successfully built up his own theory, that we may regard the present life in the light of a perfectly new and original biography. We will endeavour, so far as our space admits, to support this assertion; and the more effectually to make this clear to the reader, we will give a short sketch of the life of the Gascon philosopher.

Michel Montaigne was born on Friday, the last day of February, 1533, "as we now count," says he, "beginning the year in January:" for when he wrote a change had recently been made, the year having previously begun at Easter. His father lived upon his ancestral estates of Montaigne, in Perigord, the birth-place of the illustrious Essayist. The family name was Eyquem, and is frequently alluded to in the history of the province of Guyenne, though much discussion has arisen respecting the origin of the word. "It has been assumed to be essentially of Gascon origin," observes Mr. St. John; "whilst an incautious Englishman might easily be betrayed into claiming Montaigne as a countryman. If we stand aside," he continues, "we may, perhaps, have him handed over to us at last." It must not be forgotten that the English created Guyenne into a province, and occupied it for hundreds of years. "It was easy to make *Eyquem* of *Oakham;* the suggestion is not absurd of Egham;" Eyquem, or Oakham, seems plausible enough, since *eich* in German signifies an *oak*, and if we are to be guided by sounds we have the direct word. "Molière *was* of British origin, therefore Montaigne *may* have been. He himself tells us, indeed, that he was connected with an English family; mentions that he had relatives in England; and adds, that in consequence of our long occupation of Guyenne the people of his neighbourhood had much intermarried with us." It is, however, unnecessary to push this investigation further; it would, doubtless, be a great distinction to be able to claim Montaigne as of English origin; we can, however, the better waive the honour, seeing that he has written for the world, and in a cosmopolitan spirit.

Mr. St. John's description of the youth of Montaigne is minute, elaborate, and curious, and affords him an appropriate opportunity of painting the manner in which gentlemen in France were trained and educated at this period. "Towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the subject of education,"

we are told, "had begun to occupy an important share of attention." Up to this time no one had ventured to suggest, that the stupid routine followed in the schools was not the best system of education possible. The father of Michel Montaigne, however, seems to have originated, and courageously carried out, a new method, which obtained a reputation so wide-spread, that it was discussed by the most eminent professors of the day. Without dwelling too much upon this system, we may state, that the health of the body was thought of before the development of the mind, and character before either of the others. The illustrations of some points are rather curious. To teach his son humility, Pierre Eyquem de Montaigne had him held over the baptismal font by persons of the most abject fortune, and the nurse selected to rear him was found in an equally low condition of life. He was to be accustomed to a hard and rugged course of living, and thus descend from what was difficult and unpleasant to what was soft and easy; he was also enjoined to have a respect for, and sympathy with, the "people," and those who were in want of his aid. As Michel Montaigne was a third son, and intended for the law, he was early initiated into the mysteries of the Latin language, and the other branches of the scholastic learning of that day; but it appears he refused to lend himself to the forcing process applied, and came to be looked upon as a stupid boy, although his anxious father had indulged the vain hope of making a prodigy of him. "He instinctively put on the appearance of pedantry," observes his biographer, "to protect him from the attacks of pedantry. His mind was not inactive. What he saw, he saw well; and under a heavy complexion indulged in bold imaginations, and cherished opinions beyond his age. But he was incommunicative, digesting his thoughts in solitude, and keeping his firm 'appreciation' of things to himself. This is why, in his school days, he got among his companions a reputa- for absurd pride."

Mr. St. John's chapters on "How Michel studied the Humanities," "Montaigne sent to College," and "His Student Life," are each admirable pictures of college life in Montaigne's days, and show a vast deal of research, so minutely and freshly are they finished. But we must pass on to more stirring times — the rebellion of 1548. And here we must remark, that Mr. St. John is the only one of Montaigne's biographers—as far as we are aware—who has seemed conscious of the connexion which existed between these events and the career of Montaigne. Michelet does not mention it in his "History of France;" and Henri Martin gives it only as an episode. Yet this terrible outbreak explains a great deal which has hitherto

remained a mystery, and links the early experiences of La Boëtie with those of Montaigne.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the historical events that ushered in the year 1548. Henry II. succeeded Francis in 1547, just as Michel de Montaigne left college. We know not whether the latter visited the court that year in company with his father Pierre Eyquem, to do homage to the new monarch. In 1548, we find him, a lad of from fifteen to sixteen, living at Bordeaux, during a terrible insurrection which occurred there—an insurrection similar in character to, and hardly less fearful in its results than the famous Jacquerie. The influence on the mind of Montaigne of the scenes he witnessed, was doubtless to make him distrustful of extreme principles, and disposed to take shelter under the wing of authority. We haveno space to enter into the details of this civil war. The conduct of the French Government towards the Protestants of the province of Guyenne, exasperated them to the last degree; self-preservation drove them to take up arms; the country was thrown into a state of horrible convulsion; town after town rebelled only to be dragooned into submission, and to have their populations cruelly decimated. The Château de Montaigne was situated in the heart of the rebellious district, and exposed to all the chances and changes of those distracted times. Montaigne was present in Bordeaux throughout the terrible events which took place there; he saw Tristan de Moneins, lieutenant of Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, torn in pieces by the populace for halting between two opinions; he saw La Chassagne, President of the Parliament, curry favour with the victorious party, by consenting to be their minister of vengeance; he saw the streets of that lovely city stream with human blood—the blood of the innocent as well as the guilty; and the lesson must have been instructive to the young Gascon's heart. We have not attempted to reproduce the horrors of that epoch; we venture only to allude to them; barbarities which make us shudder were perpetrated without compunction—without but an exceptional voice or two being raised against the atrocious cruelty; one of those voices, however, was that of Estienne de la Boëtie.

At the early age of twenty-one, Michel de Montaigne became a member of the Cour des Aides of Perigueux, by a special dispensation of the king; but this court, in consequence of intrigues and disputes, was incorporated in the year 1557 with the Parliament of Bordeaux. His name appears on the registers which record the official reception of the new members on the 3rd of December, on which day it is interesting to know that Montaigne became the colleague of La Boëtie,

with whose life he has been so intimately associated. The office of chancellor he held for thirteen years; but during this interval Mr. St. John shows distinctly, what previous biographers have failed to do, that he was an assiduous attendant upon the court at Paris. It is this period of the Essayist's life which the present historian may be said to have almost completely added to the antecedent lives; and the skill and ingenuity he displays in deducing facts from partial or obscure revelations in the writings of Montaigne, and dovetailing them into the whole narrative, is highly meritorious. By other biographers, the life of the Gascon scholar, from 1557 to 1563, is a tissue of vague and doubtful traditions. Mr. St. John removes the doubt and the vagueness, and by interpreting the Essays by a key which is of his own invention, but now has become public property, solves the difficulty at once. We may quote the following passage as an instance of the shrewdness exhibited by Mr. St. John in detecting facts:—

"About July, 1560," we read, "Montaigne was again at the court of Francis II., as we learn in a very round-about manner In the account of his education he says, 'I met Buchanan in the suite of the Marshal de Brissac, acting as tutor to the young Comte de Brissac.' Now Buchanan returned definitively to Scotland in 1560, and, before that year, had lived with his pupil in Piedmont. In July, 1560, the Maréchal came back to France; so that exactly then, and at no other time, could Montaigne have met Buchanan under these circumstances. In the absence of other accounts of the movements of Montaigne about this period, we are obliged to put up with evidence of this kind: which, however, is conclusive, and which I am surprised no biographer has made use of."—Vol. I., p. 133.

Another instance of the ingenuity of Mr. St. John may be mentioned in the admirable way in which he discovers Montaigne to have been a soldier, a fact hitherto altogether ignored, and yet one which explains an important phase of his character, and enables us to account for the frequency with which military terms, and military allusions, and even military illustrations are adopted in the works of Montaigne.

"In his chapter on 'Presumption' he (Montaigne) says 'The most notable men I have judged by external appearances have been in respect of war and military capacity the Duke of Guise, who died at Orleans, and the late Marshal Strozzi.' Any one accustomed to Montaigne's way of expressing himself would at once infer that he had served under both these generals, or at any rate had followed their armies. But we are here most concerned with the Marshal Strozzi. That distinguished general, who as Montaigne tells us, always took Cæsar for a model, and was assiduous in studying the 'Commentaries,' was killed on the 20th of June, 1558, at the siege of Thionville. Montaigne, then twenty-

five years of age, was certainly present; and it is not likely he was there in any other character than as a volunteer. Probably he had followed Guise and Strozzi in their successful enterprise against Calais and Guignes. These two generals joined the army of Vielleville, which was laying siege to Thionville, on the 28th of May, and on the 20th of June Maréchal Strozzi was killed."—Vol. I., p. 126.

Slight as these indications are, they prove nevertheless valuable; and by taking advantage of hints thus thrown out, further research may perhaps enable some future biographer to trace Montaigne through many of the scenes of the reigns of Henry II. and his successors.

One of the most charming portions of these two volumes is that which relates the delightful episode of the friendships of Michel Montaigne and Estienne de la Boëtie. It is evident from the spirit in which the life of this amiable and excellent Councillor of the Parliament of Bordeaux has been pourtrayed that neither himself nor his writings have been properly appreciated or understood by those French historians who have undertaken the duty of commenting upon them. In the few chapters which Mr. St. John devotes to the career of this Gascon democrat, he has managed to give a new and fuller sketch of his life, and, in our opinion, to take a right view of La Boëtie's admirable treatise on "Voluntary Servitude," a work which has been so frequently assailed and misconstrued, and which did not even escape the mutilating hand of his bosom friend after its author's death. Mr. St. John clearly shows, which ought to have been clear to every critic before, that this work is not the production of a youth of sixteen or eighteen, as the apologists of La Boëtie assert; but that it is the studied composition of a man of ripe years, large experience, wide sympathies, and eminently a scholar. The picture of his last hours as represented in these pages is very affecting. Montaigne was present throughout the whole period of his friend's illness, and continued with him to the last. "La Boëtie even remained as present with Montaigne in death as in life; and without any wish to depreciate the sincerity of the Essayist, I may even say," remarks Mr. St. John, "that his friendship appears to have deepened and taken a higher tone when he took up his pen and began to write. The chapter on 'Friendship' is a noble work; and almost everywhere throughout the Essays, when La Boëtie is alluded to, we are touched, and our sympathies are aroused."

Passing on from an admirable chapter on the relations of the "Pleiad" with Montaigne, and the observations on the manners of the court at this time, the development of literature, &c.—which exhibit a large acquaintance with contem-

porary writers, and in the use of which Mr. St. John adopts his own original mode of criticism—we will contemplate Montaigne as an amateur author. How is it, we may justly ask, that so little attempt has hitherto been made to trace the gradual unfolding of Montaigne's mind? Surely it is unjustice to the human race to treat with neglect or contempt the earlier productions of men who have subsequently acquired a high place in the Temple of Fame. Though their claim to immortality may not rest upon these first efforts, yet to the student of the human mind it is a pleasing and encouraging study to trace the development of the different intellectual faculties and the modifications they undergo by education and experience. Mr. St. John admits nothing to be too trivial which throws the least light on the character, the career, or the mental growth of Montaigne; and it is indeed censurable that in all biographies the history of the child's mind and character should not be dwelt upon as well as the character and mind of the full man.

"About 1567 there happened a remarkable accident in the intellectual life of Montaigne," observes his biographer. "Despite the example of his friend La Boëtie, he does not seem up to this time to have practised the art of writing, except, perhaps, as a pastime or an exercise." It appears that his father's house had always been a place of learned resort; he received studious men under his roof as if they were sacred characters; and "his respect," observes his son, with quiet humour, "was in equal ratio with his ignorance." Among the visitors at the Tour de Montaigne was Pierre Brunel, who came during the boyhood of Michel, and stayed some days with Pierre Eyquem. As a parting-gift, when about to quit Montaigne, he bestowed upon his worthy host a book, entitled "Theologia Naturalis, sive Liber Creaturarum Magistri Raimondi de Sebonde." The object of the writer was to prove by human arguments, not only the existence of God, but the necessity of faith in revealed religion, and even to base what are called mysteries on reason. The book for the time was laid aside; but shortly before his death, Pierre Eyquem "commanded his son to do it into French." It was written in a hybrid tongue, a sort of Spanish, with Latin terminations. Pierre seems to have been so pleased with his son's work, that he determined on having it printed; but this was not carried into effect until after his death. When, however, the publication of the translation threw him into connexion with the booksellers and publishers, Montaigne resolved to collect, as a tribute of friendship, all the works of La Boëtie which contained nothing of a dangerous character, and publish them. The manner in which he executed his task has been severely

censured. His natural timidity, or political scruples, induced him to expunge passages which might be objectionable to the ruling powers, and otherwise alter and corrupt the productions of his friend.

"Had he really been an industrious friend," observes Mr. St. John, "he would have performed the duty long before, and not waited for the spread of the civil war to render the appearance of the treatise on 'Voluntary Servitude' inopportune. . . . Montaigne at that time clearly had the intention of suppressing his friend's important work altogether. After the St. Bartholomew, the Protestants, made quite republican by despair and just indignation, published the treatise; and it is possible that Montaigne, partly from compunction of conscience towards his friend, partly from horror, which he was obliged to dissimulate, communicated a copy for the purpose to some Huguenot acquaintance."

Subsequently, Montaigne did greater justice to his friend and posterity, though he cannot forbear apologizing for the production of a work so republican in its tendency, and even asserting that it was a youthful escapade—an error into which subsequent commentators and biographers, placing too implicit a confidence in the assertions of earlier writers, have not failed to fall.

It is not our intention, as it is incompatible with our limits, to enter into the origin and development of the Essays, which are the great monument of Montaigne's powers, and upon which principally his reputation is based. Mr. St. John has carefully and distinctly described the gradual process by which the Gascon gentleman became a man of letters—a duty from which those who have only written parts of his life have felt themselves exempt; he has penetrated into the sources whence his inspiration came; he has examined the materials, as it were, of which the Essays were composed, and introduced us into the studio of the Essayist, with the scraps and notes lying around him to be elaborated and moulded into social and moral treatises. He has also given us his own appreciation of them, entered into a minute and particular criticism of their merits, classified them in a simple and natural manner, and connected them with the political and religious opinions of the time. The idea which has hitherto prevailed, that Montaigne kept himself aloof from public and courtly life, that he rarely ventured forth from his château, has proved fatal to the general commentators on his works, who, ignoring the activity of his life, the extent of his movements, the keenness of his glance, have failed also to look for allusions to himself in his printed writings. Yet, as Mr. St. John clearly shows, nothing is so frequent as allusions to himself, his position, his troubles, his experiences, whether

political, social, domestic, or religious. We are also indebted to Mr. St. John for dwelling so much at length upon his travels in Italy, and for the illustrations of Montaigne's character, which he has brought together, whilst all of his important letters have been either translated or explained. The travels of Montaigne not only give a new feature to the work — they are highly curious and interesting. We are surprised to see one accused of scepticism kissing the Pope's toe, and visiting the shrine of the Madonna of Loretto. The truth is, hitherto this passage of his life has been neglected by Catholics, as well as the Voltairian school. For both he reveals too much; he is too honourable a servant to be accepted by the latter, whilst he shocks the former by an affected simplicity, in which he exposes the follies and abuses of the Church of Rome.

We have necessarily very slightly sketched the life of Montaigne; we have not as yet touched upon his character. We have purposely forborne to do so on the present occasion. Mr. St. John has allowed his pen to fall lightly upon his vices; yet he is not altogether indulgent. We extract the following passage, which we think shows the man in his earlier career; and if anything is required to alter it for his declining years, we must remember that he became dissatisfied with the world, whilst he repudiated ascetism, and that whilst his speculations tended more and more towards doubt and uncertainty, he turns to the superstitions of the church:—

"For my part," says Mr. St. John, "I find two men in Montaigne, such as he appears to me at the prime of life—the man of wide capacity of mind, vivid imagination, humorous but sound character, nimble judgment, and natural faculty of expression, who would have made himself remarkable in any age or country, and who supplies that part of his Essays which makes him kin to the whole world—but also the man of his age and country; the somewhat ungrateful heir of Rabelais, the forerunner of Bayle and Voltaire; the experienced courtier, who despised kings, because he knew their manners, but had no enthusiasm to object to the institution of monarchy; the lawyer who cared too little for law to espouse its prejudices, and sat half apart, like a quiet man in society, observing absurdities, which others hotly and unconsciously acted; the half-convinced Catholic, who looked upon reform as a disturbance, but who, when, like an honest man, he turned round to examine his own convictions, saw them vanishing in the distance; the stern thinker in morals; the cheerful and somewhat lax actor; the incomplete *savant*, who despised pedantry; the eloquent writer, who felt that his idiom was not formed, and disdained to form it; idle and industrious by turns; of prodigious memory, yet fond of accusing himself of want of memory when he forgot anything; the easy-going Gascon gentleman, who from fear of shipwreck in the storm

he saw gathering—for Saint Bartholomew was then darkening the air as it approached—retired to his comfortable home in an out-of-the-way district, and partly as an excuse for his timidity, set to work philosophizing, under the protection of powerful friends and a long-established reputation for probity."—Vol. I., p. 301.

Michel Montaigne died on the 13th of September, 1592, at his Château de Montaigne, and was buried there; but subsequently his ashes were removed and deposited in the chapel of the Feuillans, at Bordeaux. We regret our limits will not permit us to dwell more at length upon the principal features of his life. We can assure our readers they will find Mr. St. John's work charmingly, whilst it is calmly and impartially written, and as we have already shown it, full of new views and original matter. Mr. St. John's researches have not been confined to old parchments and dusty folios. He has visited the château itself, entered the Tour de la Montaigne, breathed the air of the library, made personal inquiries on the spot, and gathered what local information he could. This has given a double interest to his life of Montaigne — an interest which will not fail to penetrate and absorb the general reader.

ART. V.—THE POSITIVE SIDE OF MODERN DEISM.

1. *An Essay on Intuitive Morals. Part I., Theory of Morals.* London: Longmans. 1855.
2. *An Essay on Intuitive Morals. Part II., Practice of Morals. Book I., Religious Duty.* London: Chapman. 1857.
3. *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical.* By Francis W. Newman. London: Chapman. 1858.

THE history of recent controversies demonstrates only too conclusively that in modern times the faith of the church in God and his truth has been sadly deficient in robustness and vigour. Passing by all other struggles, with what dismay the hearts of multitudes were filled a few years ago by the energy, hopefulness, and apparent popularity of the school of spiritualistic Theists, represented in England by Mr. Francis Newman, and by Mr. Emerson in America. Sermons, speeches, lectures, review articles, were all full of the new heresy. It was a prominent topic of conversation in all private companies, and of solemn debate in public assemblies, synods, and convocations. Grave men uttered prophecies of approaching disaster; eloquent champions of the truth preached a new crusade against the infidel hosts which were threatening the

true holy land of Christendom; and some faint-hearted people were absolutely panic-stricken, as though Christ and the Christian Scriptures, and the precious results of long centuries of Christian learning and labour, were about to be driven suddenly from the world. Young men began to think that the faith of their fathers was on the eve of some wonderful transformation, and waited with feverish excitement to see what form Christianity would assume in order to confront and destroy this new and terrible enemy.

We have now more than recovered our calmness and self-possession. Mr. Newman's most powerful book, "The Soul," was published, as he reminds us in the preface to his "Theism," about nine years ago; and since then, it is certain that in England, at any rate, there has been a vast increase, both of the interior energy of the church, and of her influence on all classes of the community. Our fears have vanished, and we are animated by a courage and fired by a hope which, we trust, are the omens of great spiritual triumphs. When another campaign opens, we shall enter upon it with all the strength inspired by the conviction that the spirit of victory hovers above our standards.

The church will be better prepared for the conflict, as well as more hopeful about its issue. During the last few years, some forgotten truths, of vast power, have emerged from obscurity, and have modified the general structure of our theological opinions. We refer especially to the revival of the great idea, that Christ personally is the foundation of human hope, and the source of all spiritual strength and joy. One theological school, which justly claims respect for the high culture and the great earnestness of its leaders, and which is rapidly growing in numbers and influence, might adopt as the adequate symbol and expression of its doctrinal mission, "Christ"—not doctrine about Christ—"is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Broad as are the distinctions which separate such men as Mr. Maurice and Mr. Harvey Goodwin, they agree in asserting as the most important truth they have to deliver, that we are saved by faith in Christ, not by subscription to a creed. Indeed, religious men, holding antagonistic opinions on the traditional controversies of the church, episcopalians of every school, and nonconformists of every sect, Calvinists and Arminians, are coming to see that the battle-cry of Christendom should not be an ecclesiastical dogma, but a Divine Person. To Mr. Emerson's constantly recurring charge, that we "dwell with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus," we have replied by confessing that our forgetfulness of Him has been our crime, our folly, our weakness, and our curse.

In every region of the church, the currents of thought are setting with new strength in the direction that Emerson deplored.

We endeavoured very recently to show the value and importance of the systematic and logical treatment of Divine truth, and expressed grave apprehensions that serious mischief will come from the present fashion of unduly and recklessly disparaging systematic theology; but the dangers against which we then delivered our earnest warning, have evidently arisen from the reaction against the attempt to enthrone a scheme of doctrine in the place of Christ, to comprehend all truth in a sharply defined creed, and to reduce all the mysteries of heaven and earth within the limits of a score or two of syllogisms. There can be no real controversy between a theory of truth honestly derived from the New Testament, and that spirit of faith and loyalty towards a living and glorious Christ which animated the writings as well as the lives of the apostles.

The advantages, however, to be derived from clearly understanding, and firmly asserting, that the mission of the church is not to discourse on the philosophy of the spiritual universe, but to deliver her testimony to the grand facts of Christ's history; that her apostles are witnesses rather than speculative divines, and preach a Gospel to sinful men, instead of developing a complete and harmonious theory of man's relation to the Infinite,—the advantages, we say, to be derived from drawing a firm line between the facts recorded in the New Testament, which are eternal and Divine, and all later theories based on them, which, however true, are simply human, are immeasurable. In this way, the precise limits of the controversy between Christianity and those who deny or question her claims, will be made more determinate; and it will be a great gain when both parties see clearly that the true question between them is, whether Christ be or be not the true moral Ruler and Saviour of mankind. He claims to be this; His apostles gladly endured torture and death in their daring and heroic endeavour to assert His royalty, and to spread the tidings of His grace; and the true mission of the church is to uphold these claims, by teaching and practice, until the whole world shall recognise them. It is well that scepticism should understand that its work has not been begun, though all our creeds should be shattered into atoms, until the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ is successfully impugned, and His power to remove the curse of human sin, and to purify the human heart, disproved. And we ourselves shall conduct the struggle with a more hopeful and resolute spirit, if our hearts are permanently impressed with the con-

viction that no mere abstractions, but the claims of the living Christ, are the occasion of the strife. We think that both Mr. Newman and the author of the very remarkable book, "Intuitive Morals," have found out the true nature and condition of the sceptical controversy, and are disposed to abandon mere minute criticism of the present forms of Christian philosophy and theology for a broader and more vigorous policy. If it can be demonstrated on historical grounds, that Jesus Christ, when He was in the world, offered no satisfactory evidence that He had received a Divine commission, and that since He has left the world, He has done nothing to purify human nature, of course infidelity is triumphant. Or if, on the other hand, it can be shown that no such Divine intervention as we affirm to be recorded in the sacred Scriptures was necessary, either to atone for our guilt, or rescue us from the power of sin, we must confess that the cause of Christianity is ruined.

It is the second of these two propositions that Mr. Newman and the author of "Intuitive Morals" have endeavoured to maintain; and accordingly, we have in these two books the results of the labours of two accomplished, sincere, and earnest men, to devise a substitute for Christ and Christianity. In other words, they have exhibited, in a systematic form, the *positive side of Modern Deism.*

We have placed the two books together, because to all the great questions which are preferred by the spirit of man concerning God and its future destiny, they return substantially the same answers. Mr. Newman, too, refers more than once to that "noble treatise entitled 'Intuitive Morals,'" and speaks of it as uniting "the rigour of the Stoic with the seraphic fire of the Calvinist and the human sympathy of the Unitarian Christian."

We shall have occasion to show how greatly our opinions differ from those of the author whom Mr. Newman so lavishly commends; and are the more anxious, therefore, to express the high admiration with which we have read very many passages in his eloquent and ingenious essay. Its interest and value are greatly increased by the breadth and variety of the reading by which the author sustains and illustrates his reasonings: Zoroaster the Persian and Menu the Hindoo, Plato the heathen and Paul the Christian, Chrysostom and Theodore Parker, Hobbes and Thomas à Kempis, are only a handful out of the sheaf of authors to whom the text or the notes refer us.

Mr. Newman's book is written in a form which, we think, only a very few readers will admire; almost its only merit is the necessity under which, we think, it has laid him, to express

his convictions definitely and concisely. We cannot imagine, however, what could have induced an author of Mr. Newman's culture and experience to write a system of ethics and of theology in "unrhymed metre." Even if successfully executed, the style is not adapted to a grave treatise, whatever may be its resources for the purposes of translations from the Greek and Latin poets; but we have quite missed, except in occasional passages, the melodious movement and rhythm which the printing leads us to expect. Occasionally there is a sweet and musical line, and occasionally Mr. Newman has ventured to adopt a richness and stateliness of style, which the very simple texture of his ordinary prose would scarcely have admitted; but through paragraph after paragraph we have quite failed to catch any cadence or harmony. The eye promises music, but the ear declares that music there is none. Much of the thought is so just and beautiful, that we exceedingly regret Mr. Newman has so disguised and disfigured it.

But, as we have already intimated, both books are valuable, as exhibiting in a detailed and systematic form the highest and last results of Modern Deism. Not, indeed, that any thoughtful man would affirm that the noble convictions, and the noble aspirations, which are here declared to be the natural growth of the human soul, owe nothing to that glorious revelation which has purified and elevated all the philosophy and ethics of Christendom. One of the most beautiful demonstrations of the boundless worth and universal benignity of the Christian faith, is the genial influence it has exerted even over those who have denied its claims. Christianity has suffused with light the very clouds which have striven to conceal her splendour. Truths which owe their certainty, if not their original discovery, to apostles and prophets, have now become the common property of mankind, and are as highly prized by the infidel as by the believer.

Hence it need occasion no surprise that the Christian will find much to admire in the doctrines of men who profess no loyalty, but determined hostility, to the religion of Christ. And as truth is not the less true because spoken by a heretic, or an unbeliever, we shall freely commend what we think admirable in these volumes, as well as freely censure what we think false, unjust, and pernicious.

In the general principles of the ethical system adopted by our Modern Deists we can find very much to approve; in their application of these principles to God's government of the world, they are grievously at fault. We are thankful for the high and firm tone in which the "Essay" asserts the eternity and unchangeableness of moral distinctions; and are

ashamed to remember, that in the highest schools of Christian learning in the land, the awful significance of the antagonism between right and wrong should have been systematically obscured and degraded. We have been equally gratified with the manner in which the transition is effected between the discussion of "man's obligation to obey the eternal right," and man's obligation to do the will of God.

The distinctions between right and wrong are affirmed to belong necessarily to the actions and sentiments of rational beings, just as the distinctions of equality and unequality belong to numbers, of straightness and crookedness to lines. On these distinctions the moral law is founded; and the obligation to obey it is "the fundamental postulate of sound ethics—a necessary truth given in the nature of man, and incapable of demonstration as the axioms of geometry." But this being granted, the question immediately arises, and cannot be put aside. What relation does this law bear to the will of God?—surely the most terribly solemn inquiry in which man or angel can be involved. In the buoyant thoughtlessness of youth the question may be flung aside with defiant carelessness, and with loud protestations of loyalty to the Right; no matter though the thunders of Heaven are on the other side; but if, when the whole soul is in the agony of its struggles against evil, the possibility of the Infinite and Eternal One being vacillating in his maintenance of the good cause, or positively hostile to it, is for a moment admitted, keen, fiery torments would be a welcome exchange for the dull, paralyzing horror inflicted by the doubt.

In the following passage this dark difficulty is fairly disposed of:—

"As I have so often repeated, the distinctions of right and wrong are necessary, existing in the things which are right and wrong, as straightness and crookedness in lines, evenness and unevenness in numbers. God, who knows all things, must needs know this distinction. It must be perfectly clear to Him, what kind of government of the universe would be right, and what would be wrong; and if He be perfectly cognisant of these real distinctions, it is not hard for us to find evidence that His character is such that He will always do the right and never the wrong. For this purpose we need not have recourse to arguments of the necessary holiness of a pure will, untrammelled by any lower nature; neither need we gather up from this beautiful and happy universe the proofs of the beneficence of its Creator: we have evidence of His character nearer and clearer even than these. These hearts of ours, which God has made, what is it which they are compelled, by their nature, to revere and love? Is it not justice, benevolence, purity, truth? Must not He, then, be *that* which He has made them adore? What is it they spontaneously despise and scorn? Is it not injustice, malevolence, impurity,

falsehood? Is it possible, then, that any action of His can partake, be it never so remotely, of those characteristics which he has forced us to contemn and abhor? In whatever way we envisage the moral attributes of God, this blessed fact that He is *our* Creator, meets us as the response to our questioning. Do we want to know whether the distinctions of right and wrong, as they appear to our puny intellects, are identical with the distinctions perceived by His omniscience? The answer is clear. That knowledge which *we* possess *He* gave. Our intuition is His tuition. The fundamental axioms of the reason were given by Him to afford us a basis of thought. Even the inductions of the understanding are all drawn by the mental machinery with which He has provided us, from the visible universe His hands had made. When, honestly and carefully, we have arrived at the conviction that 'truth is right,' we may confidently trace back that conviction to God. Our knowledge of the fact is a mere reflex of His knowledge, such as He has been pleased to give us. To suppose that it is fallacious, is to attribute to Him the most horrible deception. And fallacious it would be, if increased knowledge were to prove that what we thought right were wrong, or that what we thought wrong for us were right for others. The only difference which can exist between Divine and human knowledge of moral distinctions is, that God knows *all* the goodness of good—*all* the evil of evil, and we know but a part of either. But *that* part we know truly. As we advance in knowledge throughout our immortality, we shall see more and more the goodness of justice and benevolence, the evil of injustice and malevolence; we can never see less good in the first—less evil in the second. We contemplate an action of God now, and we know it to be good; hereafter we shall see tenfold more goodness in it. But it can never come to pass, that when we behold all its bearings we shall find aught which in our heart of hearts we should call less than absolutely good.

"Again, do we want to know whether, while He *beholds* the same moral distinctions as ourselves, He will always *choose* the right? Whether that lawful, self-sustained, despotic will, which rules the heavens, is always determined by the intrinsic rightfulness of every act? There, again, as I have said, we are answered by the fact that it is He alone who has breathed into our hearts that reverence for the right which makes us restless till we see it throned in and with Him. It is He who has taught us to bow our souls only to that 'sceptre of His kingdom which is a right sceptre,' and to loathe and despise the most powerful of despots who should not determine his actions by the eternal law."—Pp. 15—17.

But when it is granted that God is absolutely just and benevolent, there is a further inquiry, namely, What relation does human nature bear to His will? What share had its production in His designs when he created our race. We shall venture to trouble our readers with the early part of the argument in which this question is discussed, and greatly regret that we have not space for the whole:—

"God having actually created such free and fallible moral beings, it remains to consider what end He can have had in view in their creation. Did he make us for His own sake, or for the sake of any other beings in the universe, or for our own sakes? It is strange that a question like this should need formal response; yet how often do we hear the phrase, 'God does so-and-so for His own glory,' used in a manner which reveals the speaker's conviction that the act in question does actually enhance the 'glory' of the Supreme; and that the said 'glory' is something desirable to Him! Now, when we attempt to analyze the idea conveyed by this ambiguous word, we find that it presents two different impressions, according as we use it respective or irrespective of witnesses. Apart from the admiration or cognisance of any intelligent being, 'glory' can mean nothing but intrinsic wisdom, justice, and goodness. To say, then, in this sense of the word, that God does an act for 'His glory,' only means that He does it because it is wise, just, or good; and the perfection and felicity of God being absolute and incapable of receiving additions, it is manifest that the wisdom, justice, and goodness of His acts can have reference only to the creatures towards whom they are exercised and in no degree to His own character.

"But if we understand 'glory' with reference to the witnesses of glorious things, and talk of the 'glory of God' as consisting in the reverence, admiration, and homage of intelligent beings, then to say that 'He acts for the sake of such glory,' is not, as in the former case, to use a vague and inaccurate phraseology, but fearfully to derogate from the Divine character. What! shall we despise a man who acts justly or benevolently, merely for the sake of admiration and shall we dare to attribute such a motive to the Infinitely Pure? Shall we contemn a man (a man who has equals for admirers) if he build an almshouse for sake of applause,—and shall we venture to affirm that He whose ineffable happiness could not be increased by the united hallelujahs of the created universe, has yet designed and built the starry heavens for no more noble a purpose.

"And if not for his 'glory,' neither can it be for 'free pleasure,' nor 'arbitrary preterition,' that God could have made man. We have no ground to believe there is room for such things in His nature. Whatever is good and just, that we know to be the pleasure and choice of God; but to attribute to Him any other pleasure or choice is gross anthropomorphism. Goodness is the nature of God, and God is personified essential goodness. We know of Him nothing more.

"If God did not make us for His own sake, still less could He have made us for the sake of any other order of beings in the universe. So far as we are aware, there is no class of beings above ourselves to whose welfare we contribute; and it would be absurd to suppose us made for the advantage of the lower animals,—the greater for the less. Even were it otherwise, with respect to beings above and below us, and we had reason to believe ourselves of essential consequence to their happiness, still it could never be admitted that any sentient, far less intelligent link in the chain

was made solely for the sake of the rest; if so, why the whole chain?

"Man, then, was created for his own sake,—that is, for some end proper to himself. His Creator being just and good, but two such ends could be designed—either his virtue or his happiness."

It may be necessary to add, that while the proposition that God's chief end in creation was the promotion of His own glory, is obvious to the objections urged in the preceding extract—unanswerable objections as they seem to us, notwithstanding what Jonathan Edwards has written on the other side—it would be scarcely fair to charge all the theologians who have used this language with the moral absurdities which might be logically evolved from it. Still less fairly can these absurdities be imputed to the millions of unlearned Christian people, who, knowing that it is their highest duty to yield to God the homage of loyal obedience and reverent affection, and happy trust, and lowly worship, imagine that what includes the last results of all their holiness and virtue, the glory of the Creator, must be His own chief end in creation.

And although the language may easily and naturally suggest a false and pernicious meaning, it is also susceptible of a very different interpretation. It may. be and often is intended to convey the same idea that is expressed, when it is affirmed that God pardons sin or relieves misery for *His own sake*,—unprompted except by the impulses of His own merciful heart, unconstrained by any obligation arising from the moral worth of those on whom He confers His gracious benediction.

And men speak of God acting for His own glory when they mean that for the moral benefit of the intelligent and responsible universe, He reveals in act the grandeur of His power, the infinite depths of his wisdom, the steadfastness of His justice, or the "unsearchable riches of His grace." "To know God is eternal life." This is true, not only of sinful men, but of the happy multitudes that people the palaces of heaven. Their true wealth does not consist in any material riches which the bountiful hand of God may have bestowed upon them. The mansions in which they reign are worthless, compared with that vast inheritance of truth, ever accumulating as the ages roll by, which is the common property of the glorified.

Nor should we ever forget that God governs us not merely by His law but by His *character*. Powerful as are the motives to do the right which spring from the curse and the blessing which are appended to every command, a sublimer and more constraining energy belongs to what we may venture, perhaps, to call the example of the Lawgiver. In the calm strength of God's affection for righteousness, and His resolute purpose

to uphold its authority—in the grand spectacle of almighty power, unerring wisdom, and supreme majesty, steadfastly and unswervingly adhering to the cause of goodness, "from everlasting to everlasting," is far more important aid to the well-doing of God's creatures, than even in the prospect of the glittering walls of the city of joy on the one hand, and of the dark gates of eternal perdition on the other. If the impossible alternative were presented to the spiritual universe, of being threatened with the destruction of the ancient links between suffering and sin, bliss and goodness, or losing the moral support of God's personal fidelity to His holy law, but one choice would be possible; from the innumerable abodes of the righteous would come the firm and unfaltering response, that the quenching of the fires of hell and the darkening of the glories of heaven, would inflict but slight dismay, compared with the lapse of God even into momentary transgression.

Hence the development of God's interior life is the great necessity and the great blessedness of the universe. In His presence alone is the fulness either of created joy or strength. The manifestation of His attributes is the richest gift He can confer upon His creatures; and "glory" is but *revealed perfection.*

With these supplementary explanations, we think that the chapter from which the last extract is taken contains the very essence of the answer that should be given to the question it was intended to solve.

The nature of the distinction between right and wrong in human conduct is, however, but one branch of ethical inquiry; one of the most valuable passages in Sir James Mackintosh's "Dissertation," is that in which he discriminates between this and the "Theory of the Moral Sentiments." On the nature of conscience, there is very little in either of the works which we are noticing that deserves commendation or needs remark. In both, the moral faculty is described as the voice of God in the human soul:—

"For when we are tempted to sin and follow inclination to evil,
A voice within forbids, and summons us to refrain;
And if we bid it to be silent, it yet is not still; it is not in our control.
It acts without our order, without our asking, against our will.
It is *in* us, it belongs to us, but it is not *of* us: it is *above* us.
Perseverance in evil may deaden our ear or stifle that voice.
If, indeed, there is wickedness to which conscience never speaks.
But *while* it recalls from evil, and reproaches us for evil,
And is not silenced by an effort, surely it is not *we:*
Yet it is a moral force, such as pervades all moral minds,
Being in you as it is in me, and as it was in men deceased."

Subsequently, Mr. Newman acknowledges that this Divine voice in the soul is imperfect, liable to be choked, to be weakened or strengthened, or to be in some sense perverted; no explanation, however, is given of this startling doctrine, that the very utterance of God may not only be silenced, which is conceivable, but actually corrupted and falsified.

The inspiration theory of conscience is unsound philosophically, and worthless in practice. Man's nature was originally constructed, so that the moral faculty should be necessarily developed by the activities and relationships of life, just as the various powers of the understanding are developed by the stimulus appropriate to each. The insignia of imperial authority with which conscience is invested, the majesty with which she claims the allegiance of our entire nature, are essential to the functions she is commissioned to discharge. But the authority of her tone, and her resistance, for a time at least, of all attempts to pervert her judgments, or to bribe her into silence, no more prove that she is "not of us," but "above us," than the still sterner resistance which the logical understanding would offer, if we endeavoured to compel it to abjure its belief, that the square on the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares on the base and perpendicular, would prove that those unconsecrated Gibeonites of the soul, the discursive faculties, though "in us," are "not of us," but "above us." Every proof that can be asked for may be had, to demonstrate that the moral faculty is as truly a part of our nature, "of us," as well as "in us," as any other faculty. Its development is gradual, and it is capable of violent injury and silent decay; it may be strengthened by culture and enfeebled by neglect; its health and vigour are affected by the general condition of the moral system. It is by struggle with evil, experience of the misery that afflicts both the wrongdoer and his victim, and the discipline of laborious virtue, that conscience acquires power. The theory of Dr. David Hartley, as developed and modified by Sir James Mackintosh, recognises all these facts —the theory of Mr. Newman ignores them.

Though we are obliged to omit very much that we had intended to say, we cannot pass by the theory of Evil, which is formally developed in the "Essay," and professed, we believe, by Mr. Newman—a theory which introduces confusion into ethics, and the most dangerous heresies into religion. We prefer the words of the "Essay" to our own:—

"Moral evil, then, philosophically considered, is simply the weakness, the non-exertion of the *homo noumenôn*. It is not a *positive* thing at all. It is not a choice of sin by the *higher* self, for that

self can, by the very necessity of its nature, legislate only the universal moral law. It is not a choice of sin by the *lower* self, for that self is by its nature immoral, unfree, and incapable of determining its choice with any reference to moral distinctions; but solely according to its interests and their solicitations. Moral evil, therefore, is a mere *negation*, the *absence* of virtue, of the strength, the valour of the higher self, by which it ought always to execute that law which it always wills, and overcomes the *vis inertiæ* opposed to it by the lower self."—P. 96.

There are two grave errors in this paragraph; and we believe that the entire system of Modern Deism is poisoned by them: First, that the innermost life of man, his true self is always faithful to the law of right, though sometimes, perhaps often overborne by the inferior pasions; secondly, that as evil arises simply from deficient strength in the *homo noumenôn*, or man's true self, it is a negative not a positive thing.

We are wholly at a loss to understand how it is that men who know anything of the horrible wickedness which is being perpetrated day after day all the world over, can be satisfied with so shallow and paltry a theory of Evil as this. If men were always driven into vice by a hurricane of passion, if their sin were always followed by loathing and disgust, and an earnest desire and firm resolution to do better in the future, there would be some reason in talking about the will of man being always faithful to the highest law. But when we know that men are systematically guilty of falsehood, trickery, and theft, for the sake of an extra two and a half per cent. profit on their trade returns; that licentious villany is deliberately planned; that there is such a thing in the world as fiendish satisfaction in the offering of insult, the infliction of mental suffering, and of physical torture; we can only look with silent astonishment on these amiable philosophers who calmly assure us that—spite of all the wickedness we see—the will of man is always loyal to the right.

Nor can we see why generosity should be called a positive, and selfishness a merely negative thing; purity a real excellence, and lust merely the void left by the absence of its opposite virtue. There are as many signs of robustness and reality about the passion of revenge, as about the spirit of mercy. If the one is a radiant angel from heaven, to be welcomed with thanksgiving and joy, the other is no shadow, but a fiend from hell, to be fought against and cast out. Are Mr. Newman and the author of the "Essays" so happily constituted that they find no real evil in their hearts to be struggled against, only a deficiency of virtue to be supplied?

Around this inadequate theory of the nature of evil, a whole

group of the most mischievous errors has naturally gathered. Conceptions of sin so imperfect are necessarily associated with utterly untenable doctrines concerning the relation between the moral government of God and sinful men. Against the awful declarations in the Scriptures concerning the finally impenitent, both Mr. Newman and the author of the "Essay" vehemently and bitterly protest; it is, according to the latter,

"A horror which no proof imaginable could make credible."

But it is obvious that this tempestuous enmity against the Scripture doctrine concerning the future of the wicked, is closely allied to the mild and feeble representations of the nature of Evil, on which we have already animadverted. If men will not believe that there are appalling crimes in this world, they will not believe that there are appalling penalties in the next. Or, if by any philosophical theory the reality of man's present wickedness is explained away, all fear of future retribution will perish.

As yet we are on the very threshold of the subject on which these volumes have led us to enter; and at present we are unable to prosecute it further. Having, however, exhibited the ethical theory on which the system of Modern Deism is based, we propose to embrace the earliest opportunity to deal with the spiritualistic superstructure. We have tried to avoid everything which could irritate or repel either the authors of these volumes or their disciples and friends; but we beg them not to mistake our motive or our end. We might have justly rebuked their misrepresentations of the Christian system; and smiled at the majestic tone in which they have uttered ancient commonplaces as though they were quite recent revelations from the spiritual world; but we are anxious that our Christian readers should consider dispassionately what has been gravely advanced as the positive faith of their opponents, and that unbelievers should have no ground for complaining that we have misrepresented or insulted their creed. We have looked more diligently for what we could approve than for what we should be compelled to censure. In the same spirit we shall try to finish what, in this article, has been only begun.

ART. VI.—THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

1. *A Treatise on the Cure of Stammering; with a general account of the various Systems for the Cure of Impediments in Speech.* By James Hunt, Ph. D., M.R.S.L. London: Longmans & Co.
2. *Vocal Gymnastics; or a Guide for Stammerers, and for Public Speakers and others.* By G. F. Urling. London: Churchill.

THE above-named works are put forth by rival professors of the art of curing *blaesitas*, otherwise *alalia*, and we must hesitate in deciding between their pretensions, since, for though they have given us abundant testimonies of skill on both sides, they have neither expounded their own systems, nor given us any evidence whereby we might ascertain which is best. Mr. Hunt cordially abuses Mr. Urling, and Mr. Urling as heartily defines Mr. Hunt's defects; where the real dignity attaches cannot be determined by their works, as neither of them presents anything worthy of the subject.

That the scientific study of the causes of stammering and a full investigation of the means of cure are strongly demanded, no one will deny who has stammering friends, or who stutters himself. There are, says Mr. Hunt, 200,000 stutterers in the world, and five regiments of them in London. Fortunately, they are not drawn out for our defence; for, if they hesitated before the enemy, what would become of us? or what of themselves if beaten? They would all be bayonetted before they could cry, "Mercy!"

It is, however, no trifling matter. There are so few employments in which stammering and stuttering are not impediments to success, that it becomes a grievous thing when any member of a family is so afflicted. All the professions nearly exclude such persons. We have known several highly educated and energetic young men unable to avail themselves of appointments in the public service in consequence, and they have fallen into the shady background of society, conscious only of defect while still endowed with mental qualities that would otherwise have enabled them to shine in the fore-front as their proper place.

"The constant and immediate superintendence of an instructor, experienced in the system founded on physiological principles, is the only method of entirely conquering this defect; the most elaborate efforts at written explanations being obviously valueless where cases so widely differ, and, consequently, require such various instructions." So says Mr. Hunt. (p. 62.)

We must acknowledge that Mr. Urling and Mr. Hunt very

properly urge the importance of *vivâ voce* training, and we doubt not that they are equally expert, and about equally successful, in their methods; but yet we have known a few individuals who have so far conquered the difficulty by studying the physiology of the matter for themselves, and persistingly endeavouring to carry out their efforts to apply their knowledge in their own cases, that we think an explicit manual for stammerers, written by one well-versed in the theory and practice of the subject, would be a highly valuable boon to the public. There are various useful hints in the works named above, but something more explicit and practical is still a desideratum. Both Mr. Hunt and Mr. Urling would cure by the mind alone, that is, by instructing patients how to manage the muscles used in articulation. We, therefore, say that a set of rules for particular cases as the result of their experience would be of greater value to the public than the books with which they have favoured us. Professional men, indeed, ought to live by their profession; but yet it is not usual for men of science to make a mystery of their science. From all we can gather on the subject, it appears that the secret of successful treatment consists in determinately fixing the attention upon the means of articulating in spite of a felt difficulty. Thus, let a stammerer, like Demosthenes, place a pebble in his mouth; the effort to prevent that pebble from being an impediment to clear enunciation will fix the muscles so far as to prevent their taking on a sympathetic action for themselves, as they do when the stammerer attempts to speak without this or similar kind of diversion, and consequent preparation for their consentaneous action in speaking. The object is to steady all the muscles used in speaking, so that their spasmodic irregular action shall be checked at the beginning of every attempt to speak; for stammering and stuttering, according to our view of the matter, appear to result from the undue excitement of those nerves, which arising near each other, and supplying muscles required in some measure to act as it were with mutual consent and accommodation, are aroused all at once, instead of being brought into action in due and orderly succession. In a healthy state of the nervous system, though the nerves and muscles concerned in speaking are all, to a certain extent, excited together, yet the will has the wonderful power of reserving and regulating their action, so that they shall be used one after another, or so many together, just as in the organ having many pipes all filled at once with air, the current from the bellows is prevented from passing and forming sound by the will and touch of the organist, except in the required order. In stuttering and stammering, this power of the will is lost very often from mere hurry of

mind, and the sounds burst forth convulsively or gurgle out in broken streams, like water poured from a narrow-necked bottle. "I would that thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once or none at all." —*As You Like It.*

The difficulty of articulation is small when the change of muscular adjustment of the mouth is easily completed; thus few stutter over syllables terminated by consonants. The great difficulty is experienced in the transition from the explosive sound of the consonants *b, t, d, p, m,* to the vowel that follows. The utterance of *j, ch, w, f,* is less difficult.

Colombat, attributing stammering to want of harmony between the nerve-action and the muscles, would cure it by applying a musical rhythm in speaking. This often succeeds.

Bertrand recommends certain regular motions of the fingers and toes, as a kind of diversion of nerve-action, and he would introduce foreign substances into the mouth with the same object in view.

Rullier would merely improve the health of the brain.

Itard treats the disease like any other spasmodic disorder, and trains the muscles by exercises analogous to those of dancing and fencing. He also steadies their action by placing a small instrument in the mouth.

Dr. Serres advises a rapid pronunciation, accompanying the action by movements of the arms to regulate the utterance.

Dr. Marshall Hall recommends speaking in a chanting voice.

Dr. Arnott advises the commencing every word by prefixing the vowel *e,* and combining the words as in singing.

Mrs. Leigh, of New York, considered the pressure of the tongue against the inferior incisors (front teeth) as the sole cause of stammering. She directed it to be put to the top of the palate. She often succeeded, but as often failed, because the causes are more varied than her system.

Drs. Merkel and Schmalz exhibit great research in their writings; but they advocate severe surgical operations in some cases.

We have heard that Dr. Jephson, of Leamington, has recommended, with great advantage in some cases, an elastic band to be placed under the chin and around the head so as to afford steadiness and resistance together, and thus to prevent that spasmodic action of the muscles drawing down the chin, and which causes or aggravates stammering.

Quarterly Review of German Literature.

The more narrowly we observe the "signs of the time," the more closely we study the wants of the age, the more convinced are we also of the importance of a proper acquaintanceship with general and with ecclesiastical history. Truly, "there is nothing new under the sun,"—the thing that is, it has been, only under different phases and aspects. The requirements, the sorrows, the doubts and the follies of mankind, are the same now as before—in principle, though not in development; in substance, though not in form. The lessons which a past has taught, or is calculated to teach, should be applied to present circumstances, as well as the warnings to be derived from events which, in one respect are gone by, in another are eternal.

We confess it, however extravagant it may appear to some, this renewed and ardent study of history gives us fresh hope for the Church and people of Germany. Tokens sufficient there are to distress and to distract. On the one hand, are the "Churchlies" and the "Liberals," each with his Shibboleth, and each apparently unmindful of his own great danger; on the other hand, are Materialists, Hegelians, Deists, and Nothingarians — ecclesiasticism, royalism, false liberalism, negativism, elements of death and destruction. But amid the din of parties are also those who have learned to understand their Bibles, and on the present to reflect the light of the past: a class of men to whom we bid "God speed," and whose work we take to be most promising, and most blessed. Surely, it was not without meaning that Germany's greatest ecclesiastical historian, the sainted Neander, became one of the main instruments in the revival of true religion. The favourite motto of this master, "The inner man makes the *theologian*," may in this respect be also read as, "The inner man makes the *historian*." Would we had among us more of that care for the "inner man," and, let us add, more of the study of the *past*; not in the light of this or of that Church, but in the light of unvarying Christian truth!

These remarks are not more the general inference which we draw from the historical works before us, than the expression of a deep-felt want both in our literature and in our life. Britain has a great lesson to learn; and, if we wish to lay bye our quarrels, to esteem each other, and to co-operate with each other, to understand our duties and our mission, we should, as one of the means, make haste to repair our past neglect in the Christian study of history. As usually, the historical selection before us contains considerable variety, and extends over a pretty wide range. In more ancient ecclesiastical history we have this time only one work, but this of more than common interest, both from its subject and its aim. To begin with the latter: Pastor Ribbeck (the author of "Donatus and Augustinus,"[1] the work under notice) seems at one time to have been

[1] Donatus u. Augustinus, oder d. erste entschcidende Kampf zwischen Sepa-

"a German Dissenter," and, as we gather from his hints, a "German Baptist"—both, we take leave to say, very different from the idea which attaches to these names in our own country, or in America. In that capacity Mr. Ribbeck appears to have written against the Established Church some tractate or tractates, to us unknown. These, and his former "Dissent," are now intended to be retracted by the book under notice, in which the first great separation from the Church, "Donatism," is historically traced and characterized. The reader will understand, that while this purpose imparts a certain amount of vividness and enthusiasm to the work, it also occasionally leads away from the subject, and perhaps introduces us to controversies, for which we, at least, have not heart, and happily not occasion. "Donatism" is a memorable fact in the history of the Church, and cannot be explained either by the corrupt motives of some individuals, nor wholly be set down to the score of a healthy antagonism to a corrupt Church. No doubt, had the circumstances of the time not demanded such a reaction—had not many in the Church itself felt its want—those who were the great movers in Donatism would either have stood entirely unsupported, or the sect have sooner gone down in a corrupt fanaticism. The Catholic Church, gradually recovering from the first persecutions, and daily multiplying its adherents, fast degenerated. Ambition, worldliness, will-worship, work-righteousness, were now prominent blots, instead of the simplicity, the sincerity of love, the simple and humble faith of apostolic Christians. Even martyrdom for the truth became deformed into merit-mongering; spiritual life was rapidly passing away, and sheer externalism threatened to take the place of the "worship in spirit and in truth." The opposite of this externalism was a purely *subjective* direction, with all its attendant dangers—this time not in the shape of *mysticism*, but in that of a fanatical rigorism. "Donatism" was not the first movement in that direction. Before that time, the wild Phrygian, Montanus, had obtained visions of truth and purity, and drawn with him many, among whom the great Tertullian is the best known. The following were the five distinctive principles of *Montanism*:—1. Need of a Church more pure in substance and in form; 2. Expectation of a speedy re-appearance of Christ; 3. Belief in the continuance of the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit; 4. Rejection of infant-baptism; 5. Rigorism in outward conduct. The next protest—passing over minor movements—was made by the noble *Novatian*. This was in turn followed by *Donatism*. The last great Christian persecution had been succeeded by the reign of Constantine, under whom the Church at once rose from contempt into full political power. A most dangerous transition this, against which Donatism made its protest. But this healthy tendency was accompanied by other and much less elevated motives and measures. The first cause of controversy arose from the supposed laxity of the Catholic Church towards those who, in the late troubles,

---

ratismus u. Kirche. Ein histor. Versuch von Ferd. Ribbeck. Elberfeld: Büdecker. 1857.

had either denied their faith (the "lapsi"), or at least given up the Sacred Volume to the heathen (the "traditores"). But neither were the *purists* free from such charges, and the matter became much a personal contest between two parties. In successive councils—among which, that of Arles is in every respect most important —the disputes were decided against the Donatists, who ultimately separated from the Church. Political repressions were followed by tumults, and hordes of armed banditti joined the new sect, and kept up a regular warfare against all order and decency. The religious aspect of the controversy was more pure. Both parties produced able and excellent men. Among the Catholics we need only mention the name of Augustine, to convince the reader with what ability, zeal, and love, the discussion must have been carried on. In general, this period of history is exceedingly interesting and instructive. Despite the occasional diffuseness of the work before us, and the too frequent reference to present controversies, Mr. Ribbeck has produced an excellent manual, which deserves to take its place by the side of Neander's history of that period, and Bindemann's "Life of Augustine."

From the fourth century and from early divisions in the church, we invite the reader to take a long stride to the fifteenth century, and to the history of the Reformers and their immediate precursors. Here we have first to notice a ninth volume by Dr. Böhringer,[1] in which his ecclesiastical biographies are continued. In some respects the present is among the most important contributions of the Swiss historian. We are successively introduced to Conrad of Waldhausen, to Milic and to Janow, the precursors of Hus; to Hus himself, to Jerome of Prague, and to Savonarola. The Bohemian Reformation is unique in its character, and we feel deeply thankful for this detailed and luminous description of the lives and works of those who were engaged in it. Beginning with Waldhausen, the first who in Bohemia testified against the religious desecrations of the Papacy, the moral element of Protestantism appears here by the side of its negative or antagonistic tendency. It gradually developes and spreads, till university, nobility, and people are seized by the great movement. The flames to which the Council of Constance condemns Hus and Jerome cannot destroy their work. The Bohemian nation deeply sympathizes with the new teaching. Much the same ground as that above indicated is traversed by Mr. Gindely[2] in his "History of the Bohemian Brethren," of which part of Vol. II. (reaching to the end of Maximilian's reign) is now before us. Only that, as the title implies, this work bears more especial reference to the history of the "*Brethren*." Mr. Gindely has been a careful and laborious student, his style is vigorous and

[1] Die Kirche Christi u. ihre Zeugen, oder d. Kirchen-Gesch. in Biographien. Durch Friedrich Böhringer. 2ter Band, 4te Abth., 2te Heft. Zurich: Meyer u. Zeller. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

[2] Böhmen u. Mähren im Zeitalter d. Reformation. Von Anton Gindely. Gesch. d. böhm. Brüder. 2ter Band (1ste Heft). Praag: Carl Bellmann. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

fresh, and though decidedly Austrian and Popish in his views, he withholds not the well-deserved acknowledgment from the "Bohemian Brethren."

Passing from Bohemia to Germany and France, we have first a biography of the well-known Reformation-Knight, Ulrich von Hutten, from the pen of no less a personage then Dr. Strauss,[4] the notorious author of the "Life of Jesus." We confess to a more than usual amount of curiosity in perusing this book. Passing over the preface, with its attempted hits at modern orthodoxy, we would characterize the production as a painstaking and accurate biography, without, however, much life, enthusiasm, or spirit; and of course without any deeper or spiritual sympathies. More than ever before, the conviction has been painfully impressed on us, that Hutten was of a totally different spirit from Luther. He and Francis of Sickingen (a nobler man probably) were the last representatives of the wild German Knights, who would have fought to gain an entrance for the Reformation, but who understood little of the spiritual armour of which Luther made such large and blessed use. Although enthusiastically attached to the cause of Protestantism, it may be doubted whether Hutten did more good than harm by his many Latin and German literary productions. Worn out by labours and persecution, and partly in consequence of a disease contracted by former excesses, Hutten died alone and in exile at the early age of thirty-five. Very different from this are the pictures of Olivianus and Ursinus drawn by Mr. Sudhoff[5]. This work which forms the second volume of the "Biographies of the Calvinistic Reformers," has more than answered our expectations. Smaller in size then Vol. I., without the decoration of a portrait, and treating of persons comparatively unknown to the British student, it has, to our mind, even more sterling value than the "Life of Zwingli." To the student of ecclesiastical history we can confidently recommend this volume. It contains much valuable and new information, written in a fresh, vigorous, and attractive style, breathing fervour and earnestness—thorough in its erudition and decided in its principles. Indeed, we have rarely perused a book of this kind with more pleasure or satisfaction. We congratulate the editor of this series (Mr. Hagenbach) on having got assistance such as that of Mr. Sudhoff, and the German-reading public on the prospect of such accessions to their libraries. Our recommendation of Dr. Heppe's "History of the Lutheran Formula of Concordance,"[6] and of Mr. Polentz's "History of French Calvinism,"[7] must be more qualified. Dr.

[4] Ulrich von Hutten. Von David Friedr. Strauss. 2 Theile. Leipsig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

[5] Leben u. ausgewählte Schriften d. Väter u. Begründer d. reformirten Kirche. 8ter Theil. C. Olivianus u. Z. Ursinus. Von Lic. K. Sudhoff. Elberfeld: Friedrichs. 1857.

[6] Geschichte d. lutherischen Concordienformel u. Concordia Von Dr. H. Heppe. 1ster Band. Marburg: Elwert. 1858.

[7] Geschichte d französischen Calvinismus bis zur Nationalversammlung, im J. 1789. Von G. V. Polentz. 1ster Band. Gotha: F. A. Perthes. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

Heppe is a violent Melancthonian; he believes that German Calvinism was essentially the reproduction of his favourite teacher's views, and in upholding this opinion he occasionally does considerable injustice to such men as Olivianus and Ursinus. He is too much wedded to his own system to make an impartial historian. In the present volume Dr. Heppe gives the humbling chapter of Lutheran bigotry and sectarianism, which ended by forcing—or attempting to force—on the German churches that wretched expression of Lutheran orthodoxy, the "Formula Concordiæ." The events and contests of that period are faithfully traced, and the document under consideration is elaborately analyzed and explained. The volume by Mr. Polentz, which is to be followed by three others, extends to the year 1560, and describes the planting of Christianity in France, its spread and struggles, the history of early anti-papal attempts, and lastly the Reformation. Although at times somewhat diffuse, the work may be considered as the best text-book on the subject. We have in vain sought to find out the peculiar ecclesiastical "standpoint" of the author. From his remarks on certain Calvinistic dogmas we gather that he does not share the beliefs of the Swiss churches; but neither is he a Lutheran. Occasionally he misunderstands Calvin; yet he can also appreciate the great work of that Reformer.

One paragraph will suffice for the works on general history on our table. A curious interest attaches to Dr. Harder's tractate[8] on the demand made by our own government, in 1799, for the extradition of certain Irish refugees. The persons in question had taken part in the French landing on the coast of Ireland, and after its failure sought temporary shelter in Hamburg. The British authorities demanded, and the French opposed, their surrender. Hamburg had to yield to our threats—a compliance for which the first Napoleon made ample reprisals. As bearing on present discussions, a letter of Napoleon I. (then first consul), addressed to the senate of Hamburg, may not be without instruction: "Gentlemen, we have received your letter; it does not vindicate you. Courage and virtues preserve a commonwealth; cowardice and vices destroy it. You have violated hospitality. This has not been done by the most barbarous hordes of the wilderness. Your fellow-citizens will ever reproach you with this act. The two unhappy persons whom you have given up will die with glory; but their blood will do more harm to their persecutors than an army could have done." So wrote the *first* Napoleon. How writes the *third?* However, it is a comfort that the illustrious Irishmen were allowed to return from England to France. On the general question involved, the British public of 1858 would probably differ as much from that of 1799 as Napoleon III. does from Napoleon I. From the pen of Mr. Giesebrecht we have the closing portion of Vol. II. of the "History of the Germanic Empire."[9] The

[8] Die Auslieferung d. 4 politischen Flüchtlinge, Napper-Tandy, Blackwell, Morris u. G. Peters, im Jahre 1799. Von K. Harder. Leipzig: Wigand. 1857.

[9] Geschichte d. deutschen Kaiserzeit. Von W. Giesebrecht. 2ter Band, 2te Liefer. Braunschweig: Schwetschke u. Sohn. 1858.

part before us details chiefly that most flourishing period of imperial rule under Henry III. Abundant extracts from the sources consulted by the author are furnished in the appendix. On the great merits of this work we have spoken in a former review. The present part well sustains the historical reputation of the author; the only desideratum left us being that of a comprehensive index to every volume, which the student would find of so much use. We are glad to learn that the Prussian ministry has taken notice of, and encouraged, the author. If he perseveres in the same spirit, he will secure for himself a distinguished and lasting place among the historians of Germany. Mr. Mökern's "History of the East Indies" [10] is a work which we have laid down with considerable disappointment. The historical part is neither thorough nor copious, the notices of people and manners are not such as we could have expected from one who has so long resided in a country, and the personal adventures want raciness and vivacity. The sketch of the Mohammedan population of India has unfortunately been but too well illustrated by recent events. Dr. Weber, Director of the Archives of Dresden, communicates interesting papers [11] from the literary treasures under his care. The volume is a strange medley of love, ghost, and quack stories, of which perhaps the most interesting is the account of the notorious Kleement (executed in 1710), who by false documents knew how to gain the confidence of so many politicians, and threw Berlin and its king into such turmoil by the pretended disclosure of an anti-Prussian conspiracy on the part of Prince Eugene and of Saxony. A most important contribution towards the history of Babylonia and Assyria is M. von Niebuhr's work,[12] which, comparing the data in the Old Testament, in Berosus, and the Greek writers, with the results of recent discoveries, furnishes, so far as we know, the first comprehensive description of the period between the years 747 and 538, before Christ. On every page we find the marks of most painstaking study, and conscientious investigation. To theologians we would specially recommend a book which supplies a long-felt desideratum in our literature, that of a comprehensive manual of that period, giving a survey of all that is known on the subject, and at the same time amply illustrating, and fully confirming, the accounts furnished in the Old Testament.

On the subject of exegetics we have a larger budget than usually. The most important contribution, this time, is the noble commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, by Professor Delitzsch, of Erlangen,[13] whose fame has hitherto chiefly rested on Oriental lore. We hope that no long time may elapse before this great monument of German

---

[10] Ostindien, seine Geschichte, Cultur u. s. Bewohner. Von Philipp von Mökern. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Costenoble. 1857.

[11] Aus 4 Jahrhunderten. Mittheilungen aus d. Haupt-Staatsarchive zu Dresden. Von Dr. K. v. Weber. 1ster Band. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 1857.

[12] Geschichte Assur's u. Babel's seit Phul. Von M. v. Niebuhr. Berlin: Hertz. 1857.

[13] Commentar zum Briefe an d. Hebräer. Von Prof. F. Delitzsch. Leipzig: Dörffling u. Franke. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

industry and piety may be given in a popularly accessible form to British readers. The exposition is learned, sound, and satisfactory; stores of exegetical and rabbinical lore are laid down; former commentaries have been carefully collated; in short, if sobriety, learning, and orthodoxy are tests, we have here at last a thorough commentary on this epistle. A most valuable appendix defends the doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, and the typical import of sacrifices generally, against the views of Hofmann. For labours such as these we feel truly thankful. Pastor Gräber has given us a very valuable exposition of the Book of Revelation.[14] The plan of the work deserves the attention of the reader. With Bengel, he traces in these prophecies the progressive development of history. With Hengstenberg, he notes in each period of history and prophecy grand leading ideas. With Ebrard, he distinguishes between the beast of ch. xiii. and that of ch. xvii. These are clear and sensible principles of interpretation. Here is a rough analysis of our author's exposition:—1st Period. I. General Judgments (ch. vi. 1—8): 1st seal, Christ the conqueror; 2nd seal, war; 3rd seal, famine; 4th seal, pestilence. II. Special Judgments (ch. vi. 9—11): 5th seal, martyrdom; 6th seal, fall of heathen Rome, (a) negatively, (b) positively, ascendancy of the Church (ch. vi. 12—17)—1, spread of Christianity, commencing ch. vii. 1—8; 2, view of the completion (ch. vii. 9—17).—7th seal, or 2nd Period, being introduction to the seven trumpets. I. General Judgments (ch. viii. 6—12): 1st trumpet, destruction of civilization; 2nd trumpet, of commerce; 3rd trumpet, of wealth; 4th trumpet, of commonwealth; announcement of three woes, 5th, 6th, and 7th trumpets. II. the Special Judgments: 5th trumpet (ch. ix. 1—12), the migration of nations (5 months, 370—520 A.D.); 6th trumpet, Mohammedanism. Part II. Introduction (ch. x. 1—11); subject (ch. xi. 1, 2). 1st Period (the Papacy). I. General Survey: 1st. The witnessing Church (ch. xi. 3—14)—1st Period, the witness-bearing (1,260 days); 2nd period, oppression (3½ days); 3rd period, glory (the Millennium); ch. xi. 15—19, most general announcement of the third woe. 2ndly. The persecuted church (ch. xii. 1—18)—1st period, persecution of spiritual life; 2nd period, heavenly powers contend for it; 3rd period, persecution and martyrdom of individuals. II. Special History: Ch. xiii. 1—10, The Papacy as world-monarchy (42 months); v. 11—18, the Jesuits as the false prophet; xiv. 1—5, the 144,000 harpers—the Reformation.—2nd Period (the End). I. General Survey: 1st. Preparation (ch. xiv. 6, 7), Gospel preaching and missions; v. 8, announcement of judgments on Rome; v. 9—13, on her adherents. 2ndly. The End; v. 14—16, the harvest of the faithful; v. 17—20, of unbelievers. II. Special History (ch. xv. 1—8): Introduction to the seven plagues (ch. xvi. 1—9)—1st plague, diseases; 2nd plague, destruction of commerce; 3rd plague,

[14] Versuch einer historischen Erklärung d. Offenbarung d. Johannes. Von H. S. Gräber. Heidelberg: Winter. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

of wealth; 4th plague, of despotism. Special Judgments: 5th plague, judgment on the Papacy; 6th plague, upon Mohammedanism — the two combine (Armageddon); 7th plague, destruction of Rome; ch. xvii., combination of the Papacy with infidelity and red democracy. (a) Power and glory of the great whore (v. 1—6). (b) Her destruction by the scarlet beast (democracy) and the ten kings (v. 16—18). (c) Destruction of the ten kings. We have now given the main outlines of this scheme, and sufficient to interest the student of prophecy. Mr. Reinke's "Exposition of the Messianic Psalms"[15] is an able and earnest vindication of this important portion of Old Testament Christology. The "Exegetical Manual of the Old Testament" has advanced another volume. The present contribution is by Professor Knobel, of Giessen,[16] and expounds Exodus and Leviticus. Our readers know the merits and demerits of this publication. Philologically, it is excellent; exegetically, it is without value; theologically, false and extremely dangerous. Much as we appreciate the learning and acquirements of Knobel and his colleagues, in the composition of this manual, we believe that the time of rationalistic arrogance and quackery is fast going bye. Nearly the same remarks apply to Hitzig's "Commentary on the Book of Proverbs."[17] What pity that such rare acquirements are not devoted to a better cause. Students who can discern between the specious and the true, who have sufficient independence and strength to cull the valuable from the rubbish, will do well to read works like these—mere sciolists, who would plume themselves with borrowed lore, or theological beginners, had best let them alone. We can scarcely find words strong enough to characterize our dislike of such a commentary as that by Pastor Weissenbach on the Song of Solomon.[18] If this book is what they allege, a mere amatory effusion, full of the grossest sensualism (according to their interpretation), why not strike it at once out of the canon, or why shock us by a detailed commentary, which, if correct, would place it almost in a category with Ovid's "Libri Amorum" and "Artis Amatoriæ?" We are willing to give Pastor Weissenbach all credit for learning and purity; but we hope the day may be far distant when such expositions will flow from the pens of British critics, or become common in our libraries. A most pretentious, but little-meaning tractate, is Dr. J. P. N. Land's "Dissertation on Gen. xlix."[19]—an unfavourable specimen this of Dutch criticism. The Messianic import of these predictions is boldly denied—indeed,

---

[15] Die Messianischen Psalmen. Von Reinke. 2te Liefer. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

[16] Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Alten Testament. 2te Liefer. Exodus u. Leviticus. Erklärt von Dr. A. Knobel. Leipzig: Hirzel. 1858.

[17] Die Sprüche Salomo's. Uebersetzt u. Ausgelegt von Dr. F. Hitzig. Zürich: Orell, Füssli, u. Co. 1858.

[18] Das hohe Lied Salomo's. Erklärt, Uebersetzt u. Dargestellt von F. E. Weissenbach. Leipzig: Weigel. 1858.

[19] Disputatio de Carmine Jacobi, Gen. xlix. Scripsit J. P. N. Land. Lugduni Batavorum: Hazenberg. 1858.

boldness of assertion constitutes three-fourths of such discussions. Hengstenberg and other orthodox divines are set right in the shortest and most triumphant fashion; and Dr. Land comes forth with flying colours. A method this more easy than satisfactory, which may impose on the half-informed, but can only excite a smile of pity in those who have really understood the difficulties of exegetical studies, and the meaning of such passages as Gen. xlix. Lic. Reusch furnishes a (Roman Catholic) "Commentary on the Book of Tobias,"[20] in which canonical authority is vindicated for all the absurdities of the Apocrypha. It is really curious to see side by side the boldest rationalism in one set of teachers and the most implicit credulity on the part of others. The arguments by which the historical contradictions and moral inconsistencies of the book of Tobias are vindicated or explained, are equally ingenious, curious —and hollow. Lastly, we would announce to the reader the appearance of a new and most excellent "Hebrew Dictionary" (at about 14s.), from the pen of the well-known Dr. Fürst, of Leipsic,[21] which promises to meet every demand of the exegetical student.

In dogmatics we have this time several works which will require a more full notice than we can give them in the present review. "The Symbolic of the Mosaic and Christian Worship," by Dr. Dursch,[22] will be read with considerable interest by many who would like to have a clear view of the ceremonies of the Romish Church, and of the meaning which attaches to every rite. Dr. Dursch (a Roman Catholic) first explains briefly the symbols of the Old Testament, and then describes and explains those of his own church. The vestments of the priests, the ceremonial at baptism, marriage, the mass, extreme unction, ordination, confirmation, &c., are all destailed and accounted for. An instructive but a humbling book, as delineating the supposed types and shadows of the religion which instructs to "worship in spirit and in truth." Mr. Bender, court preacher at Darmstadt, furnishes a small volume of sermons, being "Old Testament Sketches."[23] They are evangelical in tone and pleasing in style, but contain little that is new or striking. In similar words, we might characterize Mr. Schrader's discourses on the "Intercourse between the risen Saviour and His People."[24] However, we have come upon passages in that tractate which breathe not only fervent piety, but give evidence of accurate and acute critical investigation. In every respect a most interesting and important contribution to our theological literature is that

[20] Das Buch Tobias. Uebersetzt u. Erklärt von Lic. F. H. Reusch. Freiburg: Herder. 1857.

[21] Hebräisches u Chaldäisches Handwörterbuch über d. Alte Testament. Mit einem Anhange. Von Dr. J. Fürst. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

[22] Symbolik d. Mosaischen u. Christlichen Cultus. Von Dr. G. M. Dursch. Tübingen: Laupp. 1858.

[23] Alttestamentliche Lebensbilder in Predigten. Von F. Bender. Stuttgart: Liesching & Co. 1857.

[24] Der Verkehr d. Auferstandenen mit d. Seinen. Von L. Schrader. Kiel: Schröder & Co. 1857.

recently made by Dr. Nowotny, who has commenced to translate into German the sermons of Hus.[26] There is a freshness, a manliness, and withal a deep earnestness about these addresses which helps us to understand how the great reformer obtained so firm a hold on the hearts of his countrymen. The Bohemian movement cannot be fully known without a careful perusal of the doctrines and the teaching of Hus. On this ground, irrespective of other claims, Dr. Nowotny deserves every encouragement to enable him to carry out his proposed undertaking. Mr. Otto has done real service by giving us a new and cheap edition of old Herberger's "Flowers of Paradise,"[28] or Practical Exposition of the Psalms (up to Ps. xxiii. 3). Herberger—known also as the "Second Luther," and the Protestant "Abraham a St. Clara"—belonged to the generation immediately succeeding the Reformers, and his works have, with the exception of this Psaltery, remained in common use in Germany. Yet, in some respects, this is the most precious of all his writings, giving the results of twenty-five years' study of the book of Psalms. We sincerely wish that a work which deserves to be classed with Arndt's "True Christianity," may soon be also rendered accessible to the churches of Britain and of America. In these days, when the study of the German language is becoming more common, and teachers and taught are often at a loss for good books which combine instruction with elegance of diction, we would seriously recommend to our readers the works of that patriarch, G. von Schubert.[27] We shall answer for it that they are in every respect suitable. The volume before us treats chiefly of the separation between soul and body, the experiences of dying believers, and certain objections or fears felt by Christians. Sharing in the general veneration for the godly old author, we have been not a little pleased—and, we trust, also instructed—by this his latest production; and in the name of British Christians, to whom Schubert is too little known, we respond to the cordial greeting which he prefixes to this volume.

With due deference to our "instructors," we venture to say that the science of "Pædagogy" has not yet received among us the degree of attention which it deserves and requires. Too often we are content to leave the upbringing of those nearest and dearest to us to parties whose head and heart have not been trained for so important a charge. Whatever defects may attach to the German system—and we are not of the number of those who are blind to them—even the books which we are about to mention, prove that this subject engages the attention of some of the ablest and best men in the "Fatherland." Dr. Schmid, of Ulm, has just commenced an "Encyclopædia,"[28]

[26] Joh. Hus, Predigten über d. Evangelien. Aus d. böhm. in d. deutsche Sprache übersetzt von Dr. J. Nowotny. 1ste Abth Görlitz: Heyn. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

[28] Dr. Herberger's Paradies-Blümlein. Mit einen Vorworte. Von C. W. Otto. Halle: Schmidt. 1857.

[27] Vermischte Schriften. Von Dr. G. H. von Schubert. 1ster Band. Erlangen: Palen u. Enke. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

[28] Encyclopädie d. Gesammten Erziehungs u. Unterrichtswesens. Von K. A. Schmid. Stuttgart: Besser. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1857.

specially designed for teachers, and treating of all subjects which can be of interest to those whose it is to take part in the work of education. According to the plan in the prospectus, the first part is to treat of "Pædagogic" and its auxiliaries generally; the second of the arrangements and relations of schools and teachers; the third furnishes a history of the science; the fourth statistics. The specimen number sent us, is Christian in tone and thorough in point of execution—the names of the *savants* who are to contribute to this Encyclopædia afford sufficient guarantee that it will be continued in the same spirit. A few words will suffice to characterize Mr. Diesterweg's "Annual of Pædagogic."[29] It is pretentious, unsatisfactory, and full of the most bitter invectives against evangelical religion; withal, written in a tone of unbounded confidence and conceit. One of the most useful works with which we are acquainted is Professor Raumer's "History of Pædagogic."[30] The volume under notice is replete with the most trustworthy information and advice, especially on the bringing up of girls. Would something of this kind might be introduced into every family and ladies' school! Piety, good sense, and ability, appear in every chapter and on every page.

In *belles lettres*, we can offer our readers fully the usual *quantum*. The student of the Saxon language will delight in Mr. Schulz's elegant poetic version of Eschenbach's "Percival,"[31] a poem written (in high Dutch) in the thirteenth century. A number of excellent remarks and useful information will be found in Professor Roberstein's "Miscellaneous Essays on the History of Literature."[32] Of more than common interest is Professor Kinkel's "Tragedy of Nimrod,"[33] written as it is by a celebrated exile, and addressed to his countrymen—not without peculiar meaning. Sturm's "Religious Poetry"[34] contains some exquisite passages—simple, sweet, and pathetic. A very wide circle of readers we bespeak for Auerbach's "Family Calendar for 1858.[35] There is an irresistible charm about these tales—a "soulishness" and loveliness, so peculiarly this writer's. We cannot recommend more pleasant reading than a perusal of this Calendar will afford. Lastly, Mr. Prutz has given us a biography, and a selection from the works of Holberg,[36] probably the best writer of comedies whom Germany has ever produced.

---

[29] Pädagogisches Jahrbuch für 1858. Von A. Diesterweg. Leipzig: Baensch. 1858.

[30] Geschichte d. Pädagogik. Von K. von Raumer. 3tter Theil. 2te Aufl. Stuttgart: Liesching. 1857.

[31] Percival. Von W. von Eschenbach. Aus d. Mittelhochdeutschen übersetzt von San-Marte (A. Schulz). 2te Aufl. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1858.

[32] Vermischte Aufsätze zur Litteraturgeschichte u. Aesthetik. Von Dr. Roberstein. Leipzig: Barth. 1858.

[33] Nimrod. Ein Trauerspiel. Von G. Kinkel. Hanover: Rümpler. 1857.

[34] Fromme Lieder. Von J. Sturm. 3tte Aufl. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1858.

[35] B. Auerbach's deutscher Familien-Kalender. Stuttgart: Cotta. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

[36] Lud. Holberg, Sein Leben u. seine Schriften. Von R. Prutz. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1857.

Brief Notices.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA. By James M. Phillippo. London: 1857.

MOST of our readers will remember the interesting and instructive volume, published some years ago, by Mr. Phillippo, upon Jamaica, the island to which he has devoted a long life of faithful missionary labour. That work was noticed in this journal at the time with well-deserved commendation. After a lengthened interval, Mr. Phillippo again appears before the public, with a volume upon the United States and Cuba. For the sake of his literary reputation, we could have wished that the very estimable author had suppressed the twenty-seven chapers devoted to the United States, and published alone the three chapters which relate to Cuba and the Cubans.

On West Indian soil Mr. Phillippo is evidently at home. His description of the Queen of the Antilles and her strangely-mixed population, is natural, flowing, faithful, and eminently trustworthy. There is more truth in these three chapters than in all the rest of the book. But they are far more than true; they are graphic, life-like; they speak themselves at once the writing of one who understands his theme; they discover all that nice appreciation of a country and its inhabitants, and that truthfulness to nature, which are never attained except through long familiarity, and which no mere book-knowledge of a country can ever supply. For pleasantness of reading, too, if not for qualities of weightier moment, the latter portion of the book is a contrast to the former. It is as if its worthy author became a better writer as soon as he entered the glowing regions of the tropics, and that a more genial climate brought with it a finer faculty of appreciation, and a truer insight.

We must, however, pass to a more particular, although brief notice of the two portions of Mr. Phillippo's book. The United States are treated in successive chapters in their geography, history, and ethnology; their government, laws, revenue, and commerce; the manners and customs, the personal and social characteristics of the inhabitants; the geological features of the continent, its natural phenomena, and peculiarities of climate and surface; the productions of its soil, and its varieties of animal life; the moral status of the population, education, literature, and religion; the principal cities of the Union; finally, the rationale of its marvellous progress, the evidences of its national greatness, and the boundless magnificence of its future prospects. A wide enough field, we fancy our readers to say, and one which in the hands of a master implies a work of very high value. For ourselves, we would most heartily welcome the book which should thus comprehensively survey the great Western world, and place on record, in a faithful spirit, the noble achievements of its enterprising people. A picture of the physical characteristics of the States, a compendium of their consti-

tution and laws, accurate statistics of their commerce, a summary of their material progress, are all highly interesting; still more so an analysis of the working of their institutions, a candid judgment of their national peculiarities and social life, a review of their achievements in science and literature, and a sound estimate of whatever pertains to education, public morals, and religion. But that which we so much desire, we fear we have not realized in the volume before us. We have it all attempted, and in some departments the writer cannot go astray. In the main, we would say to the author's credit, that he has not fallen very short of his modest purposes, when he expresses himself as designing only to present such a book as "could be put into the hands of an emigrant, or of any one anxious to acquire general information on the United States." On many topics the book contains information, which, in so compendious a form, will be essentially serviceable to a large class of readers. But those needing a more exact acquaintance with the subjects discussed, will still have recourse to works of higher authority and more accurate statement.

Mr. Phillippo's survey of the United States will be most favourably estimated, if judged of simply as a compendium of facts. Taken as a commentary on the great political experiment of the Republic, or as a criticism of the social life of its people, we hold it valueless. Let the glowing description of the political privileges enjoyed in America by virtue of the constitution,—the equality of its citizenship, the liberty secured by its laws, the precious boon of a ballot-box and universal suffrage, the rare sweets in general of a democracy,—be accepted, in as far as the method of government and the purposes of those who framed the constitution are thus indicated, and we shall do well. But when from theory we descend to practice, we need another book than Mr. Phillippo's to tell us how far these facts as to the happy political system established by the constitution, are facts also in the stern working out of practical politics. We want to know whether the liberty of the statute-book and the equality at the ballot-box secure in effect the highest measure of human freedom and political happiness. Unless we are prepared to say at the very outset of the argument, that democracy is the only true system of government, and, therefore, wherever it exists we have no need for further discussion, we shall act a wiser part in judging of laws by results, and even submitting high constitutional principles to the commonplace inquiry, whether they are efficient, and promotive of a people's well-being in practice.

Judging of Mr. Phillippo's book, however, merely in its statement of facts, we must not say too much of its accuracy. We turn for illustration to the chapters devoted to a description of the principal cities of the Union, and find the information remarkably unsatisfactory. That which is true is better told in any guide book, and that which remains would have been better omitted. To begin with Boston,—the first of the cities he describes,—errors stud the page. In one place he calls it "a provincial town," an expression quite inappropriate to the capital of a state. In another place, it is "the

centre of the railroad system,"—a singularly false statement, which is suddenly explained, however, when on opening a well-known gazetteer, Boston is found described as "the centre of the railway system of New England." Again, Boston, Mr. Phillippo states, "is not in reality a city," wanting the "mayor, aldermen, and other municipal officers, which form the necessary adjuncts of a corporation." We read such a statement with astonishment. As well might an American say that London was no city, for want of a mayor, fat aldermen, and common-councilmen! Could such an one have ever seen the Mansion House, or the Lord Mayor's Show, or Gog and Magog in Guildhall? Can Mr. Phillippo have ever seen the town-hall of Boston, or been present at the city elections, or admired the city seal? If it will be any satisfaction to the worthy author, we can show him Christian name and surname of every mayor, alderman, and common-councilman, for each one of the five-and-thirty years that Boston has enjoyed the rights of incorporation and the dignity of a civic government. Again, the population of the district of Boston is sadly misstated on one page, whilst it is correctly given on another. Tremont House, Tremont Street, Tremont Temple, are, as often as they occur, written Fremont House, Fremont Street, &c.; yet the author says that Boston was originally called Trimountain, and is "distinguished by triple hills." Again, the suburb of Charlestown is invariably called Charleston; and the two distinct portions of the city, known as South Boston and East Boston, standing on separate islands, are on each occasion blended into one, and lose their identity, as they are transformed into the suburb of "South-east Boston." We must pass more hastily over the other cities. "The province of which New York city is the capital:" what does this mean? We know of no such province. New York city is in a state, not a province; and of that state the capital is Albany, not New York. Further, we are told, New York occupies nearly the same parallel of latitude as England, and precisely the same as Naples. How perverse a statement, carrying its confutation within itself! To complete the syllogism: *ergo*, England and Naples stand in nearly the same parallel. A few bare remarks, and some not very accurate statistics, are all the author has to offer us upon the most important school-system of New York; the same with regard to that of the other states. On the subject of capital cities, Mr. Phillippo entertains views of his own, which we despair of throwing light upon. New Orleans he makes the capital of Louisiana, in place of Baton Rouge, doubtless because it is the city of commerce—but no; Bourden Town is made the capital of New Jersey, instead of Trenton, whilst of commerce or importance it has none. Albany, which other people would call the real capital of New York, Mr. Phillippo makes the "nominal capital," as if by contrast with the busy seaport, the capital of commerce—but no, we are wrong again; for Harrisburg is made in like manner the "nominal" capital of Pennsylvania, whilst the mart of commerce, the busy Philadelphia, is distinguished from Harrisburg, the seat of government, as "the *political* capital!"

Augusta in Georgia is metamorphosed into Augustine. Florida, we are told, "adjoins the state of Georgia upon the north, and New Orleans and Alabama upon the west—thus extending from the west side of the Mississippi to the frontiers of Carolina and Georgia." "Italy adjoins Germany upon the north, and Paris and Switzerland upon the west—thus extending from the west side of the Seine to the frontiers of Russia and Germany," would be a statement very nearly parallel.

As we ascend the Mississippi, in Mr. Phillippo's company, and enter the vast states and territories of the West, we despair of his geography altogether. What can he mean by "the prairies south of the Mississippi?" Does he find prairies in the gulf of Mexico? Were he in France, would he speak of the plains south of the Rhone? Has he ever seen St. Louis, that he should pass it over without a reference to its enormous trade and rapid increase, whilst he speaks of Milwaukee as a rival of Cincinnati? What city does he mean when he says, "About eighteen miles from St. Louis, and four miles below the city, the Missouri and Mississippi rivers blend their giant currents?" &c. Four miles below what city? Not St. Louis, for the confluence is eighteen miles from St. Louis, and is, moreover, above, not below, that city.

Again, the Mississippi, we are told, "in its greatest extent for navigation, is eleven hundred miles in length." Does good Mr. Phillippo know that eleven hundred miles of ascent will not so much as bring him to the confluence of the Ohio, still less to that of the Missouri, "four miles below the city;" and that after more than two thousand miles are passed over, he will see more steamers at the wharves of St. Paul's, in Minnesota, than on most European rivers, whilst after a short portage at the Falls of St. Anthony, he will still find even steam navigation for a considerable distance farther up the yet broad waters of the "father of rivers?" If the Mississippi is understated, the railway from Rock Island to Lake Michigan is in turn exaggerated. This line merely intersects the northern part of Illinois, and cannot exceed a hundred and fifty miles in length; Mr. Phillippo gives it fifteen hundred miles! Sometimes, too, our author is either very fanciful or very far-seeing, as when he catches sight of the plains of Iowa from the banks of the Ohio—a distance of three hundred miles, at the least. Lakes George, Michigan, Champlain, and Huron, are all classed together, without discrimination, as "like Windermere;" as if in the same breath one should lavish praise on the surpassing loveliness of Grasmere and the Zuyder Zee. The list of the states and territories is lamentably incomplete—is, in fact, old, like the author's list of principal men in the senate, where those long retired and those deceased, are strangely associated with the men living and acting in the present day.

Here we must close the volume. We had intended more especially to notice Mr. Phillippo's chapter on Cuba and the Cubans, where we should have had the agreeable duty of giving expression to a very warm commendation. Our readers will do well if, for the sake

of this truthful picture of an island, as to nature so like a paradise, so unlike as to man, they possess themselves of Mr. Phillippo's book; and, although there may be much needed to render the earlier part of the work complete, we believe that even in that they will find a useful manual of reference upon many subjects connected with the great Western Republic.

THOUGHTS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE. By Caroline Dent. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. Pp. 261.

THE lady who presents us with this volume has really thoughts to record; and her Sketches are so vivid that they recall scenes, and books, and men, with which long use and a pilgrim's admiration have made us familiar. One-half the volume is devoted to more ambitious soarings of the wing of poesy, in the longer and more sustained flights of "Whispers of Hope" in the Spenserian stanza, and "Ruth" in blank verse: the remainder to occasional lyrics and sonnets, a few of which owe their parentage to another hand. The "Whispers of Hope" is much more to our taste than Campbell's well-known poem, the extravagant popularity of which proves the dearth of good poetry at the time of its production. There is a power of consecutive thought displayed in Miss Dent's longest poem, a facility in interweaving connected periods, together with a graceful flow of melodious expression which whisper the hope to us that, with cultivation and care, we may yet hail her as another Hemans in elegance and tenderness, but with a far deeper tone of Christian sentiment. We cannot afford space to do the author justice by the analysis of her poem; therefore, leave it altogether untouched; but, as we quote one stanza, may we not indulge ourselves with the question—Is it not well done? Speaking of the Resurrection, Miss Dent says:—

"For, Saviour, like Thy form of light divine,
Then wilt Thou raise each lowly frame of ours;
Thenceforth our life be calm and blest as Thine,
Pure all our passions, perfect all our powers:
Sorrow and sighing, like the sun-chas'd showers
In arched rainbows vanishing, shall flee;
Unlike our present trust, the rock-built towers,
In which our spirits rest, shall never be
Washed by assaulting waves.—There shall be no more sea."

The close of this stanza exhibits a very uncommon, but, also, a very ingenious turn. Take the volume as a whole, we are charmed with the purest piety, a more than ordinary reflectiveness, and the most tender sensibility under the government of good sense and true religion. We quote, for a particular purpose, three vigorous verses by a sister, as we presume, of the author. They are called, "Flowers from Dr. Arnold's 'dear old Bagleywood,'" —"All things come of Thee."

"We bless Thee for the men, O God,
Of mighty heart and thought;
Thy chosen warriors who with ill
In conflict stern have fought.

"We bless Thee for the clearèd eye,
And for the steadfast hand,
The quickened ear, the foot that dared,
Truth's yet unconquer'd land.

"And for the lowly love we bless
That bowed the great in heart,
And bade them in all *human* things
To bear a brother's part."

We ourselves bear our part in this symphony of benediction, and are thankful that such a man as Dr. Arnold was sent down into our world,—a medicinal tree to heal the bitter waters of human society. But our regard, however fervent, for Dr. Arnold must not induce us to overlook the merit of other worthies of as high a class as himself, although of a different one. We honestly think that John Foster had finer natural powers, and that had fortune smiled on his birth, and given him early culture, and social position, and an outlet for his affections, he might have surpassed Arnold in the development of the graces and the sensibilities, as he does in close and various thought. We say not this that we like Arnold less, but that we love Foster more. The greatness of Foster was his own; his morbid gloom the growth of circumstances. Miss Dent, we are happy to say, has admiration for both, and has admitted the great essayist into the Valhalla of her esteem, no less than the most genial of scholars and Christians.

A New Metrical Translation of the Psalms — Accentuated for Chanting: An attempt to preserve, as far as possible, the leading characteristics of the original, in the language of the English Bible. London: Bagsters. 1858.

The Messrs. Bagster are so entirely beyond the reach of competition in the publication of the texts of Holy Scripture, that we are as sorry as reviewers—a hard-souled race—can be, when these distinguished printers seem to desert their most successful and appropriate department of operation for any other. The volume before us brings no anodyne to our regret, although its intention is devout, and its versification respectable. The design is erroneous, and no execution of it, however perfect, could atone for the original mistake. A poetical translation of a poetical original must not aim at retaining the forms of expression existing in the translated work, but be a transfusion of its spirit and ideas into the new tongue. Hence no rhyming versions of the Psalms, with which we are acquainted, come at all up to the vigorous and striking original, except those which most widely depart from it, and merely take their inspiration from its poetry. Professor Lee, of Cambridge, evidently shared with us our opinion when he urged upon the author to whom we now address ourselves, the necessity that "the spirit of the original should be maintained above every other consideration." This is precisely the point in which our author fails. A literal rendering in rhyme is incompatible with the poetic spirit. There may be decent carpentering, but no unpremeditated grace. Anything much

more prosaic than the paraphrase of the following it were difficult to meet, except in the other psalms in the same volume: Psalm I.—

> "What endless blessings are for him prepared,
> Who never hath in evil counsels shared:
> Who enters not the haunts where sinners meet,
> Nor sits, presumptuous, in the sinner's seat;
> But in Jehovah's statutes takes delight,
> And meditates therein both day and night."

No critic would hesitate to say that this is the dead opposite of the author's description of the lyric poetry of the Hebrews—"a succession of coruscations, flashes of light, peals of thunder." It is simply a very prosaic version, in lines of predetermined length and assonance, of the Jewish Psalms in a Jewish sense. Dr. Watts, alone of English versifiers, has caught the true idea and Parnassian *afflatus*. But nothing comes up to the Elizabethan prose. Of that delicious English we think with Swift: "No translation will come up to the Old and New Testament; and I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work, than any we see in our present writings, the which is owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole." This is the truest thing Swift ever wrote.

THE CHURCH PSALTER AND HYMN-BOOK: Comprising the Psalter, or Psalms of David; together with the Canticles, pointed for chanting; 506 Metrical Hymns, and Six Responses to the Commandments; the whole united to appropriate Chants and Tunes. By the Rev. William Mercer, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Sheffield; assisted by John Goss, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels-Royal. London. Nisbet & Co.

THIS is a Church book; but contains most of our favourite hymns and standard tunes, scientifically arranged and cheaply printed in a handy volume. We know no better.

THE LIFE OF JOHN BANIM, the Irish Novelist; Author of "Damon and Pythias," &c., and one of the writers of "Tales by the O'Hara Family." With Extracts from his Correspondence, General and Literary. By Patrick Joseph Murray. Pp. 334. London: William Lay. 1857.

THE biography of literary men has an obvious moral, as well as an entertaining interest—is medicinal to the soul no less than racy to the palate. It has all the qualities of an earthly good, as enumerated by a tottering Eve, whose judgment continued strong all the while that her will proved weak: it is "pleasant to the eyes and good for food, and much to be desired to make one wise." Studied in a proper spirit, literary biography is a school of consummate wisdom—a Socratic lyceum; the faults and failures being as monitory as the virtues are attractive. We condemn while we pity, a Savage, a Burns, a Maginn, a Coleridge, or a modern Opium-Eater, and shun the indulgences which turned their glory into shame. The loathing is salutary—a moral nauseate—wherewith we learn to regard

> "The midnight round of noise and wine,
> That vexed the ear of night,"

on the part of those votaries of genius who have dragged their laurels in the mire, and brought the Muses into fellowship with the most debased and brutal of mankind. Genius abuses its privilege when it makes its endowments an apology for sin; when it takes its celestial fires to light the lamps of orgies that shun the day. Such an incongruous combination gives its sting to the queries: "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?" The man of letters totally mistakes his mission who shows himself either as the slave or the pander of licentiousness; but the infamy of either is perhaps the most effectual antidote to the evil. The poison is neutralized by the very hand which tenders the insidious cup. The life of Banim has no such painful moral, but was as pure in its tone as in its purpose it was lofty. Its interest is the unfailing interest of the worker in the region of literature—the interest of capacity and inventive talent allied to poverty and disease, which are the too frequent companions of the brothers of the quill. Johnson, the great Johnson, felt the gripe of both during the dreary years in which he was elaborating that dictionary, which overwhelmed the patronizing Chesterfield with its indignant scorn of his lordly countenance; the genial Goldie felt it, and slaved to death to meet pressing claims,—a life that were cheaply purchased by a crown. Otway and Chatterton starved, Stowe and Churchyard beggars, Kirke White and Keats wasted into early graves,—bespeak the pressure of the same woes, and proclaim the ill-requited merits of the sons of song. There is a charm about the biographies which record these and other vicissitudes of literary men, that makes the memoirs which describe their privations and their toils among the most coveted volumes that crowd our shelves. Where is the student of books who does not share in Johnson's passion for literary biography and history? Or, again, who does not find in the issues of Dibdin's pen the justification of Dibdin's bibliomania? Bayle and the "Biographie Universelle," Dibdin and Disraeli, Nicholls and the interminable French *Ana*, form a banquet of delightful fare which rivals to the studious palate the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. The memoir of the Irish novelist may not possess an interest of so vivid a nature, but it cannot fail to please those who have read his fictions to know amid what circumstances of privation and sorrow those remarkable tales were produced. Born in Kilkenny, of parents in humble circumstances, John Banim early exhibited a taste for literature and the arts. After a passably good education, he became a student of painting in the Royal Dublin Society, but ere long forsook the frescoes of Poecile for the haunts of the Muses. He proceeded to London, with a tragedy in his portmanteau, when he was twenty-four years of age, succeeded in getting it on the stage, but shortly found in the walk of prose fiction the true bent of his genius. "The Tales of the O'Hara Family," for powerful description and most melting pathos, are almost without a rival, while their incidents, it must be owned, partake of the romantic and the melodramatic. But the successful author was struck down by mysterious

disease at the very entrance of his career, and from 1824 to 1842, the year of his decease, he laboured under an incapacity of locomotion, and underwent all the agonies of bodily pain, aggravated by destitution. The brave heart and the trusting soul never forsook him; but faith and patience were sorely tried on the part of this distinguished Irishman. The sorrows of his last days were mitigated by a literary pension from government,—a boon never more deservedly bestowed. The tale of this paralytic author struggling for eighteen years against the mastery of disease and the assault of poverty, which came upon him like an armed man, cannot fail to breathe a spirit of contentment over souls that have been less severely tried, and bid the weary, with fresh vigour,—

"Take up their pilgrim-staff, and wend their way."

MUSINGS OF A PILGRIM AT JACOB'S WELL. Pp. 103. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1857.

THIS little book is the production of a devout and highly cultivated mind; it contains admirable sentiments, expressed with force and elegance; and we hope that its pious meditations, and its earnest statements of the power of true goodness, and of the blessedness of a holy life, may be read by many who, unhappily, have the refined intellect without the faithful, lowly heart. We commend this excellent book to educated persons of all classes, in whom it cannot but produce the happiest results, "if pondered fittingly."

INVOCATION OF SAINTS: the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome. A Lecture delivered at the Literary Institution, Gravesend. By Charles Hastings Collette. London: Wertheim & Macintosh. 1857. Pp. 88.

WE can scarcely tell whether we feel more sorrow or indignation at the excesses of saint-worship, into which Romanism and the more zealous sort of Romanists seem now-a-days falling. No extreme or absurdity of superstition appears to be beyond the reach of the mind that has once forsaken the chart of Holy Scripture, and yielded itself to the guidance of men whose interests lie in the plane of deception, on the one hand, and of credulity on the other. "The glories of St. Joseph" are a shocking specimen of the impiety of over-belief, which is ever adding fresh articles to its creed, and developing into monstrous forms of spiritual disloyalty, that aim at dethroning the God of heaven, and installing a mob of creatures in His place. Page 25 of that work, published in Dublin, 1843, by the Popish bookseller, Grace, of Capel Street, says: "That if the first rank and monarchy in heaven is that of the *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*, so the second is that of *Jesus*, *Mary*, and *Joseph*; and that all other saints are of a lower rank, and of a different hierarchy." In harmony with such a definition of the grade of this minor Trinity is the petition in which their names are conjoined:—

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I offer you my heart and soul!
"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, assist me in my last agony!
"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, may I expire in peace with you!"

Much more of the same kind of stuff is gathered out of Popish manuals of devotion and doctrine, by the zeal and industry of Mr. Collette. His tractate is a timely and able exposure of a growing evil, and has our hearty recommendation.

CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT JUDAISM. A Second Series of Essays; including the Substance of Sermons delivered in London and other places. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: Longmans. 1857.

THIS book is written in the author's well-known clever style. Had we space we should have been glad to have noticed the views here propounded of the relations—or, more strictly, of the non-relations—of Christianity to Judaism. But as the discussion would involve almost all the controversies between orthodox Christianity and Rationalism, we must content ourselves with expressing our dissent from most of the *dicta* of the Rev. Baden Powell. For the sake of our readers, however, we will just state that the main object of the book is to show that the observance of the Lord's day is merely an excrescence from Judaism—that the Biblical account of the Creation and geological facts are totally irreconcilable, and that inspiration admits of discrepancies, contradictions, and the like!

But we must protest against the arrogant way in which the author treats his opponents. In the appendix, speaking of the posthumous work of the lamented Hugh Miller, the "Testimony of the Rocks," he says the speculations therein "are the very ghost of defunct Biblical theology;" and of Hugh Miller himself, that he was "a greatly over-rated man," and "that the early prepossessions of a dark and narrow Judaical theology fettered all philosophical ideas, [?] and led him to a corresponding narrow estimate of the higher bearings of science."

This is one way, certainly, of defeating an opponent. It is as if we were to say—"The Rev. Baden Powell is a greatly over-rated man, and biassed by his rationalistic views, &c., and, therefore, not much value is to be attached to his writings!" Contrast with the above language a note by Hugh Miller, in his last work, upon the "Author of Christianity without Judaism" (p. 381), and let the reader decide which manifests the better spirit. If Mr. Powell desires that others should share in the benefit of his advanced and enlightened ideas (as he seems to imagine them), he will not gain his point by scorning those who may be as learned, and, perhaps, far more devout than himself.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES EXPLAINED. By Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., Professor in the Princeton Theological Seminary. 2 vols. London: Jas. Nisbet & Co.

POSTERITY will not charge us with inattention to the exegesis of the Sacred Scriptures, for scarcely a month passes without seeing some valuable additions to our expository literature. But although commentaries abound, they have hitherto been chiefly philological and devotional—leaving the wide territory between those two depart-

ments for the most part unoccupied. And hence it is that we welcome with peculiar pleasure the volumes before us—the author of which tells us that "after the first chapter was in type he was induced to recommence the work upon a new plan, in the hope of making it more generally useful by the reduction of its size, and the omission of all matter supposed to be interesting only to professional or educated readers."

And well has Dr. Alexander succeeded in his design; for he has given us a commentary which will enable unlearned readers to understand the meaning of the original, or, in his own words, to stand "on nearly the same footing with the student of the Greek text." At the same time he has secured the latest results and elucidations of criticism, and has produced an extremely lucid, faithful, and judicious exposition of this important portion of the sacred volume.

THE PROPER NAMES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES, Expounded and Illustrated. By the Rev. Alfred Jones, Theolog. Associate, King's College, London. London: Bagster & Sons.

So deeply were we impressed with the importance of an *Onomasticon*, such as the present work furnishes, and so well were we satisfied with its execution by Mr. Jones, that we had for some time intended to give a full review of it. But the state of our columns obliges us to confine our remarks within the space assigned to a "Brief Notice." The number of proper names in the Old Testament amounts to 3,600, which, from the circumstance that various individuals or places bore the same name, cover not less than about 16,500 persons or places. In all languages, but especially in those of the East, the *name* was in many cases the definition, the explanation, or the summary of facts and events. Properly to understand these historical hieroglyphics, implies an equal knowledge of the circumstances and the modes of thinking current at every period. An interesting illustration of this is furnished, among others, also by the change, which in seasons of spiritual degeneracy came over the ancient names. Thus in Joshua xix. 50., that leader calls his own city *Timnath-serah*, or "portion of abundance," while the succeeding and idolatrous generation transform it (Judges ii. 9.) into Timnath-heres, or "portion of the Sun." We will not go so far as with Redalob (die alttest. Namen, &c.), to attempt constructing a complete Jewish history from an examination of these names, but we certainly attach great value to a right understanding of them.

Of previous writers in this branch of exegetical study, the names of Eusebius and Jerome are familiar to the reader. Not so, perhaps, those of J. Simonis and Matth. Hillerus. These comprise the list of former authorities. Mr. Jones has had the advantage of modern critical investigations to lighten and to guide his inquiries. We are glad to add that he has now not only supplied a *desideratum*, the want of which we have long felt, but done so in a most scholar-like and satisfactory manner. The plan of the work is simple and effectual, rendering the book of almost equal utility to the professional and the general student—to those who are initiated in the mysteries

of Hebrew, and to those who only know their English Bibles. The names are alphabetically arranged, but according to the *English* not the *Hebrew* Alphabet. The English proper name is followed first by its Hebrew, then by its Greek equivalent. Its grammatical derivation and its meaning are next ascertained, and the varying opinions of critics stated. Then a short explanation of the origin of the name is added, and the whole concludes by an enumeration of all the passages in which the word occurs.

We have said sufficient to indicate the high value we attach to this Dictionary, which, so far as we have examined it, has answered all our demands. Nor can the reader fail to gather that in our opinion, and so far as we are warranted in prescribing to him, Mr. Jones's Onomasticon should be found on the study-table of every exegetical or critical student of the Old Testament.

LITHOGRAPHS REPRESENTING PHOTOGRAPHS OF "THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST-BORN," as uncovered by "the Sun of Righteousness." By Henry Lilly Smith, Surgeon.

BOTH within and without, this book is as remarkable as the title is odd. It is written both within and on the back, and sealed with seven red seals, so that it cannot fail to attract attention should the eye fall on it; but whether it be calculated to detain that attention is a question. There are strange pictures in it, perhaps somewhat out of drawing, supposed to represent the symbolic visions so sublimely reduced to living language by the divine Seer of Patmos. To each lithographed vision we have a red seal attached, and a kind of exposition in keeping with the picture. As we are not quite certain that we understand what we have read, and therefore can scarcely be prepared to pass a critical judgment on the ideas of the author, it will be but just that he should be allowed to speak for himself. He thus answers the objection that such a pursuit is foreign to that in which, as a medical man, he ought to be engaged:—"Inquiry into vital statistics brought me to look into the fifth and tenth chapters of Genesis—the proportionate effect that pride, lust, idolatry, and unbelief had in shortening life, could be only discovered by those who had made a successful study of the fifth and tenth chapters; *but even more than this*, the study of these chapters unmistakeably shows the successive order *in which the souls of the first-born had returned to their source, and took their allotted station in heaven, and* which *of them* represented *principles, which ministers, which angels, which the elders, and the whole triumphant hierarchy of the Father's kingdom, but which cannot be understood till the seals are known, for opened they were, but not comprehended*, even by the wisest and the best." The italics are all the author's. Doubtless any man, medical or not, is fully entitled to make any discoveries of truth which his Maker has given him the mind to make; and if Mr. Smith has been so successful a student of Genesis as to discover all he has thus announced, there can be no doubt that we are greatly indebted to him for the publication. He states that he calls the signs described by St. John in the fourth chapter of Revelations "photographs" because they are pictures of

transactions visible. He thinks they were "inferentially described by Moses, and as their essential characteristics are ever the same, they are to be found in the Prophets, and the Psalms, and the Gospels, whenever the Church is spoken of." "The cover by which this publication is bound represents the book that John saw—a book written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals." We desire to write reverentially of a work so evidently the production of an earnest, devout, and large-hearted man. There has been great expense of time and money bestowed on the getting up of the work, which will probably be wasted on the public, since but very few can be prepared to purchase such lithographed photographs, and fewer still to follow the author in his generous studies. After examining the startling "lithographs," we ask ourselves whether the visions of the heavenly apocalypse were intended to be pictured; for we cannot imagine a genius capable of appropriately depicting the souls under the altar, the silence in heaven, and the seven angels standing before God, to say nothing of Death and Hell, all of which are lithographed by our author in a style worthy of Quarles's Emblems, or Bunyan's Allegory. The visions appear to us as figures of speech, addressed rather to the insight of the spirit than to the outward eye, calling into exercise that faculty of the soul by which it beholds things invisible, and obtains a succession of conceptions, according to its own enlightenment in spiritual truth, and which neither form nor colour can represent, and which even the best discourse of reason would fail adequately to convey. Each mind must behold its own vision according to its capacity, that is to say, the degree of its growth and vigour in true knowledge and understanding. We admire Mr. Smith's exposition, as far as we understand it. There is an entire absence of reasoning on the matter, and yet it is all very practical, since it all comes to "self-supporting dispensaries," and "temporal redemption societies," and pushing up the educated and sober. We agree with him that the safety of society depends on good education and sobriety; but we also think that the properly educated and sober-minded will need no pushing, for they will rise upwards by the very necessities of society and of their own accord. We hope Mr. Smith's energy, devotion, and benevolence will be rewarded by seeing society regenerated as he desires and expects through the instrumentality of those self-supporting institutions which he has advocated and advanced with such a chronic determination. Yet we fear that he will still have to maintain "a warfare with charity-mongers." He asserts a sound principle, and if he can obtain what he seeks—the co-operation of medical men in general, in carrying out his views as to self-supporting institutions for the poor—he will go far to accomplish what he aims at—"the foundation of a happy kingdom." With regard to his views of the Revelations, the singular volume before us being only introductory, and withal too original to be quite clear, we are incapable of forming a judgment, especially as all the real explanation is to appear in publications at present only promised on condition of encouragement, which may not be afforded.

THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS. By R. Stier. Translated from the German by the Rev. W. B. Pope and Rev. John Fulton. Vols. II.—VI. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1857.

COMMENTARY ON KINGS AND CHRONICLES. By Kiel and Bertheau. Translated by James Murphy, LL.D., and James Martin, B.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1857.

THAT all German theology is radically bad needs no other refutation than the translation of the work of Rudolf Stier. It is emphatically a book that needs no commendation; and this must be our apology for having allowed it to lie so long upon our table unnoticed. For orthodoxy, spirituality of sentiment, and deep reverence of spirit, we believe it to be unmatched in the wide range of theological literature. Moreover, it is with great pleasure we find more justice done to the work in the translation than has always been the case. The translators seem to have borne in mind—a thing not always done—that they were translating for English readers, and hence those unacquainted with German are not puzzled by those strange, tortuous, involuted sentences which seem so to delight our German friends, and sometimes our English translators. The Commentary on Kings and Chronicles is a valuable contribution to the elucidation of those books; and of the translation of this—especially of the portion by the Rev. James Martin—we can speak in still higher terms of praise. There can be but one opinion as to the service the Messrs. Clark are rendering to our expository literature. And it is because we feel this, that we are induced once again to ask them why they do not furnish *indices* to their Theological Library? It would involve an amount of labour to compile them, but little in comparison with the increased value it would add to their books.

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS. By the Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.R.S.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., &c. London: Ward & Co.

THE title of this book hardly gives a fair idea of its contents. The book commences with a chapter on the "relation of the great man to humanity;" and this is followed by another, on "penalties inseparable from greatness," and the rest of the volume contains sketches of the lives of great men—commencing with Moses and ending with Oliver Cromwell—intended, we suppose, to illustrate the positions laid down in the second chapter.

We confess to some sort of disappointment after reading this volume. It left the impression upon us that the book was *made*, not *thought*. For instance, in chap. 2, where we looked especially for the exposition of the principle of the book, we found it made up of extracts—one third of the chapter consisting of such—from various sources. And this is the case, more or less, throughout, giving one the idea of lectures prepared for delivery before an audience. Indeed, the author tells us that the subject was suggested to him for a lecture, but he adds that his conception gave birth to a goodly volume. It might have given birth to volumes from the author's principle of construction, for it would not be difficult to select a host of other names on which to expatiate.

We are bound to add that the book is eloquently written; perhaps in rather too much of the oratorical style. The author is apt, sometimes, to repeat himself. Thus (page 14) we have, speaking of the great man, "There must be no faltering in his words—no hesitation in his movements;" a sentence found almost word for word in pages 8 and 33.

But we have no doubt that the book will be welcomely received and widely read, for it is essentially a popular book. As lectures we should have thought them brilliant: but as they are not, we think the volume is deficient in the higher order and dignity of composition.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS. By Mrs. Agar. London: Newby.

MRS. AGAR was judicious in the choice of her subject, for no theme could be more happily adapted to her especial characteristics of style and tone than that of the heart-stirring chronicle of the Crusades. Her power of rapid narration, enabling her to detail in effective succession a multiplicity of military incidents, adds zest to the record of the unsurpassed perils, toils, and triumphs, of the Warriors of the Cross, and combined with the ease and rare simplicity which is the grace of her diction, lures the reader on with delight through a series of battle scenes, campaigns, and sieges, which a less able treatment would probably have rendered tedious. The charm of enthusiasm imparted by an elevated conception of the heroic story is apparent in every page, and a flush of the glow of devotional fervour felt by the Christian pilgrims, seems caught by Mrs. Agar when depicting their labours, their sufferings, and the glory of their victories or martyrdom. There are few, indeed, who would not derive both pleasure and enlightenment from the perusal of this excellent little volume, which, though unpretending in its dimensions, is worthy of the highest praise, enriched as it is by the product of varied reading, and really valuable research. Placed in the hands of the young, or introduced into schools, it would assuredly be read with no less profit than entertainment, as not a line is sullied by departure from the strictest purity of taste. The tale of chivalry, from its conception in the mind of the Picardy recluse, to its adoption by monarchs and multitudes, sweeps on through strange vicissitudes, impressive situations, and touching incidents, to its close, made glorious by conquest. Achievements of valour were commemorated in traditions to the honour of the heroes of the matchless epic, which haunted the exquisite localties favoured by the Templars and the Knights of St. John, when, in the full tide of their prosperity, they sought repose amidst the verdurous elevations of Rhodes. Interspersed with the exploits of Paladins, are charming descriptive passages concerning the queenly cities of the East—Antioch, Acre—and of the grottoes, seclusions, and cedar groves of Lebanon, blessing the sight of the wanderers, weary with sojourn amidst the arid plains of Phrygia.

THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR; or, the Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus. By the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. London: A. Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1857.

IT must be a matter of surprise that Mr. Spurgeon, with his manifold engagements, should have found time to have written a book. And, according to his own statement, he found it no easy task; for he says, "Never was a book written amid more incessant toil." And speaking again of the drudgery of composition, he says, "Well may a man's books be called his works; for if every mind were constituted as mine, it would be work, indeed, to produce a quarto volume." But we cannot discover any trace of this severe effort; for his style is extremely natural and free from elaboration, though, as might be expected, of a higher order than found in his spoken addresses. The contents of the book are sufficiently indicated by its title, and consist of twelve chapters, otherwise, sermons, upon the progressive experience of the child of God. And we have no doubt that the book will be highly valued; for all the excellences which have obtained for Mr. Spurgeon such a deserved popularity, will be found in its pages, while there is an entire absence of everything that would offend even the most fastidious.

OUR HOME ISLANDS: THEIR NATURAL FEATURES. London: Religious Tract Society. 1858.

THIS is an excellent geographical sketch of the British Isles. But it is something more. It gives a pleasing and satisfactory account of the climate, meteorological phenomena, and natural history, of our country. The facts are carefully selected, the descriptions are written with vigour and picturesque variety, and the Christian spirit pervades the whole. We recommend the book as one of interest and instruction to be added to every school and home library.

MORNING THOUGHTS: July to December. By Rev. Octavius Winslow, D.D. London: J. F. Shaw.

ONE of the best of Dr. Winslow's numerous books. Very many Christian people will find these daily readings very profitable.

HIDDEN LIFE: Memorials of John Whitmore Winslow, of Trinity College, Dublin. By his father, Rev. Octavius Winslow, D D.

WHITMORE WINSLOW was a young man of considerable powers, and a most loveable spirit; a son of whom any father might well be proud. Had he lived, we cannot doubt that he would have become a man of some mark, and done something to leave the world better than he found it. His death by drowning will be in the remembrance of many of our readers. His father, broken-hearted by the bereavement, has found some consolation in collecting and arranging the written remains of his son, and has worked them up into a memoir, which no wise man will read without profit, and no good man without the tenderest sympathy for the writer, and the warmest admiration for him, the memory of whose excellencies it is intended to perpetuate.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

PARLIAMENT reassembled on the 4th of February: and could the illustrious statesmen of former times, whose genius, eloquence, and patriotism have shed imperishable glory on the history of the English nation, be recalled from the mysterious world into which they have vanished, they would find adequate employment for all their transcendent powers, in those great and perplexing questions which are now tasking the energies of their successors. Our friendly relations with the greatest of European states are in jeopardy; we are reconstructing the government of the noblest dependency of the crown; we are about to revise and modify our own ancient constitution. Most devoutly do we pray that the wisdom, courage, and honesty of our rulers may be equal to the grandeur and difficulty of their duties!

Last month we expressed our earnest abhorrence of the cowardly attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French, and our intense satisfaction at its failure. We have this month to record that LOUIS NAPOLEON has lost a golden opportunity for conferring the highest benefits on his country, and honourably strengthening his own power. Had he met the dastardly and unsuccessful conspiracy of a few Italian democrats, with practical demonstrations of magnanimous confidence in the loyalty of his people, the indignation of France and Europe against the authors of the crime, might have settled into a permanent increase of respect both for his character and government. While the entire French nation were execrating the dark deed of the assassins, and hailing the Emperor's escape with tumultuous expressions of enthusiastic sympathy and delight, it would have been equally politic and graceful to relax the severity of repressive laws, and to promise that very soon the fettered genius of France should go free. But the spontaneous and hearty congratulations of a generous people were met with icy reserve and repulsive sternness, and with threats that the stringent regulations which had already impaired the liberty of religious worship, and almost destroyed the press, should be made more stringent still. These threats he has hastened to fulfil.

Lord PALMERSTON has blundered still more flagrantly than NAPOLEON, simply because, as the minister of a free people, he occupied a far higher position than any despot on the earth's surface; in the one we have consistency, though in evil, in the other inconsistency and consequent degradation. It is true that a paltry apology has been made by the Government of France for the publication in the *Moniteur* of the insane addresses of the French Colonels; but the insolence of Count WALEWSKI's despatch is yet unatoned for. Lord PALMERSTON seems to have forgotten that he owed his popularity and power to the generous belief of the English people, that it was his pride not less than his duty to maintain the glorious traditions of his country; they now find, with mingled emotions of amazement and contempt, that he could not only

allow the despatch of the French minister to pass unrebuked, but can permit a foreign potentate to dictate the principles and the objects of British legislation. The majority of 255 to 200, which carried the first reading of the Conspiracy Bill, will long be remembered with shame by high-minded Englishmen.*

We rejoice, however, that the reproach incurred by the triumph of the Ministry, on the first reading of the ill-timed Bill, has since been amply atoned for. Never did a Government, professing liberal principles, occupy a more ignominious position than that in which Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues were placed by the success of Mr. MILNER GIBSON'S amendment on the motion for the second reading. It was evident before the debate closed that his Lordship feared the worst; his usual good temper and *nonchalance* forsook him, and his reply before the division was the bluster of an angry and disappointed man. England and Europe owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. GIBSON for his admirably-worded amendment, and for the good sense, moderation, firmness, and power, with which he supported it. Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech was worthy of a great English statesman and orator. It was high time that the country should be warned against the regressive policy which has characterized of late the administration of our foreign affairs. The right honourable gentleman's noble peroration deserves to be deeply pondered by all the friends of freedom. "These times," said he, "are grave for liberty. We believe that we are advancing; but can any man of observation, who has watched the events of the last few years in Europe, have failed to observe that there is a movement indeed, but a downward and backward movement? There are a few spots in which institutions that claim our sympathy still exist and flourish. They are secondary places, nay, they are almost the holes and corners of Europe, so far as mere material greatness is concerned, although their moral greatness will, I trust, ensure them long prosperity and happiness. But in these times more than ever does responsibility centre upon England, and if it does centre upon England, upon her principles, upon her laws, and upon her governors; then I say that a measure passed by the House of Commons—the chief hope of freedom—which attempts to establish a moral complicity between us and those who seek safety in repressive measures, will be a blow and a discouragement to that sacred cause in every country in the world."

Equally noble were the prophetic words addressed by M. EMILE OLLIVIER to the Imperial Government in the Corps Legislatif, on the 19th of February, in which he reminded them of the enormous strength of the army, the perfection of the military resources, and the ability of the police, by which the throne of the Emperor was protected; that in order to stifle all criticism adverse to the Government, and imperilling its power, the Liberty of the Press had been

* In our Quarterly Review of German Literature (p. 269) there is a curious account of the spirit in which Napoleon *le Grand* exhorted Hamburg not to yield to the demand of the British authorities, in 1799, for the extradition of Irish refugees, who had been compelled to flee from their own country, through having supported the French landing on the coast of Ireland.

completely annihilated; and yet repressive measures were now demanded of still greater stringency. "Do you not fear," said he "that the country may say, 'I have sacrificed to you my liberty, my franchise, my traditions, the conquests of my blood, all that made me glorious among the nations, for the sake of a little tranquillity, and you now ask for more—*where will you stop?*'"

The Emperor may congratulate himself that these heroic words will not fly through France on the swift wings of an unfettered Press; but, nevertheless, their echo will be heard in all places where patriots assemble, and will help to swell the torrent of that righteous indignation by which, sooner or later, if he does not pause in time, he and his stern policy will be swept away together.

On the day after his defeat, Lord PALMERSTON placed his resignation in the hands of Her Majesty, who accepted it, and immediately sent for Lord DERBY. At the moment we are writing, the ministerial crisis is still at its height; and all conjectures about its issue are necessarily very uncertain. We cannot but hope, however, that the fall of the Palmerstonian Ministry will be interpreted as a stern rebuke, administered by the honesty and spirit of the country, to the absence of manly loyalty to any political principles, by which the late Government was distinguished.

Sir J. TRELAWNY'S Bill, for the Abolition of Church Rates, has passed the second reading with a majority of fifty-three, spite of Sir GEORGE GREY'S attempt to divide the liberal party by the promise of a Government bill. The cool audacity with which the Premier had received the Church Rate deputation a few weeks before, and the insignificant compromise suggested by the Home Secretary, were ample reasons for relieving the Government of the disagreeable duty of fulfilling their formal pledge, by doing the work without them.

Every Indian mail brings brighter news than its predecessor. The mutiny is virtually over, and our struggle has now assumed the form of a regular war with a hostile state; by this time Sir COLIN and his lieutenants, who only fight to conquer, are concentrating their forces upon Oude.

On the 28th of December, Canton was "at the feet of the allies." We wonder what they will do with their prize. The Empire of China seems none the worse for the loss of a limb. We suspect nothing will be done till the Emperor himself hears the thunder and sees the bayonets of the barbarians.

The India Bill was read the first time on the 18th, and the Ministry had a majority of 145 in a house of nearly 500 members. The debate, in which Mr. WHITESIDE, Sir BULWER LYTTON, and Colonel SYKES greatly distinguished themselves on the one side, and the PREMIER himself, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and Mr. LOWE, on the other, turned on the two distinct questions: first, whether there was any need for legislation at all; secondly, whether this was the time to legislate. We intend to deal with this great subject at length in our next.

The provinces are beginning to bestir themselves about Reform:

the movement will probably be based on the Guildhall Coffee-house Manifesto. Upon the sincerity of Lord PALMERSTON'S pledge it is now useless to speculate.

Sir JOHN PAKINGTON has succeeded in getting a Commission of Inquiry into the condition of Popular Education. The debate was dull, and we cannot anticipate that the inquiry will be productive of much good.

A far more important educational movement has been initiated by the University of Oxford. Our middle-class schools are proverbially bad and dear. Very few parents are competent to judge of the qualifications of a schoolmaster, and the impostor who is diligent and unscrupulous in puffing the merits of his establishment is tolerably sure to succeed spite of the most culpable and shameful ignorance. The university proposes to examine lads in the subjects which every young Englishman is expected to study, and to grant certificates to those who pass the first examination, and the degree of A.A. to those who pass the second. Manchester and Birmingham, and other large towns, will be made local centres for the working out of the scheme; and there is every reason to believe that though the details of the plan are obvious to hostile criticism, its originators, the Rev. F. TEMPLE and Mr. ACLAND, have brought an important stimulus to bear on middle-class education.

Those of our readers who do not happen to have seen Mr. HORSMAN'S address to his constituents at Nailsworth, ought to be informed that that honourable gentleman resigned the lucrative appointment of Chief-Secretaryship for Ireland, because there was too little work, too much pay, and because it involved a partial sacrifice of his political independence. The country will not forget this noble act.

Books Received.

A Child's Walk through the Year. 32 pp. Jackson & Walford.
All about it: History and Mystery of Common Things. 258 pp. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Angus's (Dr.) Wayland's Elements of Moral Science. 409 pp. Religious Tract Society.
Anti-Slavery Advocate, for January and February. Wm. Tweedie.
Arnold's (Matthew) Merope: a Tragedy. 138 pp. Longmans.
Arthur's (Wm., A.M.) The Successful Merchant. 253 pp. 17th edit. Hamilton & Co.
Atlantic Monthly Magazine. Nos. III. and IV. Trübner & Co.
Baird's Cyclopædia of Natural Sciences. 614 pp. Richard Griffin & Co.
Bell's (Richd.) Perpetuity of a Seventh-day Ordinance. 92 pp. Judd & Glass.
Baptist Magazine, for January and February. Pewtress & Co.
Bibliotheca Sacra, and Biblical Repository, for January. Trübner & Co.
Bode's (Rev. J. E., M.A.) Short Occasional Poems. 74 pp. Longmans.
British Quarterly Review. No. LIII. Jackson & Walford.
Brough's (Jane) Common Things regarding the Bringing up of our Girls. 84 pp. Wertheim.
Brough's (Jane) How to Make the Sabbath a Delight. 66 pp. Wertheim.
Brown's (Samuel) Lectures and Essays. 2 vols., 357, 384 pp. Constable & Co.
Bruce's (Rev. John) Sympathy, or the Mourner Advised and Consoled. 256 pp. Hamilton & Co.
Campbell's (Rev. Wm.) British India. 596 pp. Jno. Snow.
Cassell's Family Paper. Part I., New Series, January. Kent & Co.
Coleman's (Thos.) Daniel and his Three Friends. 245 pp. Judd & Glass.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Parts XV. and XVI. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
Common Sense to Common Christianity. 31 pp. Wm. Wesley.
Congregational Pulpit. Part XIII., January. Judd & Glass.
Congregational Year-Book, 1858. Jackson & Walford.
Cornwell's (Jas.) Geography for Beginners. 95 pp. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Culross's (Jas., A.M.) Lazarus Revived. 87 pp. J. Heaton & Son.
Cumming's (Dr.) Apocalyptic Sketches: Vol. I.—Things that were. New edit., 552 pp. Virtue & Co.

Currer Bell's Villette. New cheap edition, 478 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Dale's (Rev. R. W., M.A.) Hope in Death: a Sermon. 12 pp. Judd & Glass.
Dawn and Twilight: a Tale. 2 vols., pp. 208, 543. J. H. & J. Parker.
Early Payment of Wages: Practical Testimonies to Benefits. 19 pp. Early Closing Association, 35, Ludgate Hill.
Eastwick's (Capt.) Speech at Special Court of E. I. Proprietors. 36 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Evangelical Christendom, for January and February. Office: 7, Adam Street, Strand.
Ewing's (Rev. Greville) Duty of Abstaining from Debt. 59 pp. Jno. Snow.
Fleming's (Dr.) Attempt to Vindicate the Moral Government of the World. 261 pp. T. & T. Clark.
Gavazzi's (Alessandro) Triumph of Tractarianism. 147 pp. Partridge & Co.
Geologist: a Popular Monthly Magazine of Geology No. I. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Gilfillan's (Geo.) Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. Vol I., 289 pp. Edinburgh: Jas. Nicholl.
Gill's (Thos. H.) Anniversaries: Commemoration Poems. 193 pp. Macmillan & Co.
Gregory's (Thos.) Effusions of a Wandering Pen: Poems. 208 pp. Partridge & Co.
Grindon's (Leo H.) Life: its Nature, Varieties, and Phenomena. 2nd edit., 405 pp. Whittaker.
Gurney's (Rev. J. H., M.A.) God's Heroes and the World's Heroes. 464 pp. Longmans.
Hall's (Newman) Hints on Preaching. 34 pp. Jno. Snow.
Hall's (Newman) The Call of the Master. 30 pp. Nisbet & Co.
Heirs of the Farmstead: Life in Worsted Districts of Yorkshire, 20 years ago. 320 pp. J. Heaton.
Hislop's (Rev. Alex.) The Two Babylons. 478 pp. Edinburgh: Wm. Whyte & Co
Hood (Rev. E. Paxton) Vision of Jesus in the Church through all Ages. 12 pp Judd & Glass.
Howitt's (Wm.) Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia 247 pp. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Howson's (Rev. J. S., M.A.) Sermons to Schoolboys. 99 pp. Longmans.
Hughes's (Thos.) Mental Furniture Adaptation of Knowledge for Man. 170 pp. Hamilton & Co.
Idolomania, or the Legalized Cross not the Instrument of Crucifixion. 60 pp. E. Wilson.
India: its History, Religion, and Government. 85 pp. Jarrold & Sons.
Japan Opened; from Narrative of American Expedition. 206 pp. Relig. Tract Soc.
Jewish Chronicle. Nos. 159—167. Office: 7, Bevis Marks
Kelland's (Professor) Transatlantic Sketches. 77 pp. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
Kennedy's (Rev. Jas., M.A.) Great Indian Mutiny. 70 pp. Ward & Co.
Kings's (J. W.) Political and Poetical Memoir of James Montgomery. 395 pp. Partridge & Co.
Ladies' Treasury, for January and February. Ward & Lock.
Lavenu's Gaston Bligh. 2 vols., 562 pp.
Letters of a Betrothed. 208 pp. Longmans.
Liberator, for January and February. Houlston & Wright.
London University Magazine, for January and February. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Linton's (Henry, M.A.) Paraphrase and Notes on St. Paul's Epistles. 379 pp. Wertheim.
Ludlow's (Jno.) British India: its Races and its History. 2 vols, 319, 390 pp. Macmillan & Co.
Macaulay's (Lord) History of England. Vols. I. to IV., 455, 545 pp. Longmans.
Macknight's Life and Times of Edmund Burke. Vols. I. and II. Chapman & Hall.
Macpherson's (Rev. R.) Sermon: "I would not live always." 23 pp Aylott & Co.
Martineau (Harriet) on the Future Government of India. 154 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
May's (E. J.) Bertram Noel: a Story for Youth. 409 pp. Marlborough & Co.
Metrical Translation (A New) of the Psalms; Accentuated for Chanting. 346 pp. Bagster & Sons.
Middleton's (Chas. S.) Shelley, and his Writings. 2 vols., 325, 358 pp. T. C. Newby.
Millard's (Samuel) Letter on Portland House Lunatic Asylum, Whitchurch, Herefordshire. 59 pp.
Mogridge's (Edward Chas.) Poems. 232 pp. Judd & Glass
Muir's Life of Mahomet, and History of Islam. 2 vols., 630 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Mull's (M.) Descriptions, &c., of Holy Scriptures, from Milton's Prose Works. 3 papers. Ward & Co.
Muscutt's (E.) Altar Sins: Hist. Illustrations of Eucharistic Errors of Rome. 372 pp. Judd & Glass.
Musings of a Pilgrim at Jacob's Well. 103 pp. Nisbet & Co.
National Review No. XI., January. Chapman & Hall.
News of the Churches, for January and February. Edinburgh: Thos. Constable & Co.
Owen's (Rev. Robt.) Introduction to Study of Theology. 496 pp. Joseph Masters.
Partridge's (S. W.) Voices from the Garden, or Christian Language of Flowers. 39 pp. Partridge.
Pratt's (Archdeacon) Scripture and Science not at Variance. 2nd edit., 98 pp. Hatchard.
Prideaux's (Dr H.) Connexion of Old and New Testaments. 2 vols., pp. 508, 632. W. Tegg & Co.
Pupil-Teacher, Nos. IV. and V. Geo. J. Stevenson.
Revival Advocate, and Record of the Churches. No. I., January. Wm. Horsell.
Rogers's (Geo. A., M.A.) Footprints of Jesus. 120 pp. Wertheim & Co.
School and Teacher. Nos. I. and II., New Series. Geo. J. Stevenson.
Sheepfold and the Commons, or Within and Without. Vol. II., 583 pp., illustrations. Blackie & Son.
Shorthouse's (J. P.) Theology in Verse; and Rustic Lays. 160 pp. Aylott & Co.
Stars and the Angels, or Natural Hist. of the Universe and its Inhabitants. 376 pp. Hamilton & Co.
Stewart's (Dugald) Collected Works. Vol. X. 338 pp. Constable & Co.
Swedenborg's Writings and Catholic Teaching. 112 pp. William White.
Three Chances. By Authoress of "The Fair Carew." 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Townend's (Wm.) Descendants of the Stuarts. 302 pp Longmans.
Uncle Jack, the Fault-Killer. 156 pp., illustrations. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Visit to a Religious Bazaar, and Reflections. 58 pp. Wertheim & Macintosh.
Votes of Members of Parliament on Ecclesiastical Questions, 1857. 40 pp. Liberation Society.
Wilson's (Dr. Erasmus) Three Weeks' Scamper—German and Belgian Spas. 368 pp. Churchill.
Wilson's (John) Appendix to the Lost Solar System of the Ancients. 28 pp. Longmans.
Wilson's (Prof. Jas.) Alcohol: its Place and Power. 151 pp. Glasgow: Temperance League.
Winslow's (Dr.) Hidden Life: Memorials of J. W. Winslow. 209 pp. J. F. Shaw.
Winslow's (Dr. F.) Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology. No IX. Churchill.
Young's (Wm. Rd.) Few Words on the Indian Question. 47 pp. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Youth's Instructor. Nos. I. and II., price 2d. Geo. J. Stevenson.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

APRIL, 1858.

ART. I.—THE GREEK CHURCH.

The Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church; or, a Compendium of Christian Theology. Translated from the Greek. To which is prefixed an Historical and Explanatory Essay on General Catechism, and appended a Treatise on Melchizedec. London: Whittaker & Co. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. Manchester: Dunnil & Palmer. 1857.

How comes it to pass that our expositors of Scripture and writers on prophecy find so many texts, and even whole chapters of the Bible, that refer to the Romish or Western Church, and not a word about the Eastern or Greek Church? Is it that the Eastern Church was to remain pure and uncorrupted, while the Western was to become the seat of idolatry, hypocrisy, and lies? Or, is it that the authors referred to were in a great measure ignorant of the character and history of the Eastern Church? We suspect the latter of these two suppositions to be the fact. Learned men were, no doubt, acquainted with the general outlines of the doctrines and practices that prevailed in that branch of the Church which owned the Patriarch of Constantinople as its ecclesiastical head; but the entire scene was too remote from common observation in Western Europe, and the actual features of Romanism were too glaringly palpable, and too constantly pressing on attention, to render it needful to look at any more distant object for a resemblance to the pictures drawn by the pen of inspiration of the great apostacy. It was but too easy to identify Rome as so graphically pourtrayed in the Book of Revelation, without reflecting that Rome might have a sister so like herself in all the main lineaments of visage and character, that the description of one applied with striking exactness to both.

Another circumstance has led Protestant writers to direct their attention almost exclusively to the Romish Church, when dealing with the corruptions that have overspread Christendom. Ever since the Reformation in the sixteenth century, Rome has maintained a violent struggle for her ascendancy, and has used every effort to regain her lost sway over the Reformed Churches. These Churches, therefore, have had to do with Rome as a present and formidable enemy. It was *her* errors they protested against; it was her abominations they hated and abjured; it was her arts and influence they feared; and only in her did they see realized those revolting features of wickedness, idolatry, blasphemy, and antichristian error, against which the voice of warning was heard in the prophetic word. The Churches of the Reformation were in no danger from the Greek Church: they were in danger from the Church of Rome. The one was ever present in the attitude of a threatening foe: the other was distant, unseen, and almost unknown. It mattered little to the Protestant Churches what the Greek Church was, or thought, or did. Her doctrines and practices little concerned them, and, therefore, they were unable to trace the resemblance between her and her sister of Rome; and even had they been able, they felt as if it were no concern of theirs. Rome they hated and feared. Constantinople they neither knew nor dreaded.

The Eastern or Greek Church has never been reformed. There has never been any such protest against her doctrine and discipline, her pretensions and practice, as that which convulsed the Western Church when Luther and his coadjutors arose. This comparative immunity from division or change is referred to by the members of the Eastern Church, as a proof that she retains her original purity untouched; that her rites and ceremonies are those that belonged to the earliest Christian antiquity; and that, consequently, she has the strongest claim to be regarded as at once the oldest and the purest branch of the Apostolical Church, nay, the *only* true Church of Christ.

Those who look at the Greek Church from without her pale, are disposed to interpret somewhat differently the fact of her never having been reformed. Instead of that proving purity, they look upon it rather as affording ground to conclude, that deep corruption, and wide departure from apostolic simplicity, may be her character—that the incrustations of error accumulating for ages, and never removed, have gathered so thick, and so hide and obscure the sacred truth she professes, that she has lost her pristine beauty, and is shorn of her spiritual strength.

At any rate, we are convinced that, were the Eastern branch of the Church as well known as the Western, the latter would

not possess the equivocal honour that has long been assigned to her, of being the exclusive object of inspired prophecy, as the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth;" or, if Rome be the *mother*, she may have both sisters and daughters.

We have said that the Eastern Church was never rent by such a division as that which convulsed and weakened the Western in the sixteenth century. But there have been internal strifes, and partial disruptions in the Greco-Russian Church, of which the effects remain to this day. Without going into any detailed history of such matters, we may refer to some of the events which at various periods disturbed the peace, and threatened the unity of the "orthodox" Church.

The first serious disturbance took place at Novogorod in 1375, when one Karp Strigolnik began publicly to inveigh against the custom which then prevailed, which obliged every priest to pay a certain sum of money to his bishop in order to obtain ordination. He represented that custom as simony, and charged Christians to keep aloof from priests who had purchased their ordination. He attacked also the doctrine of confession to a priest as unnecessary; and his opinions soon gained many adherents. This produced in the streets of Novogorod a combat between the champions of the new doctrine and the old. The former were defeated, and Strigolnik himself, with the leaders of his party, were thrown from the bridge into the river and were drowned. The usual effect of persecution—the spread of the persecuted doctrine—followed. The floods could not drown the assertion of truth, and after the infliction of much suffering upon the Strigolniks and their descendants, their enemies could not destroy them; and to this day their doctrines may be traced among the present Raskolniks, or dissenters of the Russian Church. Another remarkable sect arose during the latter part of the fifteenth century, in the same republic of Novogorod. Its real nature is obscure; but it seems to have been a modification of Judaism. This sect spread among the priests, and as the initiated were bound to secrecy, the infection went on unsuspected and undiscovered. The outward conformity of these secret Jews to the Greek Church was so strict, that they got the reputation of great sanctity. The chief promoters of the sect were two priests, Dionysius and Alexis, one named Gabriel, and a layman of high rank. These men laboured with so much effect, and rose so high in favour of the Grand Duke, and gained followers of such distinction, that ere long one of their converts, Zosimus, was elevated in 1490 to the Archbishopric of Moscow. "And

* Krasinski, p. 400.

thus," says Krasinski, from whose work on the "Religious History of the Slavonic Nations," we have chiefly gleaned these particulars, "a secret follower of Judaism became the head of the Russian Church."

Passing over some minor divisions, we must not omit to state the commotion occasioned by the emendation of the Scriptures and devotional books, effected under the Tsar Alexius by the Patriarch Nicon. During the long period of the Mongol domination, the whole country, priests and people, fell into a state of great barbarity. The transcription of the sacred books was intrusted to ignorant copyists, and, of course, errors of all sorts had crept in, to the utter disfigurement of the text, and the obscuration of the sense. A Greek scholar, named Maximus, was employed to correct the sacred books, but, as might have been expected in so barbarous and ignorant an age, his labours were misunderstood, he was accused of corrupting, instead of emending the text, and ended his days in a convent, which was made his prison—the earthly reward of his toil. The work, however, was not abandoned. The Patriarch Nicon assembled a council for the purpose at Moscow, in 1654, at which the Patriarch of Antioch, that of Servia, and fifty-six bishops were present. After much difficulty and delay, collation of manuscripts, and consultation with patriarchs and prelates, the text of the Scriptures, and of the liturgical books, was at last fixed, in conformity to the most ancient Slavonic manuscripts, and the books were printed. This important reform, though made under the highest sanction, was not unopposed, and soon were kindled the flames of actual warfare between the partizans of the *old* books and the *new*. The people caught the excitement, and with them it proceeded to the strangest extremes of fanaticism; and this fanaticism, excited by persecution, degenerated into the wildest acts of superstition. The doctrine that the secret means of obtaining salvation was a voluntary suicide, through means of what they called the baptism of fire, caused a great number of victims; numbers of people, it is said, of every age, and of both sexes, shut themselves up in houses, barns, &c., and having set them on fire, perished in the flames, reciting prayers and singing hymns.*

It is supposed that the Raskolniks of the present day, in remote parts of the empire, still follow the rites of that atrocious superstition. At any rate, in Siberia, and other distant regions, the Raskolniks are numerous, their descendants having been exiled for their religion.

---

* Krasinski, p. 412.

The Established Church of Russia has wisely pursued a conciliatory policy towards the dissenters. Their ministers are generally priests who have been ordained by the bishops of the orthodox faith, but who have left it. The Government is now making efforts to reconcile these Raskolniks with the Church, and has declared that the differences between them do not amount to heresy. They call themselves *Starovertsi*, or followers of the *old faith*, and are called officially *Staroobradtzi*, or followers of the *old rites;* but the Government now calls them *Yedinovertsi*, or co-religionists. It is evident from what we have stated concerning these dissenters, and the same is true of other sects, that the points of difference on which they have separated from the dominant Church are such as leave untouched the fundamental doctrines and practices of the body. There are other sects, such as the *Skoptsi*, or eunuchs, the *Khlestovshchiki*, or flagellants, the *Malakanes*, who use milk on fasting days, and the *Duchobortsi*, or wrestlers in spirit, whose peculiarities we cannot enlarge upon; but they are all now treated with a degree of toleration that preserves the peace of the Church, and perhaps does more to keep down the fanaticism which distinguishes some of them, than violent persecution could accomplish.

We cannot proceed with this subject further, but enough has been said to show that the Eastern Church has not been without elements of disturbance, though they have never proceeded so far as to rend her visible unity. We cannot here afford either to philosophize or to moralize on the strange phenomenon presented to our view, of the two great branches into which the Christian Church has been divided for many centuries, remaining in an attitude of anathematizing hostility to each other, and both of them in a state of deep spiritual declension. We can offer no opinion as to the number of truly sincere Christians within either pale; they may be many, and they may be multiplying, or the contrary. Be that as it may, the corruption of doctrine, the unscriptural practice, the laxity of discipline, and the perversion of truth, but too flagrant, both in the Roman and Greek Churches, leave us to wonder and lament over them both. The Protestant communions, and the little scattered bands of faithful witnesses for Christ, who have kept their garments clean in the midst of abounding defilement, have been branded by the dominant, and too often persecuting Church, as heretics, schismatics, and counted as the offscouring of the earth. Yet these have been the little flock of Christ, often driven into the wilderness; and the more they have been persecuted, the more, like Israel in Egypt, have they multiplied and grown. Another anomaly, and a very affecting one, is, that even the purer sec-

tions of the Church, when favoured with seasons of outward ease and prosperity, have often suffered a spiritual decay. Their graces have shone brightest in adversity, and have withered in the noonday of public favour, as if the storm was their life and the sunshine their bane. But we must not be tempted to enlarge farther on a theme which crossed our path, and we now return to the matter in hand.

Our thoughts have been led in this direction by the appearance of a volume, of which we give the title at the head of this article, and as the subject of the Greek Church is one which, to many of our readers, may be interesting and instructive, we invite their attention to the following remarks:—

It is not the best way to learn the truth concerning any religious community to ask some leading man in that community to give an account of the tenets and practices of his friends. His partiality would so colour his views and statements, that, unconsciously it may be, he would convey impressions wide of the truth to an inquirer. Had Luther and his friends, when they began to question the doings of the Church of Rome, applied to the Pope and his cardinals for their opinion as to the state of the Church, would those functionaries have spoken so as to show the necessity for instant and sweeping reformation? Assuredly not. The volume before us, then, may be written by a sincere and candid member of the Eastern Church, and yet fail to give such information as to the actual state of matters within that communion, as might satisfy an honest searcher after the right and the true.

We have no wish to make the Eastern Church worse than she is, and readily admit that, compared with her sister of the West, she appears to advantage. Both are far gone in idolatry, if the invocation of saints, and the prostration of the body before the images or pictures, be idolatry; but the Greek Church pretends that such prostration is not such worship as is offered to God, but only an expression of reverence. Both claim alike to be the ONE true Church; but the Greek is not drunk with the blood of the saints as the Latin Church has been. The Greek Church speaks of the Western branch as having apostatized from the apostolic rule, and as having claimed for the Pope universal supremacy contrary to truth and Scripture, and she has not set up her Patriarch as having rightful authority over people who own not his claims. Both enjoin and practise confession to the priest, but we are not aware that anything like the sale of indulgences has ever brought a scandal upon any functionaries of the Eastern communion. Both have orders of monks, who make a vow of celibacy; but in the Greek Church every priest must be married, and cannot be a priest

till he has observed the "sacrament" of matrimony! When his wife dies, he cannot marry a second time, but may enter a monastery, and so have the way opened up to the higher offices of the Church; for bishops, and metropolitans, and patriarchs must have been monks, and observe life-long celibacy, fasting, and separation from the secular world. Such are some of the points of difference between the two Churches. Persons well read in ecclesiastical history, know well what strange and perplexing controversies divided the Church during the first centuries of the Christian era. The Oriental Church was soon separated from the Western, and estrangement and mutual misunderstanding and dislike were the concomitants of the schism. The East participated but slightly in some of the controversies that were waged with great success in the West. The system of Augustine was in high repute among the Westerns, but was opposed by Theodore, who was one of the champions of the Eastern section. To the same school belonged Chrysostom, who continues to this day to hold a high place among the admired Fathers of the Greek Church. "His mild, predominantly practical, and feebly systematizing spirit," says Neander, "which was strongly disinclined to all stiff and harsh extremes, could also most readily blend with the Oriental mode of apprehension, and genially work upon it. The whole peculiarity of his character, the course of his life and training, would of themselves necessarily keep him at a distance from the system of Augustine."

Were we writing a history of the Eastern Church instead of a brief article, we should find ample materials in the extant records both of controversies and concords of those early times; and especially in the memorials of the ancient councils we should see both what questions then agitated the Church, and how the decisions of those councils gave shape and permanence to errors which, but for them, might have had only an ephemeral existence. The authority of the first seven councils, recognised by the Eastern Church, has stereotyped their tenets, and raised a wall of separation between the East and the West, which stands firm and strong to this day.

It is not our object to present a comparative view of these two great divisions of the Church, but simply to note some general facts respecting them. The Greek Church enjoyed, as Neander, in his great history, abundantly shows, one great advantage over the Roman, in possessing a high culture transmitted from early times (Neander, vol. vi. p. 346). "In the consciousness of this, the Greeks were accustomed to look down with supercilious contempt upon the Latin Church, as one that subsisted among barbarians. But the Western Church pos-

sessed an advantage far outweighing the dead matter of traditional learning, in the fresh and vigorous principle of a new spiritual creation, which, with inferior means, could bring about vastly greater effects. Of such a principle, which might have infused life into the inert mass of its learning, the Greek Church was destitute." There were two causes strictly connected with each other, which especially contributed to hinder the healthful and free evolution of the Church and of theology among the Greeks, at the time now in our eye—the latter half of the ninth century: "the despotism of the civil government before which everything crouched,—the bishops themselves not seldom consenting to act as its humble instruments; and the extinction of the sense of truth, the spirit of insincerity, a predominant trait which had stamped itself on the entire life of the people, and was continually appearing in the fulsome exaggerations of their ordinary language."—P. 347.

Such being the condition of priests and people, and not at one time only, but throughout long ages, it was not in the nature of things that doctrine should remain uncorrupted, and apostolic simplicity be preserved, and Christian morality distinguish the professors of the faith. It was impossible not to conclude that there was ample room for reformation in such a Church; but, until there should be experienced a revival of the true essence of Christianity, bringing about a regeneration of the national mind, a real reformation could not take place, nor could the corrupt elements, foreign to pure Christianity, be expelled from the body. No such revival took place, and the lapse of time only widened the breach between the Oriental and the Western Church. The Crusades brought the Greeks and Latins into closer connexion, but such intercourse as they had only bred more controversy and fomented distrust. This irritable state of feeling between the parties, and the arrogant pretensions of the Popes, who would not lower their tone, prevented the holding of a council with the view to compose differences; and in all probability, had such a council been held, it would have utterly failed in healing, or even lessening, the breach. "When, in the twelfth century," says Neander, "several provinces of the East were conquered by the Crusaders, the Latins conducted themselves towards the Greeks in so unchristian, despotic, and cruel a manner, that the hate of the latter was roused to a higher intensity, and the impression endured for a long time afterwards. Every violent measure was resorted to for the purpose of subjecting all to the Church of Rome. . . . Many Greeks died as martyrs at the stake, for the liberties of their Church, and the honest convictions of their minds."—*Neander*, vol. viii. p. 333.

We cannot pursue the subject farther, and hasten to give our readers some glimpse of the volume before us, which professes to expound the "orthodox doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church." The editor says in his preface, that his object has been to lay before the unprejudiced inquirer, an exposition of the doctrine of the Greek Church, such as it was from the beginning, showing how she has been invariably based on the Word of God, and the constitutions of the Apostles, both of which she has unswervingly observed, and faithfully maintained, in that unity of faith and communion of the spirit which the same Church is constantly and fervently invoking from on high.

The work consists of an "Historical and Explanatory Essay on General Catechism," extending to about twenty pages. Then follows the "Orthodox Doctrine," in three parts: 1st. Of the Natural Knowledge of God; 2nd. Of the Evangelical Faith; and 3rd. Of the Divine Law. There is much in the dogmatic statement of doctrine here given, of which all true Christians must approve. There is substantial harmony between the Greek confession and other confessions. The creed is the Nicene, and the Decalogue is given without the joining of the first and second commandments together, and the splitting of the tenth into two, to make up the number according to the Roman Catholic editions. The comments or explanations and proofs are also generally to the point, but there is a want of breadth, and also of deep-toned earnestness in the book; and we lay it down, lamenting the absence of the living spirit, which might have animated even the dull pages of the "Orthodox Doctrine."

We must give our readers a glimpse of the pretensions of the Greek Church, and of her judgment of others, by citing a paragraph from the section, entitled "Peculiarities of the True Church:"—

"The Church is *One*, *Holy*, *Catholic*, and *Apostolic*. Why it is called the One Church?

"The Church is only one, since there has ever been one faith, one foundation, one head of the Church—Christ; one way of salvation in which all hope. Hence the Apostle says: 'There is one body and one spirit,' &c. (Eph. iv. 4.) From the unity of this Church are detached all they that either do not accept the Divine Word, or embody in it their strange doctrines. Hence the communion of such men is not the Church, but rather a congregation of infatuated people, who are not governed by the spirit of God, but by the spirit of hatred and enmity. In these times we see existing, to the great scandal of Christendom, three principal heresies, those of the Papists, the Lutherans, and the Calvinists.

All the three are adverse to one another. Popery abounds in the most pernicious superstitions, and submits blindly, and even by rejecting the Word of God, to the decrees of the Pope. They corrupt the dogma of the procession of the Spirit, against the clear testimony of Scripture. They do not offer the cup of Divine communion to the laics, and forbid them to read the Scriptures. They believe in the fire of purgatory, the offspring of their imagination, and, appropriating to themselves a supremacy unknown in the Gospel, persecute by fire and sword all those that dissent from them. The Lutherans and Calvinists have lately seceded from the Papists, having followed the doctrines of Luther and Calvin. Whilst, however, they rejected the Popish superstitions, they have likewise thrown off the apostolical traditions, retaining the common opinion of the Western Church as to the procession of the Holy Ghost. The Lutherans attribute the omnipresence to the body of Christ, whilst it is only peculiar to the Deity; and the Calvinists subject human action to a sure and inevitable predestination."—P. 134.

Having stated the claims of the Greek Church to be the *One*, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, in this fashion, the natural inference seems to be, that she must be the only Church of Christ upon earth. We are not left to our own inferences in this matter, for in the next paragraph we read thus:—

"The truth of our orthodox Eastern Church is founded on incontrovertible proofs." (After stating these, our author proceeds.) "We, therefore, infer from this, that our orthodox Church is not only the true one, *but that it is the only one*, and the same from the foundation of the world. It is, then, such as it agrees with the Greek, and the Greek Church was never separated from the primitive Apostolic Church; and the Apostolic Church was the same with the Jewish of the Old Testament, as regarding the substance of the faith; and the Church of the Old Testament is founded on the truth of the redemption of mankind, which all the patriarchs, both before and after the deluge, have steadfastly believed. Consequently, our orthodox and Evangelical Church has its origin in the very origin of the world, and shall remain, according to the authority of the Scripture, unto the end."—P. 136.

It is not our purpose to enter upon a formal refutation of the narrow bigotry displayed in these words; but it must be obvious to every reader that the arrogant assumption of being the one Church of Christ, and, consequently, to "remain, according to the authority of Scripture, unto the end," might suit the Seven Churches of Asia, or any other churches in a state of defection, as well as the Greek Church in Russia. Laodicea might surely as warrantably claim to be

of "*the primitive Apostolic Church*," and, *therefore*, safe and indestructible, as the Church of which Platon was metropolitan. But where is Laodicea now? And what may the Eastern Church become a thousand years hence? Without pretending to prophesy, we may unhesitatingly say: "Either reformed or removed out of its place."

Were we to go minutely over the pages of this work, it would be an easy but invidious taste to point out many expressions to which exception might be taken; but we decline any such task. The doctrine of justification by faith is held, but so guarded and restricted by the assertion of the necessity of good works, that one is in doubt after all what the Greek orthodox doctrine really is. Another grave objection we must take to these expositions of the law of God, is the doctrine announced in explaining the second commandment, that "the honour paid to images is not against this commandment." (P. 184.) The fact is, that at an early period, when the introduction of image worship gave rise to controversy, the Greek Church embraced those views which sanctioned the practice; and, accordingly, the worship of saints, and the introduction of various rites and ceremonies unknown in purer ages of the Church, marked the Eastern branch of it as not less corrupted than the Western. The Greeks have their seven sacraments as well as the Latins, and although they do not deny the cup to the laity, and enjoin the reading of the Scriptures, they have, in many ways, made the Word of God of none effect by their traditions.

In the work before us there is scarcely one reference to any other branch of the Christian Church as having any existence at all; for it is dogmatical, not polemical; and for the same reason, there is rather the bald assertion than the logical defence of the doctrines of the Church. Her authority leaves it needless to suppose that any other doctrine can be maintained, without being guilty of heresy and schism.

This work, after all, is neither more nor less than a translation of the treatise by *Platon* (or Plato), Metropolitan of Moscow, originally written in the Russian language, and afterwards translated into German. The translator, who subscribes his name "A. CORAY," says he has "taken the liberty to add various moral and philosophical notes, as well as passages from Scripture, tending to establish more firmly the doctrines set down by the most reverend writer."—P. 31.

Some forty years ago, Dr. Pinkerton published a translation of Platon's work, prefixing to it some account of the Greek Church in Russia, and with an appendix, giving an account of various sects of dissenters in that empire. So this is not the

first time the treatise has appeared in an English dress; but of this fact the translator does not seem to have been aware.

We have now to submit some further reflections, suggested by the history and character of the Greek Church.

1. We are compelled to regard both the Greek and Roman Churches as in a deeply corrupted state. Forms and shows and mummeries are substituted for the life and power of Christianity. The Greek Church may not have sinned so much as her Western sister as a persecuting Church; but against this must be set down against her, that she has done less than Rome to propagate the faith. If the Greek be the true orthodox Apostolic Church, as she claims to be, how comes it that this sign of apostolicity is wanting. She has done, and is doing, nothing to convert the world to the faith of Christ. She has no college *de propaganda fide*. She has no missionaries in heathen lands. Even in Russia, where she basks in the sunshine of imperial favour, and where myriads of heathen and Mohammedan tribes, subject to the autocrat's sway, are accessible to her missionaries, she puts forth no evangelistic efforts, or only such make-believe and desultory attempts to establish missions among the heathen tribes, as furnished a pretext for forbidding Protestant missionaries to labour for their conversion. And strange it would be if the Greek Church actually set about any such work as the propagation of *her* faith. How can a dead church labour to impart spiritual life? How can she give what she has not? What can she communicate but her own lifeless, barren profession? And what are the professed converts that, from base and carnal motives, sometimes join her communion? They are the dead joined to the dead. There is the baptism with water, but no baptism of the spirit; and the change effected is only that the superstitious heathen becomes the superstitious Greco-Russian—dead idolatry exchanged for dead orthodoxy.

2. It is impossible then to resist the conviction, that as the Greek Church has far departed from the simplicity that is in Christ, and yet boasts of her orthodoxy, there can be no hope of the revival of true religion within her pale, and the correction of errors that defile her, till she is convinced of her real condition, and is brought to confess that she is wretched, and poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked. Such conviction would be the first hopeful sign that better days were at hand. But when was a church ever reformed from within? When did revival ever take place, without some external pressure, and some rough handling of the smooth and plausible appearances that covered the lurking abomination within? O for an Eastern Luther! A monk or priest of some nerve

and brain, and heart, to step forward and declare the thing as it is; to attack the forms and rites hallowed by the memories of a thousand years; and instead of revering them for their antiquity, show that it is high time ancient abuses and time-consecrated corruptions were given to the winds.

This is the right use to which we should put the enlightenment and the energy of the nineteenth century.

If the editor and translator of Platon's treatise expect, by publishing it in English, to gain many admirers, if not followers of the Greek faith, we suspect he will be disappointed; but we hope that another result may spring from the publication, namely, a deep conviction that every Church, whether of the East or the West, can glorify God only as she reflects His truth—His pure truth, as revealed in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, and as embodied in the holy lives of zealous maintainers and propagators of the faith; that, therefore, adherence to a creed or dogma, however pure, is nothing without the principle of spiritual life; but that when the creed itself is unsound or defective, it is altogether an affair of death and corruption, not of life and immortality.

3. If anything had been needed to convince us of the paramount importance of maintaining the supremacy of the Holy Scriptures as the sole authoritative rule and directory in religion, the volume before us would have served the purpose. We can trace the flood of error that has overspread both the Eastern and Western Churches to the fatal mistake of admitting *tradition* to a place of authority. The beginning of corruption, like the beginning of strife, is as the letting out of water. The breach widens, and the stream of corruption flows on with increasing volume and more frightful impetuosity, till the Church is one scene of utter desolation.

It may seem rather hypercritical to object to the "Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic Eastern Church," that she admits a rule of faith *additional* to that of the Holy Scriptures, since she confines herself to the decrees of the first seven general councils. What can be wiser or safer, she may ask, than the decisions of the whole Church, as represented by the councils? Our answer is in one word: THE BIBLE. *That* is wiser, *that* is safer. And if it be urged that still we must have an *interpretation* of the Bible, and that the councils only interpret and give utterance to the spirit of truth in the Bible, we reply by asking, "And who is to interpret the interpreter?" It is far easier to understand and interpret the dictates of revelation than the complex and other contradictory decrees of the councils. The Bible is "the law and the testimony;" they

are human and fallible, "and if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Were a member of the orthodox Greek Church to read these pages, he might be disposed to say, "Who is this defamer of our ancient Apostolic Church? Some Lutheran or Calvinist, or other heretic of the West—some one or other of the innumerable sectaries that have sprung up, the spawn of the so-called Reformation. He had better remove the beam out of his own eye, before he pretends to pull the mote out of his brother's eye." We would thank him for the apt quotation from the Gospel, and would specially mark the word *brother*. If the Greek acknowledge us as a *brother*, he sweeps away a large portion of our objection to his Church, for it is its setting up an exclusive claim to be *the one true* Church, disowning all others, and our sect, whatever it be, among the rest, that constitutes the insufferable arrogance of which we complain. Consistently with that unscriptural and proud assumption, the Greek ought to disown our fellowship, and refuse to call us brother; but when he does so, he cannot quote Scripture to rebuke us without condemning himself.

If the member of the Greek Church allege that the Roman Catholic is equally exclusive, and denies the possibility of salvation to any without the pale of the communion that owns the Pope as the Vicar of Christ, we care not to adjust the claims of priority between the East and the West. We rather incline to think that both are alike setting limits to the mercy and grace of God, which He has not set, and will never sanction. And to us it matters little what Greece or Rome may say, so long as we believe that neither is constituted the judge of men's character and destiny.

But passing this, we can afford to give a more direct answer to the question—"Who is this critic who speaks blasphemy against our holy Church?" It may suffice to say that we claim neither infallibility nor perfection, nor could we belong to a Church that pretended to infallibility, whether lodged in some individual living head, or in the impersonal abstraction called the Church. We reverence the Holy Scriptures, and would follow the light from heaven they shed on our path. We bring every dogma, doctrine, opinion, practice, to the test of the Word. We are not careful to reconcile the early Fathers with the Apostles. We take our stand on Divine inspiration; and so far as the New Testament and the Fathers agree, we agree with both: the moment they cease to coincide and part company, we cleave to the written revelation, and leave tradition to take care of itself.

The doctrine of justification by faith has been called the article *stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ;* the doctrine of the *sole supremacy of the Holy Scriptures, without tradition,* may with equal truth and solemnity be termed the article of a standing or falling Church. The question as to the rule of faith is a fundamental one, and I must know what I am to believe, and upon what authority I am to believe it, before my faith can be saving or justifying. Is the object of the faith that justifies something that rests on no better foundation than tradition, or must it be based on Divine revelation? If the latter, then what is tradition good for? But, moreover, if a member of the Greek or Latin Church should think to turn the edge of our protest against the manifold corruptions of those communions by holding up to scorn the anomalous character of our Protestant communities, and showing that the rankest weeds of error, false philosophy, rationalism, and even infidelity, have flourished among them; we admit the fact, but deny the inference. A protest against corruption does not necessarily emanate from purity; to denounce falsehood and folly does not necessarily imply that the denouncer is true and wise. So it will not do to let the protest against Greek and Roman error and corruption fall to the ground, under the pretence that the Protestants are no better. Two blacks do not make a white; and if all the three be black, it would be harder still to make a white out of them. So the Greek and Roman Churches will gain little by retorting the charge of error or defection upon the Protestants.

But one thing is to be noticed, that as they were not all Israelites of old who were of Israel, so there are many so-called Protestants, who are not true Protestants. They are, in fact, neither Protestants nor Christians, but loose and inconsistent professors, who are in reality nothing. The true grounds of Protestantism they neither understand nor care for, nor is Protestantism answerable for their misdeeds, any more than Christianity itself is answerable for the wicked lives and bad principles of multitudes, who falsely assume the Christian name; but by doing so only blazon their own hypocrisy.

The justification of Protestantism is to be found in the unscriptural assumptions, and distortions and perversions of Christianity found in the Church of Rome. If, at the time of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, the Latin Church was a pure Church, that held fast the Apostolic Word, without addition, mutilation, or corruption, then the work of the Reformers was a blunder and a sin, and the Protestant Churches they founded schismatical sects. And if the Greek Church, that has never been so convulsed, is to this day, as she pretends, "the one orthodox Apostolic Church," then the attempt to reform

her is uncalled-for, and to charge her with defection is a slander, and to separate from her communion is to commit the greatest and most dangerous mistake.

4. These remarks bring us back to the fundamental error of both the Eastern and Western Churches—the departure from Apostolic practice and Scriptural authority. The first addition made to the usages and ceremonies of the Church, on the ground of tradition, was the first step in the road of error. The first assumption of priority of rank and place on the part of a primitive bishop, or presbyter, over his co-presbyters, was the first step in the ladder of ecclesiastical pride, whose last step placed the tiara on the head of the Pope, and found him seated with the names of blasphemy, described in the prophetic word; for he, sitting in the temple of God, usurps the prerogatives of God, and opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or that is worshipped (2 Thess. ii. 4).

Roman Catholic writers complain bitterly that Protestants, when they denounce the "Holy Church," speak evil of that they understand not. "What, for instance," exclaims a writer in the *Dublin Review*, for Dec., 1857,—"what do Independents know about the Catholic religion? or the Baptist? or the Presbyterian? How many families throughout the land are educated in the so-called evangelical principles, who, by the very circumstances of their education, their quiet domestic life, their seclusion from general society, and their total want of the means of the information, know nothing about the Church of Christ, except what they have learned from a debasing and corrupt tradition?" (P. 395.) Doubtless there are ignorant Protestants, as there are ignorant Roman Catholics. We freely admit that many of us know as little of the subtle distinctions, and glozing sophisms by which Popish writers defend their Church, as the generality of Roman Catholics themselves do. But we maintain that such learning is not needed to see and understand the palpable facts presented to the view of any Protestant who strays into a Roman Catholic church. What he sees and hears there is enough to convince any unsophisticated mind that *that* is not the simplicity of New Testament worship; that the bowings and crossings, and prostrations, and prayers, and vows offered to *images*, ay, to *images*—images of saints, is not the worship of the Father in spirit and in truth. The same thing is true of the scene that meets the view in a Greek church. A Platon or a Bossuet may exercise their ingenuity in attempts to explain away the worship of images and pictures, but it is all in vain. The idolatry is there undeniable and unmistakeable.

The translation of Platon's work, which has drawn us into

these observations, is evidently the production of a sympathizing and admiring member of the Oriental Church, and one who willingly accepts the good metropolitan's exposition as a true mirror of the orthodoxy claimed for that communion. But it is notorious to all who have witnessed, as we have done, the actual service, and mingled with both priests and laity of the Greco-Russian Church, of which Platon was a dignitary, that the "orthodox doctrine" laid down in a book, and the living reality as seen in the worship and the worshippers, are two very different things. The book is bad enough, as it admits the fact of the use of pictures or images, rites and ceremonies, sacraments and offices, that pretend to no higher authority than human tradition; but it attempts to veil the idolatry under a pretence of reverence and affection for holy men and holy things, while in the living exhibition seen in any Greek church any day throughout the year, and most of all on their high days, nothing meets the view but the grossness and materiality of creature-worship, the superstition of minds untaught to soar beyond the objects of the senses, and unenlightened by any ray but that which comes dim and discoloured through the gloom of their sacred places. These are redolent of incense, and flickering with many a wax taper burning before many a shrine, and there is heard the sound of trained voices chanting the matins or vespers; but the light of pure truth there shines not, the sweet incense of spiritual worship is there in no repute, and the joyful sound of the Gospel is there unheard. It may be a gorgeous substitute for "the fellowship of kindred minds," and a *quietus* for a conscience burdened with guilt; but it is a mockery after all, and leaves the worshipper craving and empty, and joyless still.

We deny not the possibility of the spirit of true devotion being found in temporary alliance with certain forms of superstition, and availing itself of the æsthetics of an imposing and solemn ceremonial, as giving tone and expression to its deepest feelings; but were the whole truth known in such cases, it might be found that the religious element in the character of such worshippers was kept strong and active, not by the help of the gorgeous rite and external appliances of a cathedral service, but in spite of them, and that for one who rose above the pressure and deadening influence of the sensuous worship, a thousand had all true devotion crushed out of them by its intolerable weight.

We might appeal in this matter to the experience of those who have known what we affirm, and they will testify that it is only when the Gospel of Christ is seen in its true glory, and His cross is kept in the believing view of the sinner, that he

can cherish the feelings of a child of God—the spirit of filial trust, reverence, and love—and can serve Him without fear. Then it is felt that the less imposing the ceremonies, the simpler the worship, the fewer the objects interposed between the soul and the unseen object of worship the better; and that nothing can satisfy the heart, nor be approved by the judgment, which has not the clear sanction of the Scriptures of truth—the infallible Word, which needs no pretended "infallible" interpretation to be intelligible to the humble believer, for he has the fulfilled promise of the Spirit, who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto him—the unction of the Holy One, which is truth, and no lie.

Our present theme being the Greek Church, not any of the dissenters from it, we enter into no discussion of their merits or defects. For the same reason we refrain from all questions touching the Protestant section of the Christian Church. We have had occasion to allude to the fact of the Reformation from Popery, but our subject does not lead us into any review of that movement, or any estimate of the present condition of the Protestant confessions. On a proper occasion we might not decline the task, and all we shall say here, in addition to allusions already made to the Protestantism of the past or the present, is, that we do not consider it needful, in order to make out a case against either the Eastern or the Western Church, that the Protestants stand out pure and spotless, in contrast with the corrupt communion they have left. It may be that Protestant Churches have themselves become degenerate, and sunk as low, or lower, than the body against which they protested. It may be that some of them were but imperfectly reformed, and that they brought a portion of their ancient errors into their new organizations. It may be that the tendency to degenerate soon appeared in the Churches of the Reformation, and that new errors of doctrine and practice crept in, which rendered them spectacles of warning, rather than examples for imitation,—doubly sinning, by abusing clearer light, and fortifying in their errors, and justifying in their adherence to a false system, the votaries of the corrupt Church of Rome, which they had left, but without following and abiding in the truth. Our observations have extended so far beyond our calculations, that we must leave unnoticed the appended article on Melchizedec. Nor is this any matter of regret, for the "Treatise," as it is called, fills only some half-dozen pages, and is a simple enough exposition of the facts concerning the personage referred to, contained in the Bible.

We take leave of this work, trusting that the day is not distant when Christians of the East and of the West will better

understand one another, and when *Churches*—so called—shall be estimated, not by their boasted antiquity, but by their correspondence to the Scriptural model in *form*, and their manifestation of the Scriptural *spirit*, in the vitality and power of religion. When the great harvest-time of the world approaches, the seed that has been lying dormant in many a soil will spring up, and then corrupt Churches, shaking off the incrustations of ages, and the cerements of death, will start to new life, and spiritual verdure, beauty, and fruitfulness, will everywhere adorn the heritage of the Lord. The Lord hasten this consummation in His time!

ART. II.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1. *Shelley, and his Writings.* By Charles S. Middleton. In Two Vols. London: Newby. 1858.
2. *Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron.* By E. J. Trelawny. London: E. Moxon. 1858.

BIOGRAPHY becomes a difficult task where the verdict of conscience is as clearly pronounced against the hero, as the inclination of the affections leans decidedly in his favour. The one condemns on the evidence supplied, the other acquits at the instance of partiality. All this perplexity attends the effort to pourtray the life of Percy Bysshe Shelley—a large portion of whose poetry conciliates the regard of men of ingenious and sympathetic minds, while at the same time many of the facts of the poet's life, and his serious opinions, have arrayed against him, not merely the prejudices, but the convictions, of the better part of the community. We shall endeavour in the course of the present paper to render this singularly unfortunate person condign justice, neither on the one hand palliating his faults, nor, on the other, withholding the meed of credit which is due to the poetic side of his character. Although he were fifty times a son, we shall endeavour to prove ourselves a Brutus on the judgment seat. Clothed in the awful ermine of the censor, we shall "nothing extenuate" —having respect to human frailty, we shall "set down nought in malice."

We may premise, that our sympathies run in accord with poetical natures, although not professing in any sense to be poets ourselves. To pass a fair judgment upon poetry, we think it by no means needful that we should have been ourselves members of the tuneful craft. A man may pronounce upon the capabilities of a horse, without having been in harness,—a

critic may weigh judiciously the merits of a son of song without belonging to the fraternity of singers. The highest admiration for the whole imaginative race of men we honestly profess, and look upon their faculty as something rare and divine; we are not, therefore, extreme to mark the obliquities of genius, provided only that genius preserve any respect for itself in its aberrations. The colossus of our English literature was never more morally colossal than when he carried compassionately a drunken Savage home on his back, and shrouded his friend's infirmity from the Minos of the police-court. With that great, weak, good man, we cultivate the charity which "shall cover the multitude of sins." The pipe of Orpheus we venerate quite as much as the plastic art of Prometheus; and deem thus much of explanation beforehand due to ourselves, should we seem severe in the critical judgment we have felt constrained to pronounce on both the poet and the man, Shelley.

Our hero had the grave misfortune, from his birth, of being an only son, of large expectations—a circumstance which probably lay at the root of the few and evil days of his unhappy pilgrimage on earth. Sir Timothy Shelley, of Castle Goring, Sussex, was father of the poet, whose natal day was August 4, 1792. The family dates back as far as the time of Richard II., and from successful marriage speculations, and the sedulous practice of the "good old gentlemanly vice—avarice," the property of the house had become one of the most respectable of its rank in the kingdom. The first ten years of Percy were spent at home, with his mother and sisters, petted in all likelihood, and deferentially treated, as the heir of the estate, to a degree unsafe for the steady balance of the cup of prosperity in after days. His delicate habit of body, fair complexion, and tendency to shoot up into prematurely tall stature, would contribute to the unwise cockering of the fore-doomed boy, and would expend upon him an amount of subserviency calculated to foster an unwholesome share of self-consequence and self-will. The shyness and resistance of coercion which he afterwards displayed may have been in part constitutional, but also no less an exhibition of deeply-rooted pride, implanted in childhood. We make every allowance for the idiosyncracy of genius developing itself in its natural forms at the earliest period, but we are disposed to believe that the fault of early indulgence went far to spoil—for its own happiness at least—a disposition marked by some admirable native qualities.

We are not prepared to admit that the injudicious training of his schools and schoolmasters up to eighteen years of age, is to be accredited with all the faults and misfortunes of Shelley's

career. His first school was Sion House, Brentford, where he acquired in the course of five years sufficient Greek and Latin to enable him to have made a respectable figure at Eton, had he felt so disposed. Now, we know no better intellectual exercise than Latin and Greek verse-making for boys, which is as amusing as chess, and far more instructive; which makes them masters of the grammar and etymons of their own language, while grinding them in another, and teaches them more of the rhythm and melody of English speech, the beauty of poetry, the grace of prose, than the most direct English education can give. Long may that verse-making discipline, which is characteristic of our English university course, survive the tinkering of modern educationists, and the suggestions of university commissioners! No one that has undergone its schooling can possibly regret the hours as wasted which he has expended, like Horace, in biting his nails and scratching his head while looking for an apt epithet, or a due quantity. The sheer discipline to the temper and the brain, is worth, as discipline, all the mathematics in the "Principia." The proprietor of the academy in Brentford was a Mr. Mackintosh, who is represented in a disparaging way as "a Scotch Doctor of Law," although what demerit consisted in his being "a Scotch Doctor," is not apparent, if he were only a sound and competent teacher, and this none have represented that he was not. He may have been strict, even severe—we are not apologizing for the Dominie—but he does not seem to have been unjust, and he made the expectant baronet write Latin verses of decent quality ere he escaped from his ferule. Had there been anything in the shape of cruelty in the treatment of Shelley, it is not to be supposed that on his own representations, and those of his cousin and schoolfellow, Medwin, he would not have been instantly removed. Yet here he continued, with his usual vacations at home, where, doubtless, both school doings and sufferings were freely canvassed, from semester to semester, for a period of five years. When the circumstances of the case are thus impartially examined, we think the "Scotch Doctor" comes out of the ordeal with considerable credit. He does not seem to have failed in diligence and zeal, as Shelley's acquirements showed, nor does his delicate pupil, the cosseted and only son of a baronetted house, appear to have complained.

The affliction of the young poet arose from his schoolfellows, who, with the thoughtlessness of boyhood, could neither comprehend nor make allowance for the shy and retiring temperament of their comrade. When they indulged in play, Shelley only promenaded, with long and eager strides, a quiet spot of the play-ground; and when their expert hand was armed with

cricket-ball and bat, the young recluse wielded only a book. His tall, awkward figure, girlish complexion, and self-centering habits, were sure to provoke banter and opposition from any set of boys of the ordinary mould—and that without being gratuitously cruel, or even intentionally unkind. Effeminate men claim little respect from their grown-up fellows, and we cannot expect the rule to be much otherwise where the lady-like offender is a boy amongst boys, whose expressions of liking and disliking are usually marked by a frankness which disdains reserve.

If somnambulism be an indication of latent insanity, there was more in Shelley's habits than mere oddity and reserve, for he occasionally walked in his sleep at this early period.

At fifteen years of age the poet was duly transferred to Eton, where he was accommodated at a boarding-house kept by one of the extra masters. At the college here he was subjected to greater indignities than at his former school, for here he was *fagged;* so that in faring forth from Brentford, he fared further and fared worse. We are no defenders of that system, which we deem as bad as bad can be; but to Shelley, with his habits and views, it must have been torture. Fagging, too, to a little boy, brings no sense of humiliation with it, while a youth growing up to mature years will resent the system as a gross imposition and indignity. But resistance, of course, was hopeless, where both masters and pupils insisted upon compliance, while yet compliance in effect did not redeem the recusant from insults, provoked by his known rebellious will. Of this period, an old Etonian writes:—"Either from natural delicacy of frame, or from possessing a mind which, in boyhood, busied itself in grasping thoughts beyond his age, probably from something of both, he shunned or despised the customary games and exercises of youth. This made him with other boys a byword and a jest. He was known as 'Mad Shelley,' and many a cruel torture was practised upon him for his moody and singular exclusiveness." In order that this representation of "cruel torture" may not be adopted *au pied de la lettre*, we must instance the nature of the only two inflictions described: one was pelting with a foot-ball; the other, shouting and mauling in regular schoolboy fashion. The *modus operandi* in both cases was the following: Some wag would introduce a foot-ball into the cloisters on a dark winter evening, and then, amid the merry confusion of a thousand busy feet, they would contrive somehow that any obnoxious member of the party should get every now and then a blow from the muddy, bounding ball: no very terrible or unusual "torture" this. The other was an ordeal somewhat

more severe. The particular name of some boy would be sounded by one, taken up by another, and another, until hundreds echoed and re-echoed the name. At the same time, if the person selected were a big boy, a path was usually made, and a space opened, for the one on whom a hundred tongues were calling. Shelley, in his Eton days, was a big boy, and was often selected for this species of annoyance. "Shelley, Shelley, Shelley!" was thundered through the cloisters by obstreperous tongues, when the unfortunate wight appeared, and then practical jokes would accompany the cry, such as knocking his books from under his arm, seizing them as he stooped to recover them, pulling and tearing his clothes, or pointing with the finger, as one Neapolitan maddens another. The result was a paroxysm of anger, which made the restive patient a candidate for Bedlam for the time being, his eyes flashed like a tiger's, his cheeks grew pale as death, his limbs quivered with passion, and his hair almost stood on end. That schoolboys will thus at intervals treat each other is not pleasant, but the greater part of their play-ground intercourse aims at nothing further than a little noisy fun, far too harmless in its most decided characteristics to be designated "cruel torture."

Such treatment made Shelley more and more of a recluse, hugging his books and private apartment as his asylum from wrong, and cultivating more earnestly the habit of self-reliance. The practices for which he suffered became badges of martyrdom, and dear in proportion as they were proscribed. But these trials had their off-set in the companionship of his two chums in the same lodging. With his friend Amos he used to write plays, and act them before the always highly approving audience of their common friend Matthews. Shelley had a strong inclination for literature, but as rooted an aversion towards learning, both of them rather common characteristics of the overgrown school-boy. At Brentford, and now at Windsor, he had ransacked the libraries of all the trash which they treasured in such unstinted quantities in those days, his taste even then, however, being of an eclectic quality.

The visit of an itinerant lecturer on astronomy and chemistry gave the early part of Shelley's residence at Eton a bias towards a fresh study,—that of chemistry. He possessed himself of a solar microscope, for which he ever afterwards displayed an almost childish affection. An electrical machine was added to his stores, with sundry other articles constituting the stock in trade of the art chemical; and so eagerly did he pursue his investigations into the laws of nature in this department of science that, no unusual consequence, he nearly blew up himself and the house in which he resided. He took lessons in this

physical science from a competent person, and combined researches into the nature of solids and fluids, with metaphysical speculations of a daring character. "Is the electric fluid material?" he would ask; "is light? is the vital principle in vegetables? in brutes? in the human soul?" His scepticism began thus early—an unnatural feature in youth; it suggests most forcibly that it was not of spontaneous growth, but owed its germ to the suggestion of others. Shelley's home was not a religious home, whatever else it may have been; and only so far back as half a century, the irreligion and infidelity which in part issued in the first French Revolution, and in part flowed from it, were more characteristic of English society than we can easily realize at the present day. If Shelley's bold doubts were insinuated by another rather than engendered of his own teeming thoughts, how fearful the criminality of the culprit who supplied the first spark to the torch, which afterwards blazed so fiercely. The youth's Pantheism was fully developed ere he left Eton, taking for its text the words of the elder Pliny in the treatise *De Deo:* "God must be all sense, all sight, all hearing, all life, all mind, self-existent,"—a sentence which thousands as shrewd as he have listened to without injury, because their auscultation was not quickened by an infidel stethoscope. It is not our desire to direct the charge home to his Etonian chemist's heart, as the Olynthian archer sent the arrow with the address, "For Macedonian Philip's eye;" yet suspicion points in that direction, since Mrs. Shelley has volunteered the notice that her husband, in his "Revolt of Islam," has pourtrayed his teacher of chemistry, and of something else, under the guise of the benevolent old man who releases Laon from prison, and sympathizes with all Laon's views. If the actual old man really held the social views of the poetical old man, the Eton sage must have owned an unwholesome creed, for thus he expounds it:—

"Fearless love [that is, love without a consecrating Hymen] and the pure law
Of mild Equality and Peace succeeds
To faiths which long have held the world in awe,—
Bloody, and false, and cold."

The identity of persons admits a doubt, but the creed is too pronounced for mistake.

Shelley satisfied his masters at Eton by his regular tale of longs and shorts, although he won no marked distinction, and left the college in 1809. At his departure he perpetrated the absurdity of a public breakfast to his mates, which cost him fifty pounds.

He now spent one year at home, without any fixed pursuit, except following the guidance of his own fancy,—a dangerous leader at a dangerous age. Books of French philosophy were probably not wanting in the library at Castle Goring, to warp his convictions, while tales of German *diablerie*, and the wretched novels of the day, fed his taste for fiction. The impulse of composition was strong upon him, and in conjunction with a male, and afterwards with a female cousin, he concocted a poem on the Wandering Jew, and two novels called "Zastrozzi," and "St. Irvyne, the Rosicrucian." These two latter were published forthwith, and have no merit of any kind to recommend them.

In October, 1810, in Shelley's nineteenth year, he was entered of University College, Oxford, chiefly, we presume, to keep him out of harm's way, and to initiate him into some semblance of public life, before entering Parliament at twenty-one. His rooms were in the corner of the principal quadrangle, next the hall, and with their motley furniture shortly assumed the look of a laboratory of a chemist. An under-graduate of the same college, named Hogg, of gentlemanly manners and kindred feelings, became forthwith his *fidus Achates*. Shelley's tall figure and girlish face, with his constitutional droop, were rendered remarkable by his long brown wavy locks that floated over his shoulders, and his utterance by a voice like that of a peacock, intolerably shrill, harsh, discordant, and excruciating. His favourite studies here, like those at Eton, were physics and metaphysics, embracing, in the range of investigation in this latter branch, the nature of the mind, a future state, a former or ante-natal condition, personal identity, and ethical philosophy,—in almost all of these topics leaning to opinions the opposite of those cherished by the multitude of previous reasoners. His physics led to no result; their material *Ultima Thule* is soon reached, while they are powerless to touch those topics which are too ethereal for the test of the crucible and litmus paper. They shed a little light within a narrow circle, but none whatever on the dark gulf which separates the material from the spiritual. That is a chasm which no human science has yet been found to span, or fathom, or cross. The metaphysics of Shelley were equally unsatisfactory; they expanded into no port of truth; they lay twin rocks at its entrance, and his bark was wrecked thereon when his first voyage was scarcely begun. The life of the poet seems to have been of a generally blameless cast at Oxford, devoted chiefly to speculation and green tea, except that it was marked by an almost total neglect of the studies proper to the place. Hence we are prepared for the following colloquy with the Master of

the college, the amiable and enlightened Coplestone. Shelley himself reported the conversation to his friend on the day of its occurrence:—

"They are dull people here. A little man sent for me this morning, and told me in an almost inaudible whisper, that I must read.

"'You must read, you must read,' he said many times, in his small voice.

"I answered, I had no objection; he persisted; so, to satisfy him, for he did not appear to believe me, I told him I had some books in my pocket, and began to take them out.

"He stared at me, and said that was not exactly what he meant. 'You must read Prometheus Vinctus, and Demosthenes de Coronâ, and Euclid.'

"'Must I read Euclid?' I asked, sorrowfully.

"'Yes, certainly; and when you have read the Greek works I have mentioned, you must begin Aristotle's Ethics: and then you may go on to his other treatises. It is of the utmost importance to be acquainted with Aristotle.'

"This he repeated so often that I was quite tired, and at last said:—

"'Must I care about Aristotle? What if I do not mind Aristotle?'

"I then left, for he seemed to be in great perplexity."

Now, in all this, we do not see with the biographer of Shelley "how the form rather than the spirit of learning was attended to," nor detect "the dulness of the man proposed as his instructor." We perceive, indeed, the impertinence of Shelley in his last query of the tutor, but in no respect the incompetency of the learned pedagogue. If young men go to Oxford to learn Aristotle, and the college tutors are paid for the purpose of teaching Aristotle, we see not how the conclusion can be evaded that the authorities must insist on the pages of the Greek philosopher being turned over by both teachers and pupils with diligent hand. Shelley does not come out of this colloquy with the conscientious tutor with anything like flying colours. The "small voice" of authority was further weighted with common sense, and the young gownsman's affectation of *nonchalance* does not hide his defeat. Such a spirit as Shelley displayed on this occasion was ominous of evil to come. It needs no prophet to tell that "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall:"—

"Nimia illa licentia
Profecto evadet in aliquod magnum malum."

The negative opposition of Shelley to the set studies of the

place was succeeded by the circulation of a pamphlet of declared infidelity, and most dangerous character. As far as we can ascertain its nature, it consisted of the sceptical conclusions and suggestions in Hume's Essays, carefully culled out of that insidious work, and shown "together like garden gods;" a concentrated extract of deadly poison, and labelled "The Necessity of Atheism;" accompanied, moreover, with the expression of a hypocritical regret that it "appeared unhappily to be quite unanswerable." This Shelley sent by post far and wide, challenging controversy, and demanding confutation. He probably obtruded it on the authorities of the college, for the insolent folly of the under-graduate was fully equal to the precocious wickedness of his speculations. The check which his Atheist propagandism received at their hands was richly deserved. On Lady-day, 1811, Shelley was expelled,—the most severe penalty the college could inflict; yet even indulgence must allow that their dangerous inmate was driven forth—

"By the justest doom
That ever the destroyer yet destroyed."

The poet shall describe the process himself:—

"'I am expelled,' he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little—'I am expelled. I was sent for suddenly a few minutes ago; I went to the common room, where I found our Master, and two or three of the Fellows.

"'The Master furnished me with a copy of the little syllabus, and asked me if I were the author of it. He spoke in a rude, abrupt, and insolent tone. I begged to be informed for what purpose they put the question.

"'No answer was given; but the master loudly and angrily repeated, 'Are you the author of this book?'

"'If I can judge from your manner,' I said, 'you are resolved to punish me if I should acknowledge that it is my work. If you can prove that it is, produce your evidence; it is neither just nor lawful to interrogate me in such a case, and for such a purpose. Such proceedings would become a court of Inquisitors, but not free men in a free country.'

"'Do you choose to deny that this is your composition?' reiterated the Master, in the same rude and angry voice.

"Shelley complained of his violent and ungentlemanlike deportment, saying:—

"'I have experienced tyranny and injustice before, and well know what vulgar violence is; but I never met with such unworthy treatment.' I told him calmly but firmly that I was determined not to answer any questions respecting the publication on the table. He immediately repeated his demand. I persisted in my refusal, and he said furiously:—

"'Then you are expelled, and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning.' At the conclusion, one of the Fellows took up two papers and handed them to me. Here it is.' He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up in due form, under the seal of the college.

"Shelley was full of spirit and courage, frank and fearless; but he was likewise shy, unpresuming, and eminently sensitive. I have been with him in many trying situations of his after life, but I never saw him so deeply shocked, and so cruelly agitated, as on this occasion.

"He sate on the sofa, repeating with convulsive vehemence, the words—'Expelled, expelled, expelled;' his hand shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering."

On this report, which is exaggerated by adjectives of unneeded strength, his present biographer observes: "In this we see the inherent delicacy of his mind, no less than in the happiest moments of his life. However much he might despise the mean spite of those whom an evil fortune had placed over him, he shrank instinctively from the disgrace which their gross tyranny, by this flagrant act of injustice, would inflict upon him." For ourselves we see no singular "delicacy" in shrinking from the disgrace his folly had entailed upon him, for the veriest plebeian clay would have shrunk with equal sensitiveness from contact with ignominy. The authorities appear to have borne with exquisite patience up to this crowning wrong the demeanour of Shelley, which was totally opposed to the habits and studies of the place.

The young aristocrat had been floated out of his depth altogether by the prospect of his ten thousand a-year, his title, and his place in Parliament, and fancied he could afford to laugh at "the vulgar sons of vulgar fathers," to whom the government of his college was committed; but he was summarily and painfully awakened from his delusion, only to find himself sinking under the ban of those very officials whose authority he affected to despise. We are always sorry when persons, especially young ones, suffer to an extreme degree from their juvenile imprudence; but, notwithstanding, must feel, in the present case, that Shelley's punishment was not disproportioned to his offence, which was of the last degree of gravity; and that the heads of University College exercised a sound discretion in the expulsion from their domicile of so dangerous a member. Respect for that revealed truth, on the basis of which every college in Oxford is founded, a regard for the dignity of their institution as a hall of science and learning, and concern for all the other youth committed to their care, shut them up to this single course. It is greatly to their credit that the aris-

tocratic prestige of their pupil in no degree swayed their decision, nor won from them an indulgence of treatment which would not have been accorded to the poorest sizar in that great university. It may be as well to interject that Shelley's Atheism might have been answered to the satisfying of even Shelley's mind, as the acute reasonings of much sharper intellects on that fearful negation have been answered with all-convincing power over and over again—we need do no more than instance the admirable Boyle Lectures — and had the young fanatic not been "mad upon his idols," all the traditions and habits of the place would have pleaded for leniency towards the misguided youth: but the irrepressible folly and inordinate pretension—the reckless insubordination and sheer insanity of Shelley's behaviour silenced even his advocates, and made his very patrons own with a sorrowful reluctance that he must depart. We may add parenthetically that among its other claims upon our sympathy, Oxford largely possesses this—that it exhibits on an open field, with convincing evidence, what a democratic thing true learning is—how impartially the Muses dispense their favours to the most gifted of their votaries, uninfluenced by any other consideration but merit. Beyond the discredit accruing to Shelley from the circumstance of his expulsion, the rulers of his college did him no wrong; his whole future, a brilliant and promising one, was still at his own disposal; and respectable talents, a baronetcy in expectance, together with an unusually handsome property strictly entailed, lodged the elements of worldly prosperity and happiness still largely in his power. Had he been as wise as he was obstinate, headstrong, and foolish, Shelley would now have been known as a bright star in his country's horizon, instead of as an unhealthy meteor:—

> "A pathless comet, and a curse,
> The menace of the universe."

When he left Oxford the quondam gownsman was forbidden to appear under his father's roof. This prohibition does not command our assent so readily as the conduct of the tutors of his college, for according to our creed a father's door should be open to the criminal child as an asylum, quite as readily as to the unfortunate to supply a home. The severity, not wholly undeserved, of the parent, may perhaps be charged with some part of the confirmed and desperate folly of the son which ensued.

The most painful immediate consequence of this escapade to the poet himself was a prohibition to correspond with a beautiful cousin of his, for whom he appears to have cherished a

boyish passion. Of their early intimacy he thus wrote in after years in one of his fragments:—

"They were two cousins, almost like to twins;
And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime."

The young lady had the good sense to marry almost immediately a suitable partner—another blow to the Quixote of Atheism. Directly after this unfortunate affair Shelley betook himself to the metropolis—that large-bosomed mother of "the exiles of the heart," and there found in study and idleness such consolation as was possible. His social martyrdom had not extinguished his admiration for free thought and sceptical inquiry, rather had made fidelity to his convictions a duty, and irritation against his wrong-doers his normal state of feeling. Persecution is ever a suicide. It classes itself, without the alternative, under the law—that

"Most suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed,
Even by the sufferer."

It never gains its end, and eventually perishes by the means itself employs. We have not a word to waste upon its unworthiness, which is transparent. We are quite prepared to find Shelley in London, deep in Spinoza and Novalis, Voltaire and Volney, Condorcet, Rousseau, and Lalande—a kind of reading neither tributary to truth, nor likely to bring satisfaction to a troubled mind. He eagerly drank in infidelity from these sources, and, intoxicated with the confirmation of his views, learned to glory in his shame. The "Inquirer," and the "Political Justice" of Godwin, as might be expected, harmonized with the young enthusiast's views, and led to a personal acquaintance with that writer, which was charged with momentous consequences to Shelley's after life. With something like a predestinated incapacity for belief of the Gospel, the embryo infidel, nevertheless, found place for the crudest psychic and physical theories, about the separation of the soul from the body in sleep, spiritual transmigration, apparitions, animal magnetism, and the portentous nonsense of vegetarianism,—prone to run like an ill-trained pointer at every bird he flushed, while he neglected legitimate game. Materials for his "Queen Mab" grew under his hand during this period, which afterwards expanded in that dreary poem into an attack upon everything which society holds dear; the domestic constitution, the supremacy of law, and revealed religion. It needs no further characterization; it is the embodied spleen of ar Ishmael—the futile "Raze it, raze it,"

of an infatuated Samson, which destroys self more effectually than the foe. Shelley meant it for lava, but it turned out nothing more poetical than bile.

About this period, attracted by the beauty of a school-girl of sixteen, an acquaintance of his sister's, longing probably for sympathy and love, an ordinary weakness of youths of nineteen, and moved by resentment against his father, whom a *mésalliance* would intensely annoy, Shelley ran away to Gretna Green with Harriet Westbrook, and shortly afterwards was married to her with the legal ceremonies usual in England. To say that this poor girl was unsuited to the poet is no impeachment of her goodness, for she was little more than a child when he induced her to elope with him, and from all that appears she was throughout a faithful and worthy wife. Sir Timothy was furious at this fresh outbreak of democratic pravity on the part of his son, which he probably construed into persistent rebellion against parental authority and irreparable disgrace. More than once negotiations were undertaken between father and son to bring about some cession of his rights on the part of Percy, but he steadily refused to yield anything either to menace or conciliation. Opportunity was taken of this contumacy to make the further months of his minority painful from privation, and disgusting from want of sympathy. The young couple were thrown chiefly upon the resources of the wife's father, a respectable retired innkeeper, who allowed them £200 a-year for their support; but this was quite inadequate, from the want of economical knowledge at both sides of the house. We find them flying the assault of poverty in the seclusion of the English lakes, and next in Ireland, where Shelley threw himself into the early agitation for repeal, and published "An Address to the Irish People," wherein he based his claim to accost them on the fact that "he has now been *a week in Dublin* (!), and has made himself acquainted with the public mind." (!!) As might be surmised, this brochure—the birth of a week's gestation—displayed exactly one half the acquaintance with the enigmatic people of our sister island, which Sir George Head's more recent "Fortnight in Ireland" displays; and this latter has never been reputed a work of a profound or satisfactory description. Shelley shortly left Ireland for Wales, where he lived in seeming quiet and content for about a twelvemonth—chewing opium, it must, however, be told, and encountering occasional horrors—and next turns up in London, having been hunted out of two or three Cambrian localities by the dread of assassination, which would seem to have been an insane delusion. But the love that bound him to his girlish bride, which ought to have been cemented by the birth of two children

and the prospect of another, wasted away under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties and discordant tastes. The poor girl, whose fate was linked with his, was probably, like most English maidens, no whit romantic or poetic, and would have sacrificed all the "Zastrozzis" and "Queen Mabs" of Parnassus, for a comfortable fireside, and the respect due to a modest matron. Shelley found the occupation of his mind sufficient to wean him from concern about anything so unpoetic as regular meals at fixed hours—a penny roll eaten in the street with a handful of raisins being in his conception a sumptuous dinner for a man with a book in his hand or a poem in his thoughts: the less ethereal nature of young Mrs. Shelley would probably have relished much more a warm dinner, with its etceteras. From their narrow circumstances they had an uncomfortable home, but it is greatly to be feared the sublime poet, and reformer of all the wrongs of society, did not condescend to make it so happy as he might. A still darker suspicion hangs over the incident of their final separation in the early part of 1814, namely, that Shelley had already given what heart he had to spare to Mary Godwin in an illicit attachment, and thus became anxious to get rid of his wife. The ill-assorted couple parted in the year just named, the lady returning to her father, pregnant by her husband with another child, the mutual confession of the discordant pair that they had never loved each other. This is probably but too true —the attachment being the sensual dream of a mere boy and girl in their teens, yet one which might have grown into something of a more respectable quality, if the elder of the two, the universal philanthropist, had condescended to learn the evangelical lesson of showing "piety at home." We can scarcely restrain our indignation as we read Mr. Middleton's hollow apology for the husband's cruelty and baseness: "That Shelley, who was ever tender towards the meanest thing that crawls upon the earth, treated her with kindness and distinction there can be no doubt, and the scanty evidence we possess sufficiently proves." We reviewers boldly aver that there is no evidence to prove this favourable allegation, and the facts of Shelley's life colour the other side of the case with the deepest hues of probability. We mean not to impute to the poet deliberate ill-usage, but that his absorption in self, and his wrongs, his humanitarian theories, poetical abstractions, delicate health, and the other accidents of his position in all likelihood gave ground for just complaint on the part of his juvenile partner, and led to those mutual recriminations which ended in their disgustful separation. His forsaken wife, a pretty simple creature, was scarcely deposited once more in the home of her childhood ere Shelley seduced Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, a girl of seventeen, from her father's

side, and, married although he was to another, took her with him to the continent of Europe, where a child was in due time the fruit of the amour. On his return to England, in September, 1816, his poor wife, probably stung to madness by his open adultery and unmanly desertion, drowned herself in a pond at the bottom of her father's garden, leaving two helpless children to deplore their lot, and their guilty surviving parent free to marry his paramour, which he did forthwith at the instance of Godwin. This was the only reparation he could make the second Mrs. Shelley for the wrong he had done her, in her abduction two years before, albeit with her own consent. Even she appears to have been worthy of a better fate, like the ill-mated lady whose place in his affections she usurped, than to have been the partner of the wayward, self-indulgent, and utterly reckless poet. After two or three short periods of residence in England, the longest of which was at Marlow in Buckinghamshire, a sojourn marked by a thousand extravagancies—such as haunting the woods of Bisham at midnight for the purpose of invoking the devil—these frantic doings, nevertheless, intermixed with acts of impulsive benevolence—Shelley took his departure finally from England in the year 1818. The painful *éclat* given to his history by the Chancery suit which deprived him of the guardianship of his first wife's children, precipitated this measure of final exile. On the impropriety of interfering with the guardianship of offspring by their own parents, so long as those parents are not demonstrably lunatic and incapable, we have strong opinions; but, the law of England remaining as it is, we admire the spirit of the maternal grandfather, who would not resign the infants of his murdered daughter to their unworthy sire, but claimed the protection of the Court of Chancery for his helpless charge. Nor had Shelley any right to complain, if, himself making light of law, in all his previous course, whenever it opposed his will, the *lex talionis* should overtake him in turn, and the majesty of law make small account of the impotent rebel's will. Ere long the hapless children died, and relieved the Court of its charge, and the parent of his chagrin.

Until this period, with the exception of "Queen Mab," which was published when the poet was twenty-one years of age, he seems to have devoted little time to the composition of poetry. Yet was he evidently born a poet, for his earliest verses are scarcely distinguishable from his latest by any symptom of immaturity or haste. The poem of "Alastor" the production of his twenty-fifth year, will bear comparison with any other that dropped from his pen, for the music of its rhythm, the force of its expression, and the dreamy mysticism of its strain.

"The Revolt of Islam," the longest and most elaborate of his compositions, dates also from this early period,—a poem which is made up of a loud shriek of denunciation against all the actual or possible tyrannies of mankind, relieved by musical wails of more plaintive character—the whole consisting of neither more nor less than a defensive pleading in the Spenserian stanza of boys that dislike being flogged or fagged at school, and of men that prefer concubinage, with license of change, to marriage, which forbids it. As a whole this epic is inferior to others of Shelley's poems, but it boasts of a few of the finest stanzas in the English language in the versification it adopts, and is often more faulty from the inherent weakness of the subject than the failure of the poet. Unwedded love, political revolution, and the regeneration of future ages by means of these specifics—radicalism of the first water, and due commendation of

"Rude pikes, the instrument
Of those who war but on their native ground
For natural rights"—

intermingled with terrible blasphemies addressed directly to highest Heaven in the shape of a hymn to Equality, are the ingredients of "The Revolt of Islam." The briefest sample will suffice to justify our representation of the pernicious character of the work, and to point, with horror mingled with pity, at the breast which laboured in travail with such perilous stuff during the months of its completion. Its social immorality finds its index in the words:—

"Man and woman,
Their common bondage burst, may freely borrow
From lawless love a solace for their sorrow."

A stern sense of duty compels us to quote the next, although painfully repugnant to every reverential feeling, in order that, when Shelley is talked of or commended, his deliberate and recorded sentiments respecting that Gracious Being who is at once the greatest and the best, may furnish a warning against the fascination of his talents, and the romantic misfortunes of his history:—

"Almighty Fear,
The Fiend-God, when our charmed name he hear,
Shall fade like shadow from his thousand fanes,
While Truth with Joy enthron'd o'er his lost empire reigns."

No man who felt or wrote thus could be happy, as, in sober sadness, he had no right to be happy. The misery he deplored was not so much around him, as a fire that scorched his own vitals and consumed his rest. Like Orestes goaded by the Furies, Shelley could make to himself a home nowhere, for no sooner had he pitched upon a suitable domicile than he was all

anxiety to move. He was enabled to shift his quarters as often as he chose, in consequence of his grandfather's death in 1815, which increased his pecuniary resources, and gave wing to his caprices. Hence, at war with England and Christianity, and sick at heart, he resolved to make the southern part of the Continent of Europe his place of abode. He lived thenceforward and died in Italy. But even there he had no home; Geneva, Milan, Pisa, Leghorn, Lucca, Este, Rome, Naples, Florence, and Spezzia, together with minor sojournings and frequent migrations, fill up the space of the four years that yet remained to him to live—a pilgrim and wayfarer his unvarying character to the end. The remorse which breathed no penitence in confession, betrayed itself in restlessness and misery. The burden of the Cain-like stain of blood was greater than the wretched man could bear. The worm that dieth not stung not the less surely for stinging secretly—and the sufferer knew not the way to the

"Comforter
And only Healer when the heart hath bled."

Looking at all the elements of his case, we think that in every likelihood accidental drowning forestalled suicide. The agony of Shelley at times reached the pitch of frenzy; he frequently expressed a desire for death; and none more keenly than he felt that the interval of his endurance would be measured by the length of his life.

"Non prius hi mentem stimuli, quam vita, relinquent,
Quique dolet, citius quam dolor ipse, cadet."

Trelawny, in his interesting notes, which give one a deeper insight into the *morale* of the poet's life than any elaborate biography, tells us that bathing once with Shelley in a deep pool in the Arno, the poet, who could not swim, sank directly to the bottom. His friend fished him out, and when Shelley recovered breath he said: "I always find the bottom of the well, and they say Truth lies there. In another minute I should have found it, and you would have found an empty shell. *It is an easy way of getting rid of the body.*"

"What would Mrs. Shelley have said to me if I had gone back with your empty cage?"

"Don't tell Mary—not a word!" he rejoined; and then continued, "*It's a great temptation;* in another minute I might have been in another planet."

As it is not required in philosophers to be consistent, we are not startled by the reply of Shelley, to a query in the course of the same conversation:—

"Do you believe in the immortality of the spirit?"

He continued: "Certainly not; how can I! We know nothing; we have no evidence; we cannot express our inmost thoughts. They are incomprehensible even to ourselves."

We should like to know what it was which Shelley thought would have been in another planet had his body been drowned.

On another occasion, Shelley having started, in no happy mood it is to be feared, from home in Pisa for a ramble in the pine forest, his wife and Trelawny went in search of him, filled by oppressive fears of the poet's intentions. It was a search of many hours, but at last, with the guidance of a native peasant, the haunt of the poet-errant was found.

"As we advanced, the ground swelled into mounds and hollows. By-and-bye the old fellow pointed with his stick to a hat, books, and loose papers lying about, and then to a deep pool of dark glimmering water, saying, 'Eccolo!' I thought he meant that Shelley was in or under the water. The careless, not to say impatient, way in which the poet bore his burden of life, caused a vague dread amongst his family and friends that he might lose or cast it away at any moment."

This observation of the poet's friend tells its own tale, accompanied as it is by the preceding anxious search.

One more extract will be sufficient: it is from a letter to Mr. Trelawny:—

"You, of course, enter into society at Leghorn; should you meet with any scientific person, capable of preparing the *prussic acid or essential oil of bitter almonds*, I should regard it as a great kindness if you would procure me a small quantity. It requires the greatest caution in preparation, and ought to be highly concentrated. I would give any price for this medicine; you remember we talked of it the other night, and we both expressed a wish to possess it: my wish was serious, and sprang from the desire of avoiding needless suffering. I need not tell you I have no intention of suicide at present, but I confess it would be a comfort to me to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest."

As both the parties are dead, it needs not be disguised that Shelley's second marriage was not a happy one any more than the first; and contracted as it was in so lawless a way, it had almost been a pity if it were. The secret of his married life has been too well kept to enable us to affirm that jealousy interfered with its tranquillity; but the recollection of the antecedents to his second union were not calculated to allay the stings of the yellow monster, while the chartered libertinism of his verses seemed to pronounce him free to make love to every lady he met. We shall but instance that intimate friend's wife, to whom in his last year of existence he wrote in a very ecstasy of passion:—

"O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my cheeks and eyelids pale!"

And the words addressed to a lady in an Italian convent:—

"We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames—oh! wherefore two?"

It is fervently to be hoped the imprisoned fair one did not understand the English verses of her too ardent lover; but his wife knew them, and could not, with any of the natural feelings of women, approve of poetical flirtations that expressed themselves in terms which so far passed the bounds of ordinary delicacy. An expression of Shelley's about his wife exposes the irreconcilably discordant elements of their two natures: "Poor Mary! hers is a sad fate. Come along; she can't bear solitude, nor I society—the quick coupled with the dead."

Thus the fatal Nemesis fails not to visit with her scourge all who sin against the fundamental laws of nature and experience. To revolt is to invite perdition:—

"A heavy price must all pay who thus err—
In some shape: let none think to fly the danger,
For, soon or late, Love is his own avenger."

As these last years of his residence in Italy are those distinguished by the production of his choicest poems, we shall bestow a few paragraphs upon this period of literary fertility, more in explanation of his verses than in commemoration of his life, which was singularly free from vicissitude. At the baths of Lucca the poet resided, when he stole that hurried visit to Byron at Venice which issued in the composition of his "Julian and Maddalo"—one of the most original and remarkable of his pieces—Horatian in its epistolary vivacity and easy flow, like his own letter to Mrs. Gisborne, and pervaded by that mysterious harping upon sorrow, which forms a large share of the fascination of Shelley's poetry. A part of the inspiration under which he wrote he owed to the place; for it laid its spell upon his soul, with its lagunes and its Lido—its domes and turrets, its countless canals and its blue sea waves, its palaces, its pictures, its immortal renown,—but the poem at the same time is essentially Shelleyish throughout. So strong was the attraction of the City of a Hundred Isles that he writes:—

"If I had been an unconnected man,
I, from that moment, should have formed some plan
Never to leave sweet Venice; for to me,
It was delight to ride by the lone sea.

And then the town is silent; one may write
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamps alight,
Unseen, uninterrupted:—books are there,
Pictures and casts from all those statues fair,
Which were twin-born with poetry."

It was in Byron's picturesque little villa, called I Capuccini, at Este, overlooking, from the brow of the hill on which it was built, the wide plains of Lombardy, that this very touching poem was written. The poet's study at this time was a summer-house at the end of his garden. Here too was put together the first act of his "Prometheus Unbound," a drama which we prefer to the "Chained Prometheus" of Æschylus; although we must own that the Greek wail of the immortal Titan is the expression of a mighty sorrow, such as never found fitting utterance in human speech before. Shelley's lines written among the Euganean hills belong to this period, and exhibit great feeling and beauty—the result of domestic sorrow at the loss of an infant, and of frequent watchings of the scenery from his bower, whence he could see,—

"Spread like a green sea
The waveless plains of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air;
Islanded by cities fair."

Amid the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, a ruin vying in picturesque grandeur with the Coliseum, he put his finishing touches upon his "Prometheus." This ruin consists of six enormous chambers, above 200 feet in height, each enclosing a vast area like that of a field. There are, in addition, a number of towers and labyrinthine recesses, hidden and woven over by the wild growth of weeds and ivy. Never was any desolation more sublime or lovely. The perpendicular wall of the ruin is cloven into steep ravines filled up with flowering shrubs, whose thick twisted roots are knotted in the rifts of the stones. In one of the buttresses that supports an immense and lofty arch, which bridges the very winds of heaven, are the tumbling remains of a winding staircase, whose sides are open in many places to the precipice. This the pilgrim may ascend, and arrive on the summit of these piles. There grow on every side thick, entangled wildernesses of myrtle, the bay, the flowering laurustinus, the white fig, and a thousand nameless plants sown by the wandering winds. These sylvan growths on the summits of the ruin are intersected on every side by paths, like sheep tracks through the copse-wood of steep mountains, which wind to every part of the steep labyrinth. Here Shelley spent day after day in a musical and

odorous solitude, elaborating his verses, and taming down his heart into greater subjection to his circumstances, and more happy communion with nature. It was while he lived at Rome that he selected the odious subject of the Cenci for his only completed tragedy, a subject which, with a strange want of delicacy, he suggested to his wife for the exercise of her powers, and which, when he himself finished, he desired to get performed by Miss O'Neill. The manager of Covent Garden Theatre, with a keener sense of propriety, refused, after reading the play, to even submit it to that distinguished actress's perusal.

Pisa became the head-quarters of the poet's later residence in Italy. He removed to that decayed city in January, 1820, where the climate and situation, and the imposing remains of ancient grandeur, harmonized with the temper of both mind and body. The peacefulness of the place suited his love of retirement and the necessities of imperfect health, while the air and the water were about the most salubrious and agreeable to be obtained in the whole country. Its situation had many charms besides: on the banks of the Arno, with mountains at no great distance, and the sea close at hand. Shelley himself has said: "Stand on the marble bridge, and cast your eye, if not dazzled, on its river glowing as in the fire; then follow the graceful curve of the palaces on the Lung' Arno, and tell me if anything can surpass a sunset at Pisa." It was while residing here that he struck off his "Ode to a Skylark," the exquisite cadences of which, combined with its richness of thought and feeling, have ever made it one of the most favourite pieces of the poet. On the death of Keats, in a condition of great suffering and privation, at Rome, Shelley came forth with his Elegy on that young genius cut off in his prime—one of the most musical sets of sepulchral verses since Moschus bewailed Adonis in his tuneful Greek, and Catullus Lesbia's sparrow, in no less tuneful Latin. The most interesting of the verses in this tribute of genius to kindred genius—but which, in every attribute of profound and melting thought, falls infinitely short of the deep pathos of "In Memoriam"—are those which describe the author himself: one of the weaknesses of Shelley being that he makes himself the hero of most of his portraits, as well as the expounder of his peculiar philosophy. There is something to us offensive in this obtrusive egotism, no less than in the perpetual whine he keeps up over his social exclusion, just like the schoolboy culprit who deems the master unjust because he flogs him for robbing an orchard, while the urchin will not learn the duty of observing the eighth commandment and respecting his neighbour's goods:—

"Midst others of less note, came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps, o'er the world's wilderness;
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift—
A love in desolation masked; a power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour:
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

"His head was bound with pansies overblown
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear, topp'd with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew,
Yet dripping with the forest noon-day dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart—
A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's dart."

This, it will be observed, is intensely fanciful; and where fancy so entirely predominates, as it does through this burst of poetic woe, it puts painful sympathy out of the question. We do not deny that Shelley's was a feeling nature, but the fact that he only wrote Keats one letter on his arrival in Italy, and of his death did not hear till several months had elapsed, although no further distance intervened than that between Rome and Pisa, is sufficient proof that his Elegy is no expression of deep personal affection, or of heart-breaking bereavement. Its very structure would forbid such a conclusion, which the author himself styled "a highly-wrought piece of art"—"and perhaps better in point of composition than anything I have written." The poet is too conscious throughout its composition—the artist appears everywhere, in ornamentation, elaboration, and modulation; and the mourner weeping over the dead is lost in the misanthrope bewailing himself. As in the unhallowed joys of his two unions, neither of them blest by the rites of the Church in their commencement, nor with the benediction of consenting parents, so in his griefs the poet was

selfish, instinctively perhaps, and impulsively so, rather than from depraved habit or fixed evil principle. He very keenly felt the degradation of his position, and the aversion with which his countrymen regarded him; hence he writes of the estimation in which he was held:—

"I am regarded by all who know or hear of me, except, I think, on the whole five individuals, as a rare prodigy of crime and pollution, whose look even might infect. This is a large computation, and I don't think I could mention more than three. Such is the spirit of the English abroad as well as at home."

In the same strain, still nearer the end of his career:—

"Imagine my despair of good, imagine how it is possible that one of so weak and sensitive a nature as mine can run further the gauntlet through this hellish society of men." . . . . "My greatest content would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our dear child to a solitary island in the sea, would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the flood-gates of the world."

To all which we have only to reply, that the moral sentiment of the greater part of mankind is confessedly a mere prejudice—an echo of the opinion of those who are competent to judge, and who lead the multitude in their train—but it is something to find even that prejudice enlisted on virtue's side. Poets will raise their laugh, and critics their sneer against the pruderies of the "unco guid, and rigidly righteous;" at the same time it is well to observe, that there are such things as unusual goodness, and rigid righteousness; and that these are, at least, as worthy of being cried up, as their base assumption and hypocritical imitation deserve to be cried down. It cannot be doubted, nor need it be concealed, that much of the denunciation of the living Shelley was blind and unreasoning—a demonstration of feeling rather than the exercise of judgment—a hue-and-cry of outraged custom, rather than an enlightened censure of violated morals. It may be allowed to be all this, and yet claim our respect as an expression of opinion on the part of the community at large on the class of offences of which Shelley was guilty. Better, far better, that he, the guilty individual, should suffer with undue severity for the misery he brought into at least three homes—for the wrong done to morals by his pernicious example, and the presumptuous justification of his faults in many a printed page—than that the general abhorrence of mankind of irreligion and adultery should be lessened in any degree.

One of the slanderous reports of which Shelley found reason to complain, at the period when he wrote the last bitter arraign-

ment of human prejudices, was that his sanity of mind was seriously impeached. Mr. Middleton did not apprehend the nature of the charge when he wrote:—

"The pleasure of this visit [to Byron, at Ravenna], and its result, was considerably marred by another scandal which Shelley found himself long to have been the victim of, and now for the first time heard from the lips of Byron.

"Its exact nature does not transpire, though it is quite evident from Shelley's allusions to it, that it was of a most villanous character. It had been told to Byron, with a request that he would not tell it to Shelley. But Byron, as Shelley truly observes, was not the man to keep a secret, good or bad; and, it may be added, Byron was one of the few who knew how to despise the calumnies which malice so often invents."

That we have hit upon the true solution of the mystery, in the alternative suggested above, we think clear, from Shelley's allusion to the report, in a letter to his wife: "The calumnies, the sources of which are probably deeper than we perceive, have ultimately for object the depriving us of the means of subsistence." They had no further effect, we may as well subjoin, than that of causing deep irritation and annoyance to the poet.

At this point of his history occurs the interlude of the projected and abortive journal, *The Liberal*, which Leigh Hunt was to edit, and which was to be enriched with the contributions of "all the Talents" of the Exiles. For this almost still-born quarterly, Shelley wrote those fine translations which appear in his works, and which exhibit a happy adaptation of his pen for that kind of literary composition. These in themselves might have animated the dead mass of false philosophy and ribald rubbish with which they were associated.

As Hunt's person was in pledge in England for a matter of some £1,500 or so, an obligation which literary men in London, depending wholly on literature for their subsistence, could very readily contract, to release him from his embarrassment, and leave him free from gyves of debt and fear of duns to travel southwards, Shelley most generously made him a present of the whole required sum. Few men would have deemed themselves bound to exercise so large a liberality on the occasion; and we must give our poet the credit, if credit it be, of not seeming to know the value of money. It is true he never knew the anxiety of earning it, and this may account for his thoughtless expenditure. The record of the sojourn in Italy of the still surviving *littérateur*, Leigh Hunt, may be found in his journal, published on his return; from the severity of the tone

of which, in relation to Lord Byron, impartiality will make serious deductions. In it he records a saying of his benefactor Shelley: "I spent one delightful afternoon with him, wandering about Pisa, and visiting the cathedral. A remark Shelley made on that occasion is characteristic. Standing in those magnificent aisles while the organ was playing, which deeply affected him, he exclaimed: 'What a divine religion might be found out, if charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith!'" This expression of the poet, it behoves us to show, argues either indomitable prejudice, which would not allow itself to be convinced of the loving nature of true religion, or else singular misapprehension of the inspired volume. The thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians is a sufficient vindication of charity as the fundamental principle of the Gospel of Christ, while love is elsewhere made the perfection of Christian attainment and the fulfilling of the law.

We now verge toward the catastrophe which closed Shelley's days of probation on earth—a catastrophe in melancholy keeping with the tragic character of his life. A retired officer from India, of the name of Williams, resided with his wife in Pisa, with whom Shelley's family struck up an intimacy of the closest kind. The gentlemen sympathized with each other in delicacy of health, as well as in their common taste for boating and sea-life. In the summer of 1822, Lord Byron had had built for himself a splendid schooner of 200 tons, the "Bolivar;" and Shelley and his friend Williams, as enamoured of the water as he, but more economical in their expenditure, ordered an open boat of a serviceable kind from the same builders. It was twenty-four feet long, eight in the beam, schooner-rigged, with gaff topsails, &c., and drew four feet water. It must have closely resembled in appearance one of our smaller English pleasure-yachts. When it reached its eagerly expectant proprietors, they were residing with both their families under the roof of the Casa Magni, an uncomfortable lodging on the magnificent Gulf of Spezzia. Here they enjoyed a rude style of accommodation, such as Englishmen, who are always railing at their own country when in it, would never submit to at home. "Had we been wrecked," says Mrs. Shelley, "on an island in the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves farther from civilization and comfort; but where the sun shines the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough of society among ourselves." In the boat, when it arrived, the poet's days were principally passed; and the weather being fine, and the sea calm, the whole party frequently spent their evenings on the water—evenings that sometimes advanced far into the night.

On the arrival of Hunt in Leghorn from Genoa, where he had landed from England, Shelley hastened to meet him in his fatal craft. He started with his friend on the 1st July, 1822, in better health and spirits than usual, and ran down the distance in nine hours and a half. The meeting was pleasant, and he accompanied the new arrival to Pisa, to see him established there under Lord Byron's roof. This done, Williams and Shelley steered away from the harbour of Leghorn, on the 8th of July, with a light and favourable breeze, direct for Spezzia, hoping to reach home that night; but a squall came on when they were opposite Via Reggio, accompanied with thunder and lightning—and when the sky cleared, the spy-glass, that had watched their progress so far, found no object within its range, where it had but just before discerned their tiny bark; and the natural inference was, that the vessel had gone down along with its unhappy crew. A horrible uncertainty pervaded the bosoms of both families and their common friends for several days, which was only dissipated by a more horrible certainty, when, a fortnight afterwards, the bodies were washed up on the Tuscan shore. In Shelley's bosom was found a copy of Keats's poems—the last book he had been reading. It were superfluous here to narrate how the government forbidding the transit of the corpses through their territory to Rome and England respectively, the deceased were burned by their friends, and their ashes reserved for interment elsewhere. The interest of our narrative ceases with the death of the hero. His remains were conveyed to the Protestant cemetery at Rome, and there deposited close to the tomb of Cestius, under the weed-grown tower, which looks down in antique beauty on the many English who sleep beneath its shade. This is the very spot of which, with characteristic effeminacy of sentiment, Shelley wrote in the preface to his "Adonais:" "It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

Resuming our function of censor of morals, now that we have disposed of the biographical incidents, we must in candour say that we see a divine Nemesis in the death by drowning of the unhappy Shelley. It was thus that his forsaken wife died —the impulse to her suicide being the pang of desertion. And while we allow that thousands of criminals escape visible punishment in this world, we are none the more slow to recognise the hand of penal justice, when a condign visitation befalls a notorious transgressor. We do not desire to press this point unduly upon the acceptance of our readers, but content ourselves with the expression of our personal conviction.

Without having recourse to the doctrine of visible judgments, and as far from seeking them as others, where sufficient sensibility exists to be susceptible of feeling we look to *conscience* to wield the main scourge over the guilty. No ear hears the lash, and no eye detects the torturers, but the *Diræ* are within, doing their dismal function on the wrong-doer, whose sardonic smile betrays his woe. The terrible restlessness of Shelley disclosed his uneasiness of soul: like the unclean spirit, it was ever seeking rest, and finding none—he seemed hunted from place to place, yet only to encounter in every fresh locality *terror ubique, ubique tremor, timor undique, et undique terror.* He was evidently a person under the thraldom of superstitious fears, the progeny partly of his organization, in greatest part, perhaps, of his sins. He saw visions and heard words that bereft him for the time of reason and consciousness. Soon after his arrival at Casa Magni, he one night alarmed the house with loud and piercing screams. The Williamses rushed out of their rooms; and Mrs. Shelley, who only a few days before had miscarried, got as far as the door and fainted. They found Shelley in the saloon, with his eyes wide open, and gazing on vacancy with a horror as though he saw a spectre. He was in a deep trance. On waking him he related the vision that had occasioned this dismay. He thought that a figure, wrapped in a mantle, came to his bedside and beckoned him; he got up and followed the retreating form; when they had reached the drawing-room, the phantom lifted the hood of the cloak, and disclosed a skeleton.

On another occasion, the poet and his friend were walking together on the terrace in the evening, talking in a somewhat melancholy strain. Observing the effect of moonlight on the water, Shelley complained of unusual nervousness, which Williams to some extent encouraged by confessing that he had felt the same. On this, the poet stopping suddenly, grasped his companion violently by the arm, and stared steadfastly at the white surf which broke upon the beach at their feet. Williams asked him was he in pain; but he only answered by saying, "There it is again—there!" After some time he recovered; and declared that he saw, as plainly as he saw his companion, the naked figure of a child in the water. Is it not allowable to conjecture that it was the form of his girl-wife, but that the confession would have been too humiliating for his manhood, and that he disguised it into the vision of a child? That action of conscience, which Shakspere has clothed with such picturesque horror in Lady Macbeth and her husband, which made the wretches cry—

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy!"—

became in the case of Shelley a terrible reality. He evidently could not bear to be alone. "Thick-coming fancies" of appalling shape were his familiars. His misery infected every one about him; for it was misery unrelieved by a ray, except when society won him to occasional forgetfulness. It was this brooding sorrow, or symptomatic insanity, that filled his wife with the fears she confesses to have entertained—"an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind." Our sympathy is freely accorded to the wretched sufferer, in as far as he was a sufferer; we gloat not over the misery which found occasion to exclaim—

"Heu quantum misero pœnæ mens conscia donat!"

But we note the fact. We never saw this experience of the poet stated, but we recognise the symptoms too clearly to be mistaken, and they admit one into the secret of "the horror of great darkness" that had fallen upon his soul. These are something widely distinct from the poetical sorrows which sentimental persons find in his temperament, and more prosaic natures discover in his state of health or circumstances. They are, moreover, a class of feelings which all his friends have shown themselves studious to conceal. These we drag into day with no purpose of insult over the untimely dead, but to point the moral of our tale. What the Roman sage had wisdom to know, and many an ancient pagan sorrowfully exemplified—

"Conscia facti
Mens habet attonitos et surdo verbere cædit
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum"—

and what Revelation has denounced as the doom of the offender, *that* our poet writhed under, whether he confessed the plague or no. There is something, however, like it in the stanza of the "Adonais," which directly follows the three already quoted in these pages as containing a portrait of himself; an acknowledgment that he bore the brand of the first murderer on his brow, although he couples it with an alternative little creditable to his modesty and self-appreciation, even if acquitted of the inconsistency of making Christ the best of men here, whom in the notes to "Queen Mab" he has not trembled to assign a place among the worst. A few lines will suffice for our purpose, and these are they:—

"Who art thou?
He answer'd not, but with a sudden hand,
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's—or Christ's."

The alternative makes all the difference in the brand; the one marks the displeasure of heaven; the other, only the caprice of the mob, that never has known nor honoured its best benefactors. We cannot doubt that, disgust with himself, which he must have been too enlightened not to feel, conspired with his social isolation to embitter Shelley's first winter in Italy, and gave rise to the following utterance of as deep a sadness as a human being seemed capable of surviving:—

"STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

"The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light,
The breath of the moist air is slight
Around its unexpanded buds:
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's.

"I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strewn;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;
I sit upon the sand alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,—
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

"Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around;
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

"Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,

And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

"Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is done,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet."

What follows is equally dolorous, but is conceived in a more defiant spirit. It is from the poem called "Misery."

"Misery! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother
Living in the same lone home,
Many years: we must live some
Hours or ages yet to come.

"'Tis an evil lot, and yet
Let us make the best of it;
If love can live when pleasure dies,
We two will love, till in our eyes
This hearts' Hell seem Paradise."

Such words as these are a fearful index of the state of the poet's heart. Suffering, as in the case of Prometheus, might crush but could not subdue him. His heart hardened into stone, or rent into ruin under the pressure of agony, but did not give way to the impulse of amendment. Remorse corroded his bosom with its vulture-beak: repentance chastened not with its salutary discipline unto newness of life. Overtaken in the Slough of a mortal Despond, there he made up his mind to abide with a desperate "Let us make the best of it." Such a man could not be relieved of his burden; to him the law thundered its anathema, the Gospel whispered its grace, in vain.

We cannot but find serious fault with the perpetual portraiture of himself which makes his more striking poems monotonous repetitions of an unattractive photograph. This is a form of auto-latreia to which Shelley is greatly addicted—a weakness even if the original presented a more comely ideal,

but an infatuation when the figure sketched is a lean and slippered hypochondriac, at war with the laws of society, and thrust from its pale—whose whole utterance is either a denunciation or a dirge. Miserable self-tormentors are not an agreeable spectacle in fact—wasted shadows of men, spectres that move amongst their kind, like skeletons at Egyptian feasts, and without any salutary purpose like the Memphian mummy—and it is eminently disagreeable to produce them in fiction. The attenuation of body with which Shelley endows his heroes—

> "His listless hand
> Hung like dead bone within its wither'd skin"—

(and yet the starveling Alastor did prodigies in the way of travelling after this) is the result either of bodily disease, or of mental fever which acts on the frame like disease; and to seek the production of poetical effects by such representations as these is a mistake in art, while it betrays an inherent effeminacy and weakness in the author. This is characteristic of Shelley's verses throughout. They literally batten on ill-health. They are a pharmacopœia without the sanitary prescription or the hope of recovery. They weary one with the monotony of their complaints, and only boast a kind of hysteric strength, when they deal with political subjects. Here their strength is spasm, as witness:—

> "The fiery mountains answer each other—
> Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone,
> The tempestuous oceans awake one another,
> And the ice-rocks are shaken round Winter's throne,
> When the clarion of the Typhoon has blown."

Yet even spasm is strength; and we prefer Shelley strong, though in convulsion, to Shelley weak, in collapse and decay.

To speak of Shelley's poetry specifically, we have not left ourselves adequate space. Looking at his poetical creations in the broadest point of view, they present us with a poet spoiled by being a philosopher. There was so deep a substratum of emotion in the man Shelley, combined with imaginative power, and a wealth of appropriate expression, that he could not have failed in achieving a larger and better grounded poetic reputation than he has done, had he not swerved off into the quaking bog of socialistic philosophy, and there bemired his shining talents, if he could not utterly sink them out of sight. But as impossible would he have found it to become a mere philosopher, for his nature was too wavering and emotional ever to yield itself to the rigid mould of logical consistency —to become a thing of intellectual links and sequences, apart

from feeling whether right or wrong,—to metamorphose itself into granite before the Medusa's head of the omnipotent syllogism. His poetry made his philosophy weak — his philosophy made his poetry sour, like whigged milk. Hence we come to pass judgment on an article which from its antecedents is unsound, hybrid, neither one thing nor the other. We deny not that it has a charm, we ourselves feel its fascination, but this arises from our weakness, not from its strength. We like, in this case, as in a thousand other instances, what we do not approve. Our easy entertainment admits what our unbiassed judgment condemns. The poetry of Shelley, like the man himself, is of that kind which

"Men love not, and yet regret."

All the larger poems of the bard, including therein his "Revolt of Islam," "Queen Mab," "Hellas," and the "Prometheus Unbound," we regard as poetical failures. We do not, of course, mean that there is not much of a high order of poetry in each of these pieces, but that in no one of them is any definite impression made upon the reader, except that of an occasional admiration of the writer's powers. We look upon the painted cloud or rainbow they draw overhead, but the conviction never leaves us in our moments of most enraptured gaze that they are only curiously tinted vapour. We do not include "The Cenci" in this general characterization, because, as a work of art, this melancholy tragedy does not so entirely fail of its end. Its subject, already referred to in this paper, drives it from the stage, and renders its perusal repulsive, save for the exigencies of criticism. The excellency of Shelley's versification is seen in his smaller pieces, especially in those which exclude a reference to his own morbid experiences. We can scarcely include "The Sensitive Plant" amongst this scanty number; for, although its versification is the perfection of word-music, there is a doleful moral about the versified apologue, which to ourselves impairs, if it does not destroy its charm. "The Cloud" is possessed of great beauty, and "The Skylark," the latter of which we have mentioned before; and we ourselves are partial to the "Odes to the West Wind," with their high-strung nervous sensibility, and "The Triumph of Life," with its fanciful character-painting. But we are inclined to assign the palm of preference to the "Hymn of Pan" above all the other imaginative minor strains of the poet, redolent as it is of the true classical spirit which is one of enjoyment, not brooding sorrow, and conveyed, in measures as sparkling

as the sentiments that glisten through its strain. To save the trouble of reference, we quote it entire: —

"From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb,
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reed and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

"Liquid Penéus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day.
Speeded, by my sweet pipings,
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the Woods and Waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns
And the brink of the dewy caves;
And all that did them attend and follow,
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

"I sang of the dancing stars—
I sang of the daedal earth,
And of Heaven, and the Giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth;
And then I chang'd my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Mænalus
I pursued a maiden and clasp'd a reed;
Gods and men! we are all deluded thus—
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings."

This we think perfect: musical as the Pandean reeds of the Roman harvest-field, merry as the Floralia, and dipped in the genuine fountain of Hippocrene. There is here no weeping and wailing, and impotent gnashing of teeth, but a sunny realization of old-world fancies warm with life and featured with truth. Here is none of that beating of "his breast and beak against his wiry dome, till the blood tinge his plumage," the too exclusive entertainment of his muse; none of that ostentatious crouching under the dark cloud which to him

shuts out heaven, but which a better spirit would have found baptismal and healthful, like that which shed its salutary drops on Israel in the wilderness. The best side of the poet and the man comes out in these little runlets of tuneful song such as justify Wordsworth's allegation that Shelley was the greatest master of harmonious verse in our modern literature. For the rest, our judgment must be summed up in the words of a deceased poet and critic, who was by no means disposed to bear unduly hard upon a brother bard. Speaking of the deliberate opinions of the subject of our paper, Dr. Moir, of Musselburgh, says: "They are a mere flaring up in the face of all that Revelation has mercifully disclosed, and all that sober reason has confirmed. Shelley's faith was a pure psychological negation, and cannot be confuted, simply because it asserts nothing, and under the childish idea that all the crime, guilt, and misery of the world resulted from—what?—not the depravity of individuals, but from the very means, civil and ecclesiastical, by which these, in all ages and nations, have been at least attempted to be controlled. He seemed to take an insane delight in selecting, for poetical illustration, subjects utterly loathsome and repulsive; and which religion and morality, the virtuous and the pure, the whole natural heart and spirit of upright man either rises up in rebellion against, or shrinks back from instinctively, and with horror." This is honest and true. Shelley has had too many apologists and abettors. Both the works at the head of this article are written in advocacy of the poet; they are, nevertheless, the best antidote to the poison of his verses, in the restless misery they pourtray as the result of his principles.

ART. III.—THE KINGDOM OF OUDE.

A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude, in 1849—50; *by direction of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-General. With Private Correspondence relative to the Annexation of Oude to British India, &c.* By Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman, K.C.B., Resident at the Court of Lucknow. In Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1858.

HOWEVER divided public opinion may be as to whether the present is or is not the proper time to legislate for India, no one can entertain any doubt that a period is fast approaching, when we must address ourselves steadfastly and seriously to the important and difficult task of altering and amending the

laws which at present regulate the government of our Eastern Empire. But, in order to do this effectually, it is necessary to obtain the most accurate and extensive information from every accessible and reliable source, with regard to the position and feelings of the people of Hindostan; and, especially with regard to the causes which have produced the recent rebellion, which came upon us like a thunderstroke, which has brought mourning into many a British home, and whose desolating progress has only been arrested after an expenditure of life and treasure, which it will take years of peace and good government to supply. Many of those who have undertaken to furnish us with information upon these subjects have, unfortunately, opposed and contradicted each other in every possible way, especially upon the important inquiry as to the causes of the present outbreak; and have been so strongly and so evidently actuated by a factious and party spirit, that we have been compelled to receive their assertions with suspicion and distrust; and it is, therefore, with a feeling of relief and satisfaction that we turn to a careful and elaborate work, written by a distinguished officer, for more than forty years resident in India; so placed as to have the best opportunity of procuring the most accurate information; and whose habits of punctuality and industry enabled him to make the best use of the advantages which he enjoyed. Such a work is General Sleeman's "Journey through the Kingdom of Oude," a sketch of which we shall now proceed to place before our readers. And, in the first place, with the view of showing how strong are its author's claims to attention, we may state a few facts with regard to his Eastern career. In 1809, at the age of twenty-one, he proceeded to India as a cadet, and, after passing with distinction through the various grades of professional advancement, obtained the rank of Major-General in November, 1854, was afterwards, on Lord Dalhousie's recommendation, nominated a K.C.B., and died in the beginning of 1856, during his passage from Calcutta to England. Early in his career he served in the Nepaulese war, and afterwards distinguished himself so much by his activity and success in the suppression of the horrid practice of Thuggism, that he was employed exclusively in the Thuggee department; and the valuable papers upon this subject, submitted to the Governor-General, were chiefly drawn up by him. Subsequently, he acted for some years as Resident, at Gwalior; and, in 1849, was removed to the highly-important office of Resident at the Court of Lucknow, which he held until 1856. During this period, he used every means to obtain the best information with regard to the kingdom of Oude; and, in

1849—50, by Lord Dalhousie's directions, made a journey through it, observing with the utmost attention the capabilities of the country, the life and habits of its landed aristocracy: its government officials, its peasantry, the abuses in its administration, and the best means of remedying them; in short, everything which might enable him to present to the Governor-General and the East India Company, a complete and accurate description of the country and the people in which they had so deep an interest. The results of this journey, and some most interesting correspondence between Lord Dalhousie and the author, upon Indian affairs, particularly with regard to the policy to be pursued with reference to the kingdom of Oude, are contained in the volumes before us.

General Sleeman's views were directly opposed to the annexation of Oude, and these views he repeatedly and distinctly states, in his correspondence with Lord Dalhousie, affirming that such a step would cost the British power more than the value of ten such kingdoms, and would inevitably lead to a mutiny of the sepoys. The picture which his diary of his "Journey through the Kingdom of Oude" presents to us, does, however, afford, on the ground of humanity at least, a strong excuse for Lord Dalhousie's policy of annexation. He shows us a weak and foolish king, abandoned to singers, poetasters, and women, to the utter neglect of all his kingly duties; a ministry venal, rapacious, cruel, and cowardly; courts of law systematically protecting and liberating the most atrocious criminals, whenever they had gold enough to bribe their judges; a robber aristocracy, living in strong forts, surrounded by impenetrable jungle, defying the power of the crown, making constant war upon each other, and subjecting the lower classes to the most fearful oppression, by constantly kidnapping men and women, and putting them to horrible tortures, in order to extort a ransom. All this he describes, clearly and forcibly, without any attempt at exaggeration, or attempt to excite the feelings; but his simple narrative of the lives of Bhoree Khan and Maheput Sing, two of the most villanous and successful of these baronial robbers, must fill every mind with a shuddering sensation of disgust and horror, and furnishes a strong apology for the interference of the Governor-General, who could not safely tolerate the continuance of such a state of anarchy and oppression on his very borders. It may here, perhaps, be remarked as a curious fact, that, if we cast a glance back upon our own annals to the times of the earlier Norman kings, we shall find, in the Saxon chronicler quoted by Henry, in his "History of Great Britain," a description of a state of society, bearing a wonderful resemblance to the disorders of the war-

like aristocracy of Oude previous to its annexation. He thus speaks of the conduct of the Norman barons, in the days of King Stephen: "They grievously oppressed the poor people by building castles; and when they were built, they filled them with wicked men, or rather devils, who seized both men and women who they imagined had any money, threw them into prison, and put them to more cruel tortures than the martyrs ever endured. They suffocated some in mud, and suspended others by the feet or the head, or the thumbs, kindling fires below them. They squeezed the heads of some with knotted cords till they pierced their brains, while they threw others into dungeons swarming with serpents, snakes, and toads." From this it would appear that the English nobility in the twelfth century were but little better than the aristocracy of Oude in the nineteenth; for, except that the Norman barons built castles of stone instead of mud forts, and that their methods of torture differed a little from those of their Eastern imitators, the description of the Saxon chronicler tallies exactly with that of General Sleeman.

The results of the misgovernment of Oude have been most melancholy. Evil rulers have rendered useless the finest climate and the most fertile soil, and the systematic neglect of agriculture, commerce, and public works, has brought its own punishment. The half of the kingdom of Oude was ceded to us in 1801, by treaty with the then reigning monarch; and, at that time, the revenue derived from the portion given up to the Company was just equal to that of the portion retained by the king; yet, in the course of half a century, the revenue derived from the Company's half was nearly doubled, while that of the half retained, instead of increasing, was materially diminished. This may seem to many to favour the policy of annexation; but we are, nevertheless, inclined to think General Sleeman's arguments against it unanswerable. In a letter written in 1854—5, he says:—

"I desire a strict adherence to solemn engagements, whether made with white faces or black. We have no right to confiscate Oude; but we have a right, under the treaty of 1837, to take the management of it, but not to appropriate its revenues to ourselves. We can do this with honour to our Government, and benefit to the people. To confiscate would be dishonest and dishonourable. To annex would be to give the people a government almost as bad as their own if we put our screw upon them."

In a letter to Lord Dalhousie, he says:—

"While we have a large portion of the country under native rulers, their administration will contrast with ours greatly to our advantage in the estimation of the people; and we may be sure that,

though some may be against us, many will be for us. If we succeed in sweeping them all away, or absorbing them, we shall be at the mercy of our native army, and they will see it; and accidents may possibly occur to unite them, or a great portion of them, in some desperate act. The thing is possible, though improbable; and the best provision against it seems to me to be the maintenance of native rulers, whose confidence and affection can be engaged, and administrations improved, under judicious management."

Afterwards, he says:—

"The treaty of 1837 gives our Government ample authority to take the administration on ourselves, in order to secure what we have often pledged ourselves to secure to the people; but if we do this, we must, in order to stand well with the rest of India, honestly and distinctly disclaim all interested motives, and appropriate the whole of the revenues for the benefit of the people and royal family of Oude. If we do this, all India will think us right, for the sufferings of the people of Oude under the present system have been long notorious throughout India; and so have our repeated pledges to relieve the people from these sufferings, unless the system should be altered. Fifty years of sad experience have shown to us, and to all India, that this system is incapable of improvement under the present dynasty; and that the only alternative is, for the paramount power to take the administration upon itself. Were we to take advantage of the occasion to *annex* or *confiscate* Oude, or any part of it, our good name in India would inevitably suffer; and that good name is more valuable to us than a dozen of Oudes. We are now looked up to throughout India, as the only impartial arbitrators that the people generally have ever had, or can ever hope to have without us; and from the time we cease to be looked up to, we must begin to sink. We suffered from our conduct in Scinde; but that was a country distant and little known, and linked to the rest of India by few ties of sympathy. Our conduct towards it was preceded by wars and convulsions around, and, in its annexation, there was nothing manifestly deliberate. It will be otherwise with Oude. Here the giant's strength is manifest, and we cannot 'use it like a giant' without suffering in the estimation of all India. Annexation or confiscation are not compatible with our relations with this little dependent state. We must show ourselves to be high-minded, and above taking advantage of its prostrate weakness, by appropriating its revenues exclusively to the benefit of the people and royal family of Oude. We should soon make it the finest garden in India, with the people happy, prosperous, and attached to our rule and character."

Having thus cited the opinion of this able and experienced officer, whose position as Resident at Lucknow gave him the best possible opportunities of judging of the proper line of policy to be pursued with regard to the kingdom of Oude, we shall now shortly advert to the diary kept by him of his progress

through it in 1849—50, in order to show what are the capabilities of the country which (whether rightly or wrongly) we have so unceremoniously annexed; whose annexation is by many believed to have been the principal cause of the present rebellion; and in and around whose capital, the rebels are at present concentrated for their last and desperate struggle. The area of Oude is about 15,000 square miles, and it consists almost entirely of a fertile plain, intended by nature to be the garden of India, and intersected in every direction by rivers, so that water for irrigation is always to be found. No part of Hindostan enjoys so many natural advantages. The climate is excellent; and no soil can be finer, the whole vast plain being capable of tillage, so that a few years of tolerable government would make it the richest country in India. The population is about five millions; that of the overgrown capital city of Lucknow, now the focus of rebellion, being but little under one million. Immediately before the annexation, General Sleeman characterizes the peasantry as the boldest and most industrious in India, and the landed aristocracy as stronger than the crown. Unfortunately, the warlike habits of these nobles were exercised entirely against their fellow-countrymen. In Oude, all men who considered arms as their proper profession, believed themselves justified in using them to extort the means of subsistance from all who had wealth, while they had none, and could no longer find what they considered a suitable employment. All the Rajpoots belonged to this class, and the greater number of the Oude landholders were Rajpoots. Many of the Mohammedan rural population also belonged to this tribe, as well as many of the Brahmins. These Rajpoots found no difficulty in recruiting, from disbanded soldiers, and from the Pausies, bands of robbers equally unscrupulous and daring, who preyed upon the country, and were a constant terror and scourge to the peaceful inhabitants. The Pausies are hereditary thieves. Robbery is their profession; and, in Oude, in General Sleeman's time, there were supposed to be 100,000 families of Pausies. Many of them adopted poisoning as a trade; and, as a tribe, they formed the very worst part of the Oude population. They used the bow and arrow with remarkable expertness; were skilful in every species of theft and robbery; and served any rapacious landholder, or enterprising gang-robber, without wages, for the sake of the booty to be acquired. It seems highly probable that many of these incorrigible scoundrels have recruited the ranks of the rebel sepoys now arrayed against us, allured either by the hope of plunder, or of vengeance against those from whose prompt justice they have more than once severely suffered.

Goomtee winds exceedingly and cuts into the soil, in some places to the depth of fifty feet. In such spots there are deep ravines, and the landholders add to the natural difficulties of the position by planting trees and underwood to afford a shelter to themselves and their followers when at war with Government. These trees and bushes they preserve with the utmost care, and any attempt to cut them would be made at the peril of life. The landholders on the level plains also cultivate the same jungle. Their mud forts are erected in the midst of these jungles; and are surrounded by a ditch and a dense fence of living bamboos, through which cannon shot cannot penetrate, and through which man can proceed only by a narrow and zig-zag pathway, commanded by the matchlocks of the garrison. When driven out by shells—the most effectual means of attack upon such forts—the garrison can easily retire at night, with but little risk, through the bamboo fence and surrounding jungle and brushwood, by paths known only to themselves. In these jungles the landholders find shooting, fishing, and security for themselves and families, grazing ground for their horses and cattle, and fuel and grass for their followers; and they can hardly understand how landholders of the same rank in other countries can contrive to live happily without them. The man who, by violence, fraud, and collusion, absorbs the estates of his weaker neighbours, and creates a large one for himself, in any part of Oude, however richly cultivated and thickly peopled, provides himself with one or two mud forts, and turns the country around them into a jungle, which he considers to be equally indispensable for his comfort and security. These mud forts have often proved very formidable even to the valour of disciplined troops led by European officers. In 1841, Captain Hollings, in command of the 2nd battalion of Oude Local Infantry, was repulsed in an attack upon one of them and obliged to leave his killed and wounded behind him; and, in 1850, in an attack upon the forts of Bheta and Munmutpore, a strong native force commanded by European officers, was driven back with great loss; the 10th Native Infantry having nearly forty men killed and wounded, and the 2nd Oude Local Infantry about thirty. In this latter case, however, the garrisons of both the forts evacuated them and retired unmolested through the jungle. These mud forts may yet give us much annoyance; but it is perfectly clear that until they are destroyed along with the belts of jungle that protect them, and until the robber aristocracy who have too long defied the feeble government of Oude, and oppressed its helpless peasantry, are crushed along with them, there can be no security for life or property, and no permanent peace in that distracted kingdom.

the old wolf bolted with her three whelps and the boy. The trooper mounted and pursued, followed by the fleetest young men of the party; and, as the ground over which they had to fly was more even, he headed them, and turned the whelps and the boy back upon the men on foot, who secured the boy, and let the old dam and her three cubs go on their way.

"They took the boy to the village, but had to tie him, for he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into every hole or den they came near. They tried to make him speak, but could get nothing from him but an angry growl or snarl. He was kept for several days at the village, and a large crowd assembled every day to see him. When a grown-up person came near him he became alarmed and tried to steal away; but when a child came near him, he rushed at it, with a fierce snarl like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When any cooked meat was put before him, he rejected it in disgust; but when any raw meat was offered, he seized at it with avidity, put it on the ground under his paws, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him. The trooper remained with him for four or five days, and then returned to the governor, leaving the boy in charge of the Rajah of Hasempoor. He related all that he had seen, and the boy was soon after sent to the European officer commanding the 1st regiment of Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpoor, Captain Nicholetts, by order of the Rajah of Hesempoor, who was at Chandour, and saw the boy when the trooper first brought him to that village. This account is taken from the Rajah's own report of what had taken place."

General Sleeman adds, that this boy could never be persuaded to wear any clothing, even in the coldest weather; a quilt stuffed with cotton was given him when the season became cold, but he tore it to pieces and devoured it. His appetite was enormous; on several occasions he ate half a lamb without any apparent effort. His features were coarse, and his countenance repulsive. He died while under the charge of Captain Nicholetts, in August, 1850.

We shall conclude our notice of General Sleeman's most interesting and seasonable work, by some account of the jungles of Oude and the mud forts of the robber aristocracy, which may yet give us much trouble and occasion us great loss, even after the main force of the rebels has been destroyed or driven from Lucknow. These jungles have been created and are preserved by the lawless aristocracy of Oude solely for the purpose of defence. There are twenty-four belts or bands of impenetrable jungle occupying the most fertile soil, and under the finest climate, which might easily be brought under cultivation, and covered with happy village communities. These belts occupy 886 square miles of the country. The little river

Goomtee winds exceedingly and cuts into the soil, in some places to the depth of fifty feet. In such spots there are deep ravines, and the landholders add to the natural difficulties of the position by planting trees and underwood to afford a shelter to themselves and their followers when at war with Government. These trees and bushes they preserve with the utmost care, and any attempt to cut them would be made at the peril of life. The landholders on the level plains also cultivate the same jungle. Their mud forts are erected in the midst of these jungles; and are surrounded by a ditch and a dense fence of living bamboos, through which cannon shot cannot penetrate, and through which man can proceed only by a narrow and zig-zag pathway, commanded by the matchlocks of the garrison. When driven out by shells—the most effectual means of attack upon such forts—the garrison can easily retire at night, with but little risk, through the bamboo fence and surrounding jungle and brushwood, by paths known only to themselves. In these jungles the landholders find shooting, fishing, and security for themselves and families, grazing ground for their horses and cattle, and fuel and grass for their followers; and they can hardly understand how landholders of the same rank in other countries can contrive to live happily without them. The man who, by violence, fraud, and collusion, absorbs the estates of his weaker neighbours, and creates a large one for himself, in any part of Oude, however richly cultivated and thickly peopled, provides himself with one or two mud forts, and turns the country around them into a jungle, which he considers to be equally indispensable for his comfort and security, These mud forts have often proved very formidable even to the valour of disciplined troops led by European officers. In 1841, Captain Hollings, in command of the 2nd battalion of Oude Local Infantry, was repulsed in an attack upon one of them and obliged to leave his killed and wounded behind him; and, in 1850, in an attack upon the forts of Bheta and Munmutpore, a strong native force commanded by European officers, was driven back with great loss; the 10th Native Infantry having nearly forty men killed and wounded, and the 2nd Oude Local Infantry about thirty. In this latter case, however, the garrisons of both the forts evacuated them and retired unmolested through the jungle. These mud forts may yet give us much annoyance; but it is perfectly clear that until they are destroyed along with the belts of jungle that protect them, and until the robber aristocracy who have too long defied the feeble government of Oude, and oppressed its helpless peasantry, are crushed along with them, there can be no security for life or property, and no permanent peace in that distracted kingdom.

ART. IV.—TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

Mitla: a Narrative of Incidents and Personal Adventures on a Journey in Mexico, Guatemala, and Salvador, in the years 1853 *to* 1855. *With Observations on the Modes of Life in those Countries.* By G. F. von Tempsky. Edited by J. S. Bell. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

M. TEMPSKY is a pleasant traveller; he is also a shrewd traveller; and, we may add further, an enterprising traveller. He has an eye for the picturesque; is capable of interpreting what he sees new in the customs and manners of the people he visits; understands the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out; collects entertaining and pictorial anecdotes; gossips well; observes minutely, and describes with considerable energy and colour. According to his own account of himself, it appears that he had resided for some time in California; had studied life in San Francisco; sought change and excitement up at the diggings; felt *ennui* after he had passed through these special phases of existence; determined to quit the region of gold; embarked on board the French brig "Independance," set sail southward, and finally, cast anchor in the port of Mazatlan, a city on the western shores of Mexico.

The love of adventure, however, was still strong upon him; a new and unfrequented, and, moreover, a most romantic field, was at hand: what could be more novel or fascinating than a journey over the hills and across the wide pampas into the interior? No sooner was the idea confirmed in his mind, than he pressed it upon his friend Dr. S——, and they twain prepared to set out for Durango, and through Durango for Zacateccas, Queretaro, and the capital. Preparations for a journey, however, are not so quickly or quietly effected on the western coast of Mexico as they are at a seaport of Great Britain, though it may not be blessed with a railway terminus. It was not simply a question of hiring horses, mules, or provisions—though this proved to be no small difficulty in a north-west coast town of this semi-civilized republic; nor was it merely a question of obtaining guides, though there were sundry reasons which rendered even this task anything but facile. There were, in fact, ugly stories afloat of the ravages by the Comanche Indians, who periodically infested these districts, and who had about that time, according to common and unanimous testimony, been unpleasantly engaged in intercepting helpless travellers, and scalping them.

One morning, however, M. Tempsky's companion, Dr. S——,

entered the apartment of the *meson*, at which he was staying, announcing that a party of Mexicans were going very soon into the interior, and intimating that it would not be impolitic for them to swell the numbers. The next day a deputation of Mexicans, arrayed in their national costume, and headed by a lawyer, waited upon him at his hotel, and after a "power," as the Irishman would say, of shaking of hands, and protestations of friendship, and with cigars duly lighted, entreated the company of the two Europeans in their perilous excursion across the mountains, enlarging at the same time upon the ferocity of the Indians, and the strength and courage of their own force—they were at least five-and-twenty or thirty. However, when the orator had concluded his discourse, they were politely informed by M. Tempsky that he could not think of starting yet. His friend—the deputation being bowed out—asked for an explanation, since he felt astonished that the offer of the Mexican Cavalleros was not accepted. The reasons were readily given:—

"Firstly," replied M. Tempsky, "a large party seldom escapes the notice of the Indians, who are generally on the look-out on the hills in the neighbourhood of the road, whereas a small party may past unnoticed; secondly, in case of a fight, I had little faith in the courage of these men—and nothing emboldens Indians more than the least wavering; thirdly (and this was the strongest point of the argument), if we should let that party go a-head, they would be either victorious or defeated, and, in either case, the Indians would retire for a time from the theatre of action, so that if we should start two or three days later, we should most likely find the road clear."

There was no resisting argument like this; and they accordingly saw the cavalcade of Mexicans depart on the following day, dressed and accoutred for their long and dangerous journey. All was animation; men and horses showed their mettle, and under the clattering of sabres and spurs, shouting and laughter, they dashed in a wild group down the street.

A few days after the author and his comrade started:—

"On the 12th of August we rose with day-break," narrates M. Tempsky, "rolled our up *serapes*,* stuck revolver and bowie-knife into our belts, and shouldering our rifles, we escaped at a brisk pace from the vicinity of that dreary place—San Sebastian."

At San Sabastian they had arrived in search of horses and guides, the good people of Mazatlan being too sensitive to the risks of the journey to volunteer their own services, or those of their cattle. At first they passed through a tract covered with trees and flowers, upon which the fresh dew still rested; then

* A blanket of coloured wool serving as a cloak in Mexico; called "cobija," "chamarro," in other countries of South America.

they ascended the hills, and as they gained a new summit new beauties became revealed, but ever a boundless ocean of mountains, here heaving in scattered peaks and precipices, there verdant with undulating lines of foliage, or naked and craggy, stretching from north to south, until the eye failed to follow the endless extension, dissolved in a purple atmopsphere. Twelve leagues of journey were accomplished that day, and in the evening they took shelter at Chupaderos, a settlement consisting of two or three huts, in the best of which they obtained a *posada* —a kind of hospitality which was asked for as a favour, and paid for as a duty. Some eggs, beans, and *tortillas*,* appeased their voracious appetites. "We wrung our wet *serapes*," continues the narrator, "wrapped ourselves in them, enjoyed a last cigar, and went contentedly to sleep in company with some hopeful pigs, in the front corridor of the house."

As M. Tempsky proceeds, new features of beauty and interest open before him. The wildness of the scenery, the wildness of the village, the wildness of the Mexican provincials, the absence of a strong government, the difficulty of "baiting," the necessity of self-protection, the excitement of danger, increase at each step, and make the narrative proportionately more intense and absorbing.

After having traversed several hundred miles of journey since leaving San Sebastian, the travellers now crossed the ravine of Chapote, and took shelter for the night at La Ramada. We avail ourselves of M. Tempsky's description of the magnificent landscape at this point:—

"Next morning, we slowly ascended the main ridge of the Sierra Madre. It was hard work. Repeatedly we thought we had reached the top; but a new turn in the road would bring a still steeper ascent in view. Higher and higher we climbed, amongst fir-trees and detached rocks now and then blocking up our passage, our airy friend the tailor panting on behind us, spurred onward only by his fear of being left alone.

"After six hours of hard work, we at last reached the top, whence the road leads over a plateau in an easterly direction, varied only by some occasional rise of ground or crossing ravine. An envious mist had risen and disappointed us of our view in the direction whence we had come. But, in compensation, the temperate zone seemed to have lavished all its beauties on the plateau on which we now travelled. Magnificent clusters of fir-trees, crowding together in their sombre beauty, threw a deep shade on meadows with grass-like velvet. Flowers of great variety, particularly a species of dahlia, of a pale violet colour, covered the ground entirely for considerable distances. We could not cease admiring the melancholy grandeur

* Tortillas are thin cakes made of corn rubbed on a stone, the Mexican substitute for bread.

of these silent glades, which strongly reminded us of our own dear forests, where we used, in the spring of life, to play at 'robber and soldier.' A grey, clouded sky added to the delusion; but the bitter earnest with which such games were carried on here was told by many a rude cross looming from the shadow of fir-trees.

"The scenery on this plateau became every moment more interesting. In the middle of its glades we encountered gigantic heaps of rocks, thrown together in the most capricious manner; here forming castles, there looking like tombs of the 'Warrior Huns.' Immense, isolated rocks, like broken-off columns, surrounded at their base with smaller ones, contained, here and there, caves and curiously formed crevices. Now and then the accumulation of these groups, extending over considerable tracts of ground, would, at a distance, look like the mouldering ruins of some miniature Balbek."

As they descended the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre, vestiges of the Comanche Indians began to appear. Scorched posts and blackened walls marked the spots where houses had stood, and near them] rose little mounds of earth. These were, probably, the graves of their late inmates, whose corpses having been found amid the smoking ruins by some charitable travellers, had thus been deposited in their last resting place. "We grasped our rifles more firmly," writes M. Tempsky, "and inwardly vowed, whatever our fate, it should involve many a life of the murderous savages."

But sterner evidences of the Indian's footsteps soon presented themselves:—

"Darkness sank slowly on our road, yet we had to go on, as our task for the day was not ended. The moon rose and guided our footsteps over a road that began to be rugged and broken. All at once my friend stops and points to an object, half in shade, lying crouched on the road. We make a sign to our followers to stop, and, cocking our rifles, we carefully advance on one side of the road, from tree to tree. Opposite to the object we halt to reconnoitre and await some movement. The form is human and naked, consequently an Indian; the attitude, as much as is discernible, crouching, like some one with his ear to the ground. It is no doubt an outpost of some larger detachment. To dispose of him with a shot would therefore be imprudent. I unsheath my knife, put my rifle down, cautiously measure my distance, and with a spring have his throat in my grasp. My knife is descending, when, to my horror, I feel, by the clamminess of his throat, that the hand of death has forestalled mine. In that moment the moon, for some time shrouded, breaks through the clouds and glitters on the scalpless skull of a body perforated with lance wounds. The face is contracted and rigid, and I see we have mistaken a Mexican victim for his Indian murderer. With a shudder we go onward, and find another and another in the same state, and so on until we count twenty-nine

bodies! At last, we recognised in one the features of the Mexican lawyer, who invited us at Mazatlan to accompany him!

"That heap of corpses was his party; they had all perished except one, who, at least, was not to be found. It seemed to us that they were killed without much resistance on their part, as many of them had carbines still loaded in their cold grasp; and the Indians had so left them, ammunition being most wanted."

At length Durango was reached in safety, not without, however, many other "footmarks" of the ferocious Comanche having been discovered. Durango, it should be observed, is the principal city of a province lying considerably to the north of Mexico, the capital. Viewed from the Santuario it presents an appearance of unrivalled beauty. It is built on a grassy plateau several thousand feet above the level of the sea; in the background rise abruptly various isolated hills, of which the "Cerro de Nuestra Señora de los Remedios"—Mount of Our Lady of Remedies,—stands in the northern portion of the foreground of the landscape. Its precipitous ascent leads to a church with a white tapering spire, the airy outlines of which seem to melt into the blue sky. At the base of this hill the suburbs commence. Straggling houses, with flat roofs and white-washed walls, are dotted along intersecting lines of the *agave* or American aloe. These plants form, M. Tempsky tells us, fences for orchards, in which the snowy and rosy blossoms of the peach and apple-trees mingle with the dark foliage of the fig, the pomegranate, and the orange, whilst the climbing grape-vine may be seen hanging in graceful festoons from tree to tree. Further on, the houses crowd more densely together, the flat roofs join one another like an immense white parterre, and here and there a tall cypress rises from the depth of an inner courtyard. Spire after spire comes in view, as the eye sweeps on; massive two-storied buildings dazzle the eye with their whiteness, and labyrinths of courtyards confuse it. Rising majestically above this mass of flat roofs, the towers of the cathedral form a picture of grace and strength combined; convents, churches, and colleges, more or less elegantly display their cupolas and spires. Further on still the compact mass of houses again dissolves amid the green of orchards and gardens, the long, concealed lanes of which are denoted by detached residencies as far as the eye can reach. Immediately in front of the Mazatlan gate the suburbs of the west commence. They are less extensive than the others, and bear the name of Tierra Blanca—the White Land,—a sort of Durango St. Giles, evidently illustrating the principle of "*lucus a non lucendo.*" They reach to the low bank of a little river, over which some three or four graceful bridges of white-washed stone lead to

the main body of the town. "Not more than ten years ago," remarks the author, "Durango numbered thirty thousand inhabitants. A year of raging cholera commenced the work of desolation. The first appearance of hostile Indians disturbed agricultural labour, and contributed to produce in a year of great drought an unprecedented famine. The Indian disturbances continued and increased every year; so that at the time of my visit, in 1853, the population was reduced to eight thousand." Twenty-two thousand destroyed in one decade! What reflections does this not necessarily create upon the utter impotence of the government of this miserable empire? Every step we take with M. Tempsky seems to bear witness to the negligence or incapacity of the Mexican authorities, and to suggest the idea that a judgment has been sent upon this corrupted, volatile, and priest-ridden people, and that thus the offences which were inflicted upon Montezuma and his unfortunate subjects by the first invaders of the country, are being visited a hundred-fold upon the listless and infatuated descendants of those criminal Spaniards. An echoless silence prevailed in the streets, save when the bustle of a market day awakened a temporary life in the inhabitants, and then the Plaza would for a few hours send an animated hum through the rest of the city. Then servant-girls, with plates in their hands or baskets on their heads, tripped gaily but hurriedly along; mules and donkeys thronged its avenues, bearing heavy burdens to be piled up in the market, and offered for sale by their vociferous masters. The men of the poorer classes clustered together in this place of general resort, in their *serapes*, draped gracefully around them, mostly to hide some deficiency of dress; all driving bargains with the most winning eloquence, either for themselves or others.

But why do we dwell so long in Durango, seeing that there are so many other cities described by M. Tempsky, and many other incidents illustrative of national habits and character, narrated in the volume before us? M. Tempsky is a close observer, and he has entered largely into details, and pourtrayed with considerable minuteness the people of this singular and interesting city. The city, too, has not been presented to us in such lively colours by any previous traveller, and we may well be excused if we acknowledge the debt we owe to this enterprising *voyageur* by reproducing, for the benefit of our readers, some of the most striking features of his work. As he approaches, too, nearer the capital, he ventures within a sphere where the materials for description are neither so fresh nor so original, and in the use of which he is very likely to have been forestalled by able, if not abler, hands. Here he is

comparatively on untrodden ground, and this novelty gives an independent charm to his narrative, of which we are delighted to make the most. We have no space to chronicle even the principal of his pictures, but we cannot refrain from extracting his remarks on fashionable life in the city of Durango:—

"The daily occupation of a Mexican gentleman is divided between his horse, a few visits, a novel translated from Dumas, and a little gambling at night. Of course all these are put aside, except, perhaps, the horse, whenever any love-making has to be done. In Durango most of these persons, though passionately fond of music and possessed of taste and knowledge of it, were all poor performers, the vocal worse than the instrumental. It seems strange, and I have often wondered what could be the cause why, in most countries of Spanish America, good voices are so exceedingly scarce.

"Besides the aforementioned amusements, frequent races divert their intellect and empty their purses. The most remarkable thing I noticed in their style of racing is the short distance by which they, very injudiciously, decide the contest. The time of some of the gentlemen is also taken up by their service as escorts to the 'sexe,' in their religious excursions, particularly in processions with torch-light, evening masses, &c. That this service is not always conscientiously performed, may be imagined, as, for instance, when a brother, perhaps, is straining his neck to catch a glimpse of his distant fair one, and thinking the attendance on his sisters decidedly a great bore; while they, perhaps, in their hearts, are of the same opinion in regard to him, and from similar causes.

"In cases of gentlemen enjoying the blessings of a married state, this service becomes paramount in consideration and strictness of performance. The Mexican husband, however relaxed in his own principles, takes a tender care of those of his wife.

"Compared to the life of European ladies, a Mexican lady's life is sadly monotonous. *Torros*, processions, and masses, however frequent, leave long intervals: the *Alameda* is not always gay, nor the husband, mother, or father, or some other despot, always disposed to go out.

"But the absence of more varied social pleasures, such as *soirées*, frequent balls, &c., gives the Mexican ladies time for the cultivation of friendships amongst their own sex; and, if the privation of the former exposes them to a want of polish, the latter recompenses them by giving to their feelings a tone and depth, so often lost in the volatile movements of European fashionable life. Their education is generally neglected; but peculiar talents and disposition sometimes make up for the want of cultivation and opportunities for it; and occasionally one meets also with ladies who have been sent to Europe to be educated, as is often the case now-a-days.

"In social intercourse with strangers, their behaviour is at first shy and stiff; but when you have overcome the first chill, you are pleased to discover a great deal of natural wit and quickness of intellect. In fact, in proportion as your first reception was cold, as

warm subsequently will be their confidence in you (if merited); in direct opposition to the mode of procedure in the fashionable society of Europe, where everything new is warmly received, and, after some handling, coldly dismissed; for at best, if fashionable friendliness do not decrease, it seldom increases, and rarely does the hard varnish of worldliness melt into confidence."

The Indians form a striking feature in the political life of Durango. Their frequent inroads into the territories of this province had not only caused infinite alarm, but had really disorganized the State or local government. Little was absolutely done to check their incursions. That this north-western capital possessed troops, and that their duty was to put down and exterminate the enemies of public peace, order, and security, is true. But it is also true that these military police were arrant cowards, or at the best totally unfit to cope with the evil as it then existed and probably now exists. They frequently marched out with flying colours, their sabres and caskets glistening in the light of the morning sun; and they returned at evening to recount the adventures of the day, and demand the ovation due to victory; but it is no less certain that rumours ran from mouth to mouth, that instead of victory the word defeat ought to have been read, and that whatever they had gained in the field of battle, they had left behind them numbers of their comrades. Nor is this surprising. The poor Mexican soldier is ill-trained, is subject to brutal treatment by his officers, possesses little confidence in his superiors, and has to be dependent for pay upon an exchequer whose coffers are always empty. He is, moreover, ill-clad, ill-fed, and over-worked. How, then, could it be expected that he would display much bravery in the hour of conflict? Self-protection is the only principle that urges him on to fight, and the excellence of his heels, or the speed of his horse, over that of either his sword or his exercise, is frequently tested when danger really presents itself. On the other hand, the wild and savage foe to whom he is exposed has been trained from infancy to be a warrior, and before manhood dawns has been skilled in all those natural arts which lure an enemy on to destruction, or render his own escape facile and rapid. The picture of this race, which, notwithstanding a partial triumph in these disturbed parts of the the Mexican Empire, is doomed probably to decay and die out before the march of civilization, is so curious, that we give it entire in the words of M. Tempsky:—

"The Indian, and particularly the Comanche,* is born heir to an

* The Mexicans call them Comanches, but I doubt whether they belong to that tribe. I believe them to be a conglomeration of various

athletic frame and undaunted spirit. Long before he can lift his father's bow or lance, he is proficient in the principles of their use, by having, as his only playthings, a miniature bow and lance. He is put on the back of a steed when his legs can scarcely reach half way down the horse's ribs; and yet he has to balance himself and preserve his equilibrium in the trot, the general pace of the cavalcade of women, baggage-horses, and spoil. The sun, the rain, wind, and cold tan his skin, until clothing it would be superfluous, and he thinks only of ornamenting it. So he ripens early into a young warrior, who, like the young panther, follows the old in the chase.

"The immense cattle estates of the northern provinces of Durango the Indian looks upon as his own, and from these he draws his annual supply of food and means of locomotion. Horses and mules, fast travelling animals, are driven by him to the boundaries of the United States, and exchanged for rifles, powder, and blankets. Although he becomes expert in the use of the rifle, as it is generally only a 'Yankee notion' made for sale, it soon gets out of order; and, powder and caps being finished, he returns to his bow, on which weather and carelessness have no influence.

"His appearance on horseback is imposing. Mounted on the swiftest of the Mexican breed, with a blanket instead of a saddle, his naked frame painted red and black, bow and quiver dangling from his back with their flowing ornaments of scalps, beads, &c., in his right hand he swings his lance, and on the left arm he bears a round shield. This latter is of infinite use to him: made of strong hides, it covers the greater part of the upper portion of his body, and resists a ball from a long distance, unless hit at a right angle; to prevent that he keeps it in constant motion, so that the balls generally glance off. It is studded all over with pieces of brass, pearls, and looking-glass. When opposed to riflemen he catches the rays of the sun in the latter, and tries to confuse their sight by reflecting the glare into their eyes. However all this may be calculated to intimidate his foes, it is nothing compared to the terror their imagination conjures up when they recollect the unfailing success of the Indian, his unrelenting cruelty, and his animal ferocity.

"This *prestige* gives the Indian his infinite moral superiority, and is his best ally. His tactics are also well calculated to ensure victory over an enemy to whom military knowledge is, as yet, only an unwieldy armour. The operative bodies of Indians are composed, generally, of horse and foot. The latter either have led horses, for sudden advances or escape, or they jump up behind the riders, on an emergency. An open engagement is commenced always with two or three sham attacks of the horse, during which they engage the attention of the enemy with shouts and yells, and brandishing of lances. Under cover of this the foot advance and try to get as near

tribes, or remains of tribes, that left the neighbourhood of the truculent borderers of the Western states of North America, to go and prey on the helpless Mexicans.

as possible, taking every advantage of any *terrain coupé*. Then they commence a well-aimed fire. If they have only arrows, their aim is the head only, as the breast of the Mexican is often covered with a cuirass of leather or steel scales. Their arrows are not dangerous at a distance much exceeding fifty yards; and very seldom fracture a bone, if not sent from a much nearer distance. This may be partly attributed to their having only flint heads.

"The *terrain* of their theatre of war, in the states of Durango and Chihuahua, is singularly favourable to all their strategic movements: endless tracts of perfect level, intersected with bare mountains, nearly everywhere accessible to good horses, and full of places of retreat and defensible passes, well known to them, by a constant wandering about for years. Over this immense territory a scanty population is scattered; only here and there is there a town, and some few farm-houses; the rest is devoted to cattle estates.

"All the movements of the Indians are sudden and rapid; they appear as if fallen from the clouds, at some place; bear down all resistance, if resistance be made; collect the horses, mules, cattle, and women they wish to take away; kill and destroy what they cannot carry off; and all this is accomplished in a few hours. By the time the news of the disaster reaches a place where means of resistance or retribution are at hand, the Indians have put a safe distance between themselves and the smoking ruins, where relations may search for the corpses of their kindred.

"Often, having scarcely hidden their spoil, they appear, striking terror and confusion around, at some place in a direction diametrically opposite to that of their first foray. This gives rise to erroneous calculations as to their numbers; the two distinct actions being attributed to two different parties, whereas, in reality, one and the same party performed both.

"They can well afford to move rapidly, as horses killed in a day's galloping are replaced without cost, from the great number that accompany them from the nearest cattle estate. They are said to accomplish, easily, a hundred miles in a day, if hard pressed, and not too much encumbered by spoil.* This mode of warfare is congenial to their habits, which are nomade. Three days is their longest stay at any particular place. Thence arises the difficulty of surprising them, or even tracking them."

From the copious extracts we have given, we believe the reader will be able to appreciate the interesting character of M. Tempsky's work. It is, indeed, full of vivid and striking descriptions; it pourtrays life in these wild regions with admirable felicity; it is full of novel and illustrative incidents; it abounds with anecdotes; it is clearly and warmly though not

* In such rides they change horses twice, and even three times. The native Californian accomplishes the same distance on one horse, and I have myself ridden a distance of sixty-nine miles, from five o'clock in the morning until twelve o'clock in the day, on a fast trotting mule.

always correctly written, and it possesses the great charm of carrying the reader along with pleasant rapidity. What we have been able to allude to is, however, but a small portion of the volume. M. Tempsky pursued his journey to Mexico, then crossed in a southerly direction the hills that encircle that beautiful city, pushed on through Puebla to Tehuantepec, diverging by the way to visit the ruins of the palace of Montezuma at Mitla, of which he gives us a cursory description; and passing along through Guatemala and San Caterina, terminated his enterprising journey at San Salvador. The least reflection will convince the reader of the novelty of the route chosen, and the highly interesting character of the contents of the volume, which we reluctantly close.

ART. V.—SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

1. *A Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B.* By the Rev. William Brock. Third Edition. London: Nisbet & Co. 1858.
2. *The Good Soldier. A Memoir of Major-General Sir Henry Havelock of Lucknow, Bart., K.C.B.* Compiled from Authentic Sources. By the Rev. Wm. Owen. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1858.
3. *Havelock: the Broad Stone of Honour. A Tribute of the Tongue and Pen.* By Edwin Paxton Hood. London: J. Snow. 1858.

IT may safely be asserted that scarcely ever has book been more gladly welcomed by a public than the Memoirs of HENRY HAVELOCK, by that of Great Britain. It seems but yesterday when the astounding news of his rapid victories, which turned the tide of rebellion, and avenged the foul deeds of murderous sepoys, burst upon us. Since then the nation watched his movements. On his steps appeared to hang not only an empire, but what at the time seemed almost more precious — the lives and the honour of hundreds of our brave countrymen and their heroic wives and daughters. That the scenes of Cawnpore might not be repeated at Lucknow was the earnest prayer of every one throughout Britain. And however inadequate the force which he commanded, Havelock became the minister of God to answer this prayer of a nation. Lucknow was relieved—in turn again beleaguered and once more relieved; and from that dreadful Residency passed the wan faces and haggard forms of those who had so long been its tenants and defenders. The great

work of victory and of rescue was accomplished, and with it the mission of Havelock. Before tidings could reach him of the honours which a grateful country prepared to shower upon him, or of the love with which his people regarded him, he was beyond the reach of earthly rewards. Over all that was mortal in Havelock has the grave closed. But he died as he had lived—a Christian. With firm tread he passed through the dark valley to the land of joy and of praise. After forty-three years' devoted service to his country, and a series of victories unexampled in history, he died without having even seen his elevation in the *Gazette*, and leaving a personal estate sworn under £1,500. His reward and his riches had throughout been other than this world's, and such were they to continue till the end.

What we have traced in few sentences has for months been known. The details of the "hundred days," and these unexampled feats of heroism and martial energy are engraven on the national mind, and have become matter of history. When the din of battle shall have ceased, a patient hand shall draw pictures of them, and explain to us at length the mode and the results of these victories. Meantime we *know them*—and we only wish to know more of him who achieved them. The slightest trait in his character, the smallest incident in his history, is interesting. The fact that so late in life he was called to do such great things, impresses us with the belief that all throughout he had been preparing for them. Again, the fact that immediately afterwards he was called away, has convinced us that with them his work was done, and that nothing more remained than for "the good and faithful servant to enter into the joy of his Lord." We almost expect that the life of such a man must have been chequered; we anticipate that strength and clearness of faith—genuine, practical, Christian faith—must have been its main characteristic. The "Sketch" of Mr. Brock has, therefore, come in time to make us acquainted with the *inner life* of the hero of Lucknow. It bears on its face the marks of haste—it only professes to be a *sketch*, to be followed by a fuller account from the pen of Mr. Marshman—it communicates little that is absolutely new to the general public, and it too largely intermingles facts with reflections, couched in a style which betokens rather deep emotion than calm history. All these defects are probably natural under the circumstances. Still the book, such as it is, has deep value, from the glimpses which it affords into the inner history of Henry Havelock, and especially by the private letters which it communicates, from which each one may learn for himself what and who he was that conquered and died in Oude. A sentence or two will suffice to notice the "Memoir" of Mr. Owen,

and the "Tribute" of Mr. Hood. The latter is a funeral sermon, and not quite free from the blemishes of most such productions. Mr. Owen's book—much more extended in size than that of Mr. Brock's, to which our after remarks shall exclusively bear reference—relates chiefly the *outward* history of the hero of Lucknow. Although also bearing the marks of haste, and chiefly a compilation, it may safely be recommended for popular use, as giving a clear and detailed account of the achievements of Sir H. Havelock. Still, with these three productions before us, it is matter of deep regret that the life of Havelock has not yet been written. And now a brief abstract of his personal history:—

HENRY HAVELOCK sprang from the middle class in society. Born at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland, 5th April, 1795, he was chiefly educated at the Charterhouse School, where he had the advantage of distinguished juvenile friends, and the stimulus of noble fellow-students. Among the former, we reckon Samuel Hinds, Sir W. Norris, and Archdeacon Hare; among the latter, Bishop Thirlwall, Grote the historian, and others. But, better than all, he had the prayers and the Scriptural instructions of a pious mother. Even at school he and congenial spirits found opportunity for religious meetings. After a short period, given to the study of law, when Talfourd was his colleague, he attains the object of his early desires, and is gazetted a second lieutenant in the 95th, or Rifle Brigade, But the inactivity of a garrison life ill comported with such a mind. Chance of promotion there seemed none for a poor and unpatronized subaltern; and, accordingly, having prepared himself by the study of Hindostanee, we find him on board ship for India. It was at that period that the great change occurred in his history which gives its peculiar direction to his whole after-course.

Reluctantly have we parted from the scanty information given us on this great period of Havelock's life. We can only offer our readers such fragments as Mr. Brock's volume affords, and such deductions as we have been able to draw from them. To his early religious impressions succeeded a season of darkness and of doubt. But in the dreary swamps of Unitarianism or Deism a Havelock could not perish. His moral sense, and with it his sense of personal need, were too deep to cast away the Bible, and to renounce the God-Man. A candid, open, manly mind like his, could derive no other deductions from the Bible than those held in common by all Evangelical Churches. Even before he had opened his heart and submitted his life to the demands of the Gospel, he had reached firm ground of belief. It was when on the eventful voyage to the land of his

future adoption, that he felt the necessity of becoming decided in his religion. Intercourse with a brother officer, Mr. Gardner, seems to have been specially useful to him. He landed on the shores of India a new man. Even in our days, that phantom-class—the "old Indians"—has not wholly passed away, and still blazons abroad its commercial selfishness, and Christianity "respectabilsed" as the panacea for the world in general, and for India in particular. Thirty-five years ago, when Havelock reached the shores of Asia, theirs was the dominant creed. Much regretted by some are the balmy days when "fanaticism" was decried, if not punished, and Evangelical zeal the rare exception. From the first our young lieutenant had resolved to take a stand. His clear intellect perceived the path of duty, and he followed it through good report and through evil report. We cannot better describe his character and conduct than in the words of a brother officer:—

"When I first knew Havelock, in 1824, he was only eight-and-twenty; but he was conspicuous as an earnest student of his profession, a chivalrous soldier, and a man of the highest integrity. That which formed the brightest glory in his whole career was his sterling Christian consistency. He was not a man to parade his opinions or feelings, or to make any striking display, unless called for by some act or word of others, when no one could be more firm in the avowal of his sentiments, and his calm, impressive manner always told with effect."

Sharp work awaited him in India. Both in the Burmese war and in the negotiations with the court of Ava, he took a distinguished part. Here he came into contact with Dr. and Mrs. Judson, whose "praise is in all the churches." With them the young officer could sympathize the more deeply, as for some time previously his religious principles had tended towards the same ecclesiastical connexion as that of Dr. Judson. But although by choice a Baptist, Havelock ever felt himself a member of the Church Universal. His advocacy, his countenance, his influence, and his contributions, were readily given to all that was "holy, just, and good." When his means were most scanty, he religiously devoted one-tenth of his income to the cause of Christ, nor was he ever ashamed or afraid to acknowledge his convictions. At Rangoon, in a chamber of the great idol-temple, on the march, in the camp and city, he promoted the spiritual welfare of his soldiers. "Havelock's Saints" became a *soubriquet* for his company, and in conduct and action they belied not the title. Brief memoranda only are given by Mr. Brock of his eventful life during the first twenty-six years of his residence in India. What he deemed one of the most important events was his marriage with the daughter of Dr. Marshman, of Serampore. During twenty-eight years

that admirable lady was the devoted companion of his life, to whom he ever turned with such deep attachment as only a noble soul is capable of. Talents of no mean kind—as we may even gather from his "Memoirs of Campaign in Ava"—remained long unacknowledged. Besides other obstacles, he had to contend against prejudices springing from his religious character. *Twenty-three* years of hard toil and much danger elapsed before he was promoted to a captaincy. Of the difficulties against which he must have had to contend we catch some glimpses from expressions in later letters, such as this: "Since the 22nd we have been slowly steaming this sacred stream, or rather buffeting the waves of this inland sea, the banks of which you and I so well knew in the days of our humility." And deep must the humility of a poor subaltern, with an increasing family, have been for a good many of those weary years which elapsed till the requirements of health obliged him unwillingly to return to Europe. In 1849, Havelock came back to Britain. While his health here rapidly recovered, he was still engaged in those occupations which as a Christian, were nearest to his heart. All around noticed the deep earnestness, the manly, working, warm-hearted Christianity of the "soldier of the cross." But the bitterest pang was yet to come. The education of his family imperatively required that his wife should remain with the children in Europe,—their requirements that he should return and serve in India. At a period of life when few would have chosen such sacrifices, and still without prospects, save those of a doubtful and difficult future, of which he could not see the end, Havelock tore himself from the embraces of his family, whom he left in Germany, and all alone, save as Abraham with his God, went he forth on his journey. Thence only his deeds, not his person, were to return. It will best throw light on his feelings and prospects if we transfer to our pages one of those almost daily letters which on his voyage he sent to his wife:—

"*Leipsic, Oct.* 30, 1851.

"I purpose going to see the battle-field (of the Völker-Schlacht, as the Germans call it), to morrow morning, so I will commence another letter to you in the solitude of my chamber. Oh! how ardently I desired to turn back and rejoin you at Bonn, as I lay in my bed at Frankfort. It was a totally sleepless night—a thing, as you know, most unusual with me. I sat up meditating and writing until near eleven, and when called at six had not once closed my eyes; not even dozed or slumbered for a moment. The bitterness of parting, my position after so many years, which renders it unavoidable, and, I fear, not a few doubts about the worldly future, passed in rapid succession through my brain, which, without being in the least

fevered, was so wrought upon that I never slept a single second. But I did, indeed, find sweet relief in the thought of meeting you in that better kingdom, for all earthly meetings are uncertain, and only terminate in longer or shorter separations. Join with me in prayer that we, through faith in the blood of the Lamb, may be held worthy to partake in His resurrection, and be together with Him and our children in His glory. I know not what lies before me, but I *do* feel that we are both in the path of sacred duty. Let us do His will, and leave the event to God. Perhaps He may be merciful to us, and grant that we may soon meet again, though we see not how."

What a story of cares and trials in these lines! what deep affection! what elevated Christian feeling! Once more in Asia, and this time with his son beside him, recommences his life of toil and of faith. Years again roll round, epistolary intercourse with those he loves being his chief earthly comfort. Each birthday is carefully marked, the recurrence of interesting family events noted—all lovingly, bravely, and piously. An almost womanly tenderness of feeling possessed that manly soul, showing itself not only in the solicitude with which he watches all movements at Bonn, and longs to press his wife again to his heart, but otherwise also in emotions which some of us will be glad to think were shared by a Havelock:—

"I am in the midst of 'Uncle Tom,' and, shall I confess it, twice shed tears over it last night. I read on, and looking suddenly at my watch, found it was midnight. I must be very old, for I have shed tears of joy again, this morning, over little H.'s good letter."

At length, in 1857, there was a prospect of Mrs. Havelock joining her husband at Bombay, when the declaration of war against Persia put an end to the much-cherished plan. This time Havelock was appointed to command the second division of the invading army. Honours, new to him, poured in. "On the morning of the 27th," he writes from on board ship, "the battery on the Apollo Bunder fired a salute, as I was supposed then to have gone on board, the first expense of the kind to which I have ever put the Indian government." Our readers know that peace so speedily followed this short campaign that there was no call for General Havelock's active services. But more stern duties awaited him on his return to India. The great and fearful rebellion had broken out, and Havelock was to enter on his first campaign as Commander-in-Chief, unequalled in its achievements by anything recorded in modern history. From victory to victory, and, as at every step he acknowledged the guiding hand of his God, we will not follow him—nay, we need not, for all Britain has followed him. Those memorable

"hundred days," and that campaign, ending with the relief of Lucknow, by Sir Colin Campbell, are still events almost present to us. One more letter, the last he wrote, and we are at the end of his career:—

"Nov. 19.—Sir Colin has come up with some 5,000 men, and much altered the state of affairs. The papers of the 26th of September came with him, announcing my elevation to the Commandership of the Bath, for my first three battles. I have fought nine more since. . . . . Dear H. (his son) has been a second time wounded in the same left arm. The second hit was a musket-ball in the shoulder. He is in good spirits and doing well. . . . Love to the children. . . . I do not, after all, see my elevation in the *Gazette*, but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock. . . . . Our baggage is at Alumbagh, six miles off, and we all came into this place with a single suit, which hardly any have put off for forty days."

His sands were now fast running out. A long day of unacknowledged labour had been followed by a glorious evening. He had done his task faithfully and well. One of his great desires, at last, had been fulfilled: "One of my prayers, oft repeated throughout my life since my school days, has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action." Even before the relief by Sir Colin Campbell came, symptoms of illness had appeared. Soon after his removal to Alumbagh, it assumed the form of dread disease, and far from his beloved ones, attended only by his son, he laid him down to die. To Sir James Outram, who visited him, he remarked, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. So be it, I am not in the least afraid. To die is gain." To his son he gave this parting testimony—"Come, my son, and see how a Christian can die." So lived and so died a Christian hero; such a branch could not have sprung from other than the True Vine. How different had it been if Henry Havelock had been Infidel or Deist—but his faith was his life, and rich, precious fruit did it bear. Before we close this volume, we look once more into his expressive features. A noble face—thoughtfulness, firmness, earnestness, manliness, depth of feeling in every feature—especially in that intense look, and in the deep furrows of his countenance. Reader, he was a good and a great man. Every life has a deep moral meaning. We say of *him* that he was *true*—true as soldier, true as a man, true as a Christian. His Christianity made him true. Reader, it may not be thine to be a Havelock—of such men time produces few: but whatever, or wherever thou art, be thou a *Christian*, and be thou *true!*

ART. VI.—FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS.

Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal. With Observations on Men and Things. By Cyrus Redding. Skeet.

UPON the whole, we have as little reason to feel satisfied with the result of autobiographical efforts as with the labours of those who chronicle the lives of others. From time to time we have been led to expect a fund of enlightenment and recreation from multiplied pages of "Reminiscences," "Experiences," and "Observations, Personal and Relative," from chance recorders of literary and artistic coteries. But even Rossini, Moore, and Jerdan, have but inadequately fulfilled the promise; though the fascinating stories of the careers of Goethe, Rousseau, and Burney, remain unrivalled in entertainment yet, to prove that success in such vocation *is* quite possible. Not that the materials at the command of other writers of the class are less intrinsically attractive, any more than the lives of great men still unwritten are wanting in importance and interest; but that the Pepys and Boswells are few, and even were there not so great a lack of subject-matter, it would be a difficult, if not an impossible thing, to find biographers of sufficiently comprehensive capacity to supply us with adequate histories of the comparatively unknown careers and characters of Shakspere, Chatterton, or Machiavel. The true excellence of the histories, both of men and events, is derived as much from the qualifications of the narrator, as from the qualities of the narrative; and, as he who carries knowledge with him, it has been said, alone can bring knowledge back: so he only who has the faculty of imparting entertainment can appeal to the capacity for it in others. Who has not experienced the *ennui* produced by an anecdote ill told, though excellent in itself? Thus, the reminiscences of half a century, replete with remarkable incidents and associations, might yet be found unavailable to constitute a graphic picture in other than artistic hands, while an uneventful life in a country village will startle and stimulate if set forth with creative power. Alphonse Karr's journey around his garden, surpasses in philosophic suggestion the world-encompassing exploits of Madame Ida Pfeiffer. Souvestre musing in his attic, affords us more insight into the realities of human existence than all the representations of "society," ethically and practically false, delineated by modern novelists. He who possesses the power of accurately recalling scenes, circumstances, and characters, and so vividly to depict them as to impress the mind of the reader with the mould of men and manners as

they were, will prove the best author of these commemorative sketches, especially if commanding the tact or modesty of skilfully preventing the perpetual recurrence of his own figure in his productions. That some of these essentials are possessed in great degree by Mr. Redding, will be evident when we say, that the style of his portraitures are interesting, from the excellence of his memory, the enthusiasm of his manner, his freedom, and the sway of his subject, derived from singular opportunities of contact with celebrities of all ranks. Perhaps the interest would have been increased even by a less motley grouping, as glimpses educed from the slight knowledge of very transitory association are necessarily superficial, and sometimes calculated to mislead rather than to edify. It will heighten anticipation to say, that Mr. Redding has something to tell of Pitt, Fox, Howard, Wesley, Byron, Campbell, Scott, the Opies, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neill, Dr. Wolcot, Dr. Parr, Sir John Moore, Ugo Foscolo, and the illustrious townsman of Liverpool, William Roscoe. Not unfrequently an elaborate index of a book conveys as much information as the text; nevertheless, Mr. Redding, in all the cases cited, affords us recollections of more or less moment. The genius of Mrs. Siddons enchanted him, but he mistrusted the abilities of Miss O'Neill, while Mrs. Jordan's performances he found "exhilarating as cordial wine." Mr. Redding sojourned at Bath while Pitt was there, and records of that minister, that he was accustomed to drink three bottles of port every day, and also to quaff a beaker before speaking in parliament. At Brighton, among other eccentricities, he used to meet the Green Man, who not only wore his costume throughout of that colour, from his gloves to his shoes, but who painted his house green. *Apropos* of costume, Mr. Redding relates his own, when, on an unfortunate occasion, returning home from a *soirée*, too late to secure a vehicle, he wandered down Fleet Street in a blue dress coat, white waistcoat, white silk stockings, lemon-coloured breeches, silver knee and shoe buckles, and a prodigious cocked-hat!

An excellent anecdote is related of Dr. Parr, illustrating his sentiments respecting the chastisement of crime by capital punishment.

"He regarded our sanguinary laws with detestation. Placed in the witness box at the assizes on a life and death case, when he had given his evidence, he began to lecture the judge and court. 'Go down; Dr. Parr, go down,' said the judge. 'I will go down, my lord, I will go down; I will go out of this slaughter-house as fast as I can.' Preaching the assize sermon, he took for his text, 'God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for sittest thou to judge me, after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?'"

Still more amusing is that related of Sheridan, who, at the Westminster election, shouted to the elector who threatened to refuse him his countenance, "Take it away; it is the most villanous I ever beheld." Very interesting too are the notices of Beckford, the renowned eccentricity of Fonthill. From conversations which took place at this abode, which, Mr. Redding visited, are the following gleanings concerning the opinions and sentiments of the recluse:—

"He agreed that George III. was destitute of feeling and delicacy. In corroboration he cited an incident of which he had himself been a witness. An officer of the guards had fired on the mob in the city riots. The king coming out of his closet and first seeing the officer in question, abruptly said to him, 'Peppered them well, I hope—peppered them well?' Everybody was struck with the coarseness of the remark, while the officer to whom it was addressed said, with great gravity, perceiving the nature of the remark, 'I hope your Majesty's troops with always do their duty.'"

"Lord Chatham, who had taken great pains with his son's education, asked him one day on his return from a visit how he had been entertained. 'Most delectably,' Pitt replied. 'Delectably, sir!' said Chatham, looking at his son with severity, 'delectably! Never let me hear that affected word from you again.'"

"Lady Hamilton was a fine figure, not so beautiful as handsome. Sir William called her his Grecian. Nelson was her dupe. She persuaded him that she had obtained the victualling of his fleet. It was her husband who made her his agent with the queen. She never had a child, though she passed one off upon him for her own. When Nelson was at Fonthill, Beckford proposed to give the hero a drive through his grounds. He drove four very gentle animals, of which he had a perfect command. Nelson took his place by his side, but observing the horses a little lively, he became very uneasy, and in a few minutes requested his host to pull up—'he could not bear it any longer.'

"This is a singular instance of the effect of habit in a brave man, of whom a battery of cannon quickened the courage, and who dreaded no foe sword in hand."

The extracts quoted are average examples of Mr. Redding's style and tone. There are few who would not derive interest from reviewing his gallery of portraits, notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of his own likeness; and those especially who cherish kindred recollections of the vanished age to which they belong.

Quarterly Review of French Literature.

Books keep accumulating, pamphlets and reviews follow in quick succession, and when the time comes for clearing off our arrears, we scarcely know what classification to adopt in our endeavours briefly to discuss the customary bill of fare for the quarter. Although the following work is the last arrival we have to report, we may, perhaps, as well begin by noticing the introductory volume of the collected edition of "Napoleon the First's Correspondence." This important *recueil* has been prepared with the greatest care, under the superintendence of a special commission; all the public and private collections of MSS. have been diligently explored, to render it as complete as possible, and the result is a work which does the greatest credit to all those who have had any share in it.[1]

In the meanwhile, publications of a more decidedly erudite character make their appearance every now and then, so as to prove that M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, is not the sole acknowledged representative of French literature. A few years ago, M. Eugène Fleury published a duodecimo, in which the often agitated question of the supposed connexion between Saint Paul and Seneca was once more discussed. M. Fleury took the affirmative view of the controversy, and the arguments which he brought forward, though to our mind very unsound, were stated in an agreeable and lively manner. M. Charles Aubertin now appears as the champion on the negative side, in a volume bearing evidence of extensive learning, and of great critical acumen.[2] The *étude critique* comprises not only a full sifting of the debated point, but an excellent critical appreciation of Seneca's life and doctrines, and also an annotated edition of the correspondence which is supposed to have been carried on between the heathen philosopher and the Christian apostle. M. Aubertin's disquisition, originally composed as a title towards obtaining a doctor's degree, has swollen into a volume of four hundred and fifty pages. The author's conclusions may be stated in the following terms: 1st. None of the fathers of the Church, no ecclesiastical writer, during the first ages of Christianity, has alluded to the fancied intercourse between Seneca and St. Paul, or mentioned their correspondence. The mediæval divines alone took up and supported that legendary story, led astray by a few dubious expressions of Saint Jerome and St. Augustine, and also by an apocryphal writing, ascribed to Pope Linus, and entitled "D. Lini Epistola de Passione Petri et Pauli, tradita Ecclesiis Orientalibus, ac deinde in Latinum conversa." 2nd. The history of Saint Paul's preaching in the East, in Greece, and at Rome, proves the fallacy of the

[1] Correspondance de Napoleon I. Vol. I. Paris: Imprimerie Impériale.

[2] Aubertin. Etude Critique sur les Rapports supposés entre Sénèque et Saint Paul. 8vo. Paris: A. Durand.

whole scheme, and, more especially, the extreme improbability that Seneca's conversion was ever either accomplished or even attempted. 3rd. The attentive study of Seneca's philosophical tenets shows, moreover, that his sole masters were the philosophers who either preceded him, or were his contemporaries; he derived all his inspirations from ideas anterior to the diffusion of the Gospel, and it is impossible that he could have become acquainted with the religious books of the Christians, the greater part of which are posterior to his own works. 4th. The collection of letters, evidently apocryphal, which we still possess, is the one mentioned by Saint Jerome and Saint Augustine. It was composed during the fourth century, and is the only authority upon which the tradition rests.

The notice we have just given will sufficiently prove the importance of M. Aubertin's work. M. Durand, the enterprising publisher, to whom we are indebted for it, has likewise added to his list other productions of a similar nature. After giving us a translation of Aristotle's ethics, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire now presents us with the Stagyrite's treatise, "De Poetica,"[3] a volume which deserves a more extended notice than we can afford in this quarterly summary. M. Baret's "Espagne et Provence"[4] is, as the title announces it, a kind of supplement to the works of Messrs. Raynouard and Fauriel on the literature of the South of Europe. It is the substance of lectures delivered by the author, before the Faculté des Lettres of Clermont; and the numerous extracts it contains from Provençal and Spanish writers render it peculiarly valuable to those readers who are not very familiar with that branch of European literature. The chapter most likely to interest French students is the one in which M. Baret compares Corneille with Guillem de Castro, *à propos* of the celebrated tragedy, "Le Cid." It is curious to see what precaution the father of French dramatic poetry was obliged to take for the purpose of adapting his story to the tastes and habits of a Paris audience; it is instructive also to watch in the tragedy of the Spanish dramatist the expression of those rude and often barbarous manners which were characteristic of his countrymen during the Middle Ages.

We have been led to mention Corneille; our next notice is about Racine, his great rival in the field of tragic composition. M. le Marquis de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, author of an elegant translation of the "Satires of Persius and Sulpicia,"[5] has collected together, under the title, "Etudes Littéraires et Morales de Racine,"[6] a variety of notes, fragments, and documents, which will

[3] Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. La Poétique d'Aristote, Traduction Française, accompagnée de notes perpétuelles. 8vo. Paris: A. Durand.

[4] Baret. Espagne et Provence. Etudes sur la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe. Pour faire suite aux travaux de Raynouard et de Fauriel. 8vo. Paris: A. Durand.

[5] La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (Marquis de). Satires de Perse et Sulpicia. Traduites en Vers Français. 8vo. Paris: A. Durand.

[6] La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt (Marquis de). Etudes Littéraires et Morales de Racine. Deux parties en 2 broch. 8vo. Paris: A. Durand.

be of the greatest use as materials for a commentary on the works of the author of "Athalie." Nothing can be more interesting than to watch the gradual developments of a poet's mind, and to see in the memoranda he jotted down for his own private use the rough sketch of those masterpieces which we have been hitherto accustomed to see and admire only in their more perfect form.

The leading French moralists have all lately been the object of considerable research. Since the time when M. Cousin pointed out the necessity of republishing Pascal from a careful collation of the original MSS., it has struck several *savants* that other writers of the same class might also have suffered at the hand of their first editors the wrong which it is now quite plain that Pascal underwent; and, accordingly, La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère are at present on our library tables in a much more complete shape than they ever were before; it is Vauvenargues's turn to-day, and the admirers of elegant literature must rejoice that this keen observer of human nature has met with so competent an annotator as M. Gilbert. This gentleman had already in 1855 obtained a prize at the Académie Française for an *éloge* of his favourite author; he now gives to the public the benefit of his labours, an edition of Vauvenargues, which, compared even with the excellent one published by Brière, in 1821, is quite a masterpiece.[7] The distinguishing features of M. Gilbert's volumes, as compared with all other reprints, are the following hitherto unpublished *morceaux:* a correspondence of one hundred and fifteen letters carried on between Vauvenargues and Mirabeau, *l'ami des hommes;* twenty-three characters; twenty-three reflections on various subjects; fragments on Descartes, on conversation, &c. &c.; the critique of some of La Rochefoucauld's maxims, and notes by La Harpe and Voltaire. The latter have never been printed before, and were transcribed by M. Gilbert from a copy of Vauvenargues preserved in the library at Aix. Finally, the MSS. of the library of the Louvre, in Paris have also supplied fifty original letters addressed to Vauvenargues, besides some other pieces equally interesting. From this splendid monument, raised to the memory of a great thinker, it will not be easy for us to pass a judgment on him who described himself under the character of Clazomènes. The correspondence with Saint Vincens, published by M. Gilbert, must silence those who wished to make of Vauvenargues a Christian. A profound admirer as he was of Pascal, La Bruyère, and Fénelon, he sincerely respected a religious system, the principle of which is abnegation, humility, and charity; but it is equally certain that he did not believe in the dogmatic truths of Christianity, and his creed was a kind of refined stoicism, which formed a striking contrast with the general licentiousness prevailing around him.

At the time when Vauvenargues wrote, another Frenchman,

[7] Œuvres de Vauvenargues. Edition nouvelle, précédée de l'Eloge de Vauvenargues, couronné par l'Académie Française, et accompagnée de notes et commentaires par M. Gilbert. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Furne.

still more celebrated, Voltaire, was doing his utmost to save from an iniquitous condemnation a Protestant family, the Calas. The history of that singular trial has always been very obscure: as late as three years ago one of the Toulouse barristers, in a speech delivered before the tribunal of that city, asserted the culpability of the accused; and Voltaire himself said, "qu'on ne pouvait reprocher aux juges que d'avoir trop cru les apparences." M. Athanase Coquerel, *fils*, however, thought that the case required fresh investigation, and, accordingly, after having consulted all the original documents relating to it, and carefully sifted the evidence advanced on both sides, he has come to the conclusion that nothing could justify the sentence pronounced against the Calas family, by the *capitouls* of Toulouse. His book[8] is a valuable contribution to the historical literature of French Protestants, the notes and bibliographical appendix are very full, and one of the most interesting documents added by way of *éclaircissement*, is the correspondence of an old nun, by name Anne Julie Fraisse, with Anne Calas, who had been shut up in a convent in consequence of a *lettre de cachet*, and won the who esteem and affection of her new companions there, although she firmly refused listening to all the attempts made for the purpose of converting her.

The history of the Calas is not the only one which has lately reminded us of the unhappy results of fanaticism and intolerance. Dolet, the well-known printer and writer of the sixteenth century, also lost his life in the struggle between science, justice, and freedom on the one hand, and ignorance, iniquity, and tyranny on the other. His motto: "Préserve-moi, ô Seigneur, des calumnies des hommes," is the affecting appeal for a protection which he was constantly in need of, for, as his new editor correctly and eloquently remarks: "Prométhée contre Jupiter! voilà toute la vie d'Estienne Dolet."

The beautiful little volume in which M. Joseph Boulmier has related the life and labours of Dolet throws a great deal of light on the political and literary history of the reign of Francis I.[9] It must have cost its author an unusual amount of labour; it is scrupulously complete, and written evidently *con amore*. M. Boulmier naturally feels anxious to show his hero in the best possible light, and to justify him throughout his whole career; but still there remains a mystery respecting Dolet's faith which has never been entirely cleared; and if he was condemned by the Roman Catholic Church as guilty of heresy, we must likewise remember that Protestant divines have generally classed him amongst those free-thinkers who, like Giordano Bruno, Campanella, and others, would have carried the Reformation far beyond the removal of the superfetations sanctioned by Popery. "Agrippam," says Calvin, "Villanovanum (*id est Servetum*) DOLETUM et similes vulgo notum est tanquam Cyclopas

[8] Jean Calas et sa Famille. Etude Historique. Par Athanase Coquerel, fils. 12mo Paris: Ch. Meyrueis.

[9] Etudes sur le Seizième Siècle. Estienne Dolet, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, son Martyre. Par Joseph Boulmier. 8vo. Paris: A. Aubry.

quospiam Evangelium semper fastuose 'sprevisse." Nevertheless, supposing the accusation of Atheism and irreligion brought forward against Dolet were manifestly proved (which is far from being the case), still *à propos* of the persecutions endured by that remarkable man, the question so often agitated appropriately suggests itself, whether the power of earnest conviction has not always prevailed against the rack, fire, and the sword.

Brief Notices.

THE ISRAEL OF THE ALPS; A Complete History of the Vaudois of Piedmont and their Colonies: Prepared in great part from Unpublished Documents. By Alexis Muston, D.D. Translated by the Rev. J. Montgomery. With Numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. Blackie & Son. 1857.

A DETAILED history of the Vaudois Churches must always have peculiar interest, both for students of ecclesiastical history and for British Christians generally. The reader requires not to be reminded that the simple-minded believers of the valleys formed part of the band, not inaptly styled "Reformers before the Reformation." He will recall how many and how searching were the persecutions to which they had been subjected, and how constant their faith and patience proved amidst unparalleled sufferings. Perhaps, also, he may, with some allowable degree of national satisfaction, repeat to himself the sublime poetry of Milton, or remember the interference of the great "Protector" on behalf of the Waldensians. These are events and circumstances with which most well-informed persons in this country are sufficiently acquainted. Not so the details of their chequered history, the records of their zeal in disseminating their tenets, and the account of their progress, internal development, and external circumstances. We gladly welcome, therefore, any contribution which promises to make us better acquainted with so interesting a people—especially when presented in the elegant garb, and with the pictorial illustrations with which Messrs. Blackie have enriched these volumes. Dr. Muston has manifestly read much on the subject of which he treats, and numerous are his references to MS. authorities. Industry and enthusiasm like his deserve a full meed of acknowledgment. But having made this, we are at liberty to state our exceptions. These refer both to the style, and in part, also, to the substance of the work. We confess to decided objection against what may, perhaps, not inaptly be termed the "French historical style." Numerous pathetic exclamations, the frequent interspersion of remarks, and of religious glossaries, not only disturb the reader, and sadly mar a "History," but by their frequent reiteration ultimately lose their effect, especially when, as too often is the case, they consist of mere generalities, which rather represent the passing feelings of a reader, than the calm account, and the historical

verdict of a writer. Historical studies, as well as the perusal of the Bible, have only deepened our natural and rational aversion to Popery. As a system, we hold it not less in abhorrence than Dr. Muston does. But, when giving an account of facts, there is no need for a running tirade against Popery—the more so, as these very facts speak much more eloquently than any argument could possibly do. Another exception to the style of this work, is its continual aim after being lively and pictorial; the unbroken series of sketches, which, to our mind, ill comports with historical dignity, and almost necessitates a garnishing to enable our author to carry us through two large volumes. This remark will prepare the reader for our exceptions to the substance of this history. In one sentence—we fear it is not always sufficiently accurate. Passing over the disputed point of the origin of the Waldenses, whom Dr. Muston traces to apostolic times, while following Gieseler, Herzog, Neander, and Polentz, we derive them from *Peter Waldus*; we notice several inaccuracies even in the small portion which we have subjected to a critical investigation. At p. 61, we read of *one* Doctor in Theology (in company with the Bishop of Cavaillon), whom intercourse with the Waldensians had, from a persecutor, converted into a Protestant; while in reality there were *three*—Gombandi, Somati, and Audi, of whom the first became a minister at Lausanne, the second at Thonon, and the third at Neufchâtel. Again, at p. 99, we read about two dissidents from the Protestant resolutions of a Waldensian synod, who proceeded to Bohemia, to the brethren of that country, who maintained, though by rare intercourse, a constant connexion with the Vaudois Churches, "amongst which, their spiritual guides came to receive instruction in the word of God." Now, this statement is perfectly erroneous: the Bohemian ministers were never sent to the valleys for theological instruction. So far from this being the case, modern investigations have shown that many of the Waldensian writings were simply translations of works originally written by the "Bohemian Brethren." No doubt there was some intercourse and connexion between the "Brethren" and the Vaudois, but certainly not of the character detailed by Dr. Muston. This intricate historical question is in the course of being solved by the labours of Gindely, and of other writers. At p. 100, Dr. Muston speaks of "a fraternal letter" addressed by "the Churches of Bohemia" (Query, *what* Churches?—those of the Calixtines, of the Brethren, or of other dissidents?) to the Protestants of Piedmont, in which the latter are warned against laying aside their ancient customs in favour of the doctrines of the Reformation. We should have much liked to have learned more of this letter (which apparently exists only in MS.), as we have our own doubts on this subject. It is indeed true that, in the year 1531, the Church of the Brethren was still under the Seniorate of Skôda (died in 1532), who was opposed to the Reformation in Germany; even, as at an earlier period, Zwinglian doctrine had been condemned by the Bohemians. But already a different tendency was beginning to appear, and the synod of the Brethren passed in 1531,

a number of decrees conceived in a decidedly Lutheran spirit. At any rate, until we know more about this letter, we cannot receive the statement of Dr. Muston in its present form. *Perhaps* the correspondence may have taken place between the Piedmontese and those Waldensians who had migrated from Brandenburgh into Bohemia, and there joined the Brethren. Traces of these emigrants appear so late as the year 1540. We are sorry to find so many exceptions to volumes otherwise of great merit and interest, and which we warmly recommend to our readers. Only, if the work should reach a second issue, we would urgently advise the able translator, Mr. Montgomery, who has done his task so well, to condense, and to revise it, carefully collating the work with other standard authorities on the subject.

COMMON THINGS, REGARDING THE BRINGING UP OF OUR GIRLS. By Jane Brough. Second edition. London: Wertheim & Macintosh. 1857.

WE are far too gallant to say anything harsh of a lady, or her composition, especially of one whose calling it is to train "the daughters of the aristocracy and gentry." For the latter class our admiration is unbounded, if only they were not commonly so useless. Seriously speaking, we have long cherished grave doubts about the present system of educating the female members of the "higher classes." These fears have only been confirmed by the perusal of this little tractate. We cannot perceive the need of all this moral coddling, and keeping separate from the low and the vulgar. Surely the great realities of life and its duties require more stern stuff than can thus be produced. Withal, in our opinion, woman's heart, with its deep love and broad sympathies, and woman's home, with its manifold duties, form no part in training such as is here advocated. In one sentence, we do not approve of this "milk-watering" of aristocracy and gentility; but, perhaps, our own taste only is at fault. We shall say no more, as the book treats of a subject on which we feel so very strongly. In a literary point the work is misnamed. The title should run: "Miss Brough's Method of bringing up the Daughters of the Aristocracy and Gentry." For letters recommending the establishment, we refer the reader to the last chapter. Prospectuses of terms, &c., are promised at the commencement.

THE DUTY OF ABSTAINING FROM DEBT. By the late Rev. Greville Ewing. With Introductory Note by the Rev. Alexander Fraser. Glasgow: Gallie. 1858.

A MOST seasonable re-production this—dealing with the great and practical evil of "bill-mongering," the dishonesty and sin of which are here exposed. Only, had the Sermon been lately preached, a good deal more might have been added anent materialism, luxury, and sensualism. Would our pulpits gave us more of these practical applications of Christian principle to every-day concerns!

ALCOHOL; ITS PLACE AND POWER. By James Miller, F.R.S.E., Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, &c.

PROFESSOR MILLER must have been already acknowledged as "a high authority," and a man well qualified to propound and defend the principles of Temperance, when the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League made application to him for a treatise on the subject. The correctness of their judgment in seeking his aid is abundantly proved by the production of the cheap and most excellent work before us; for without doubt it is the best of its kind extant. The professor gives it to the League, only stipulating that it shall be published at such a price as would bring it within the reach of all classes. Even if the reader felt no interest in the Temperance movement, his interest could scarcely flag in the perusal of this little volume, for every page evinces the power of a clear strong mind, and a heart in keeping with it. As an exhibition of medical logic it is no mean production. The skill and the tact necessary for the fair and full discussion of the subject are not small, since not only a large acquaintance with the physiology, chemistry, and pathology, and the actual practice of medicine, was required in order duly and judiciously to estimate the value of alcoholic liquors medically considered; but also to enable the writer, while arguing against its abuse as a common article of diet, to discriminate between its use and its abuse,—a point in which too many of the most honest advocates of abstinence have failed, and by extreme views, and by actual ignorance, and by intemperance of expression, have destroyed the value of their testimony in favour of Temperance. Professor Miller's compact and cogent treatise is founded on a candid and extensive view of the subject; there is science in the common sense, and common sense in the science, with which he elucidates the philosophy of temperance. The work is somewhat more homely and less elaborate than the admirable work by Dr. Carpenter, on the "Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence;" or that equally useful work by Dr. Charles Wilson, on "The Pathology of Drunkenness;" but throughout it abounds with telling facts, put in the forcible and straightforward manner of a man who knows, as well as feels, what he is about; so that, as an example of condensing, as well as discriminating, talent, and for the force of truth that is in it, the work is well worth the reading of any man. As a taste of its style we quote the conclusion: "Of alcohol," he says, "let men learn its power, and act wisely on that learning. Let them know and remember that it has vast power as a poison—to be dreaded by all who would live and let live; great power too as a medicine—in small quantities, and skilfully employed; much power as a luxury, but of a most perilous kind; no power as food, save only in occasional emergencies; no power to sustain or even to refresh a man, under either bodily or mental labour—and let them abolish the term 'refreshments,' in its ordinary alcoholic sense, as a most foul and fallacious misnomer; no power to afford continued and systematic protection against extremes of either cold or heat; no power to avert disease, but power almost infinite to produce it; no power to

cherish old age, but only to cripple and confound it; no power to prolong life, but power to both hasten and embitter its ending; no power to strengthen the morals or the mind, but power to debase, if not destroy, the one, and weaken and pervert the other; a power to produce crime, and minister to vice, beyond what pen can write or tongue can tell—'sensual, devilish.' Let them know such power —and fear it."

A WOMAN'S PREACHINGS FOR WOMAN'S PRACTICE. By Augusta Johnstone. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1858.

A GENUINE book this, by a genuine woman—true in mind and heart. Every-day duties, dangers, wants, and joys, are treated most accurately, elegantly, and appropriately. Miss Johnstone is a correct thinker, and an accomplished writer; and the perusal of her book has given us pleasure, and the female portion of our family instruction and encouragement. We could wish to see this book in every drawing-room, parlour, and cottage. There is in it something for every relationship, and every circumstance of life, and we can only advise our fair readers for once to take a critic's advice, and get this little work. We forego our claims to *acumen*, if they will not thank us for the advice. In one respect only we have to find exception with Miss Johnstone, and we do it with an amount of sadness. Why has not genuine, evangelical religion a more prominent place in her counsels? Is it not the *one* thing needful to all, and especially to woman? Loving, working, gladdening, spreading joy, drinking in sorrow, and giving forth consolation—needs she not, above all others, the instructions and the comforts of a genuine and child-like *faith*?

ADELINE; OR, THE MYSTERIES, ROMANCE, AND REALITIES OF JEWISH LIFE. By the Author of "Leila Ada." In the "Run and Read Library." London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

A MORE complete tissue of absurdities and unreality could scarcely be conceived than are crammed together in this book,—the whole being well sauced over with religiosities. The story is made up of unlikely matches, and terrific love-making. A Jewish girl marries a drunken, red-haired earl, who is conveniently shot in a duel that the heroine may wed her former lover, who, meantime, had been dismissed with a blessing, to fight for, and to rescue Maria Theresa—the poor Empress falling, we fear, half in love with the Jewish cavalier! Withal, there are interludes of beautiful deaths; attempts at carrying away by priests, and other escapes; Scotch servants discharging volleys of Scotticisms—in short, altogether a wondrous business. The author's geography is about as good as his Jewish information. On the latter head we have a pathetic excommunication-scene, in which "Baron Nathan Solomon Dolorozzo Czatskiglinthklungblomerang" figures largely. In geography, we have startling information regarding Vienna, showing how from "the belvedere on the top" of houses,

poor readers look on the Danube, which "flows beneath them deep and clear"—a sad *quid pro quo*, as the traveller who has passed over the weary two or three miles intervening between the city and the Danube, knows to his cost. However, these are mere trifles—at least, to a novelist. We confess that our opinion of literary tastes is not sufficiently low to anticipate that such "mysteries and realities" will be much relished.

THE YEAR NINE. A Tale of the Tyrol. By the Author of "Mary Powell." London: Hall & Virtue.

OF the many productions of this popular writer, the volume before us is the most spirit-stirring. It must, we think, carry with it the sympathies of every English reader, and strange will it be if it does not soon find a translator into more than one of the Continental languages. The story relates in a graphic manner the rising of the Tyrolese against the Bavarians, or, we might rather say, against Napoleon, who had severed the Tyrol from Austria and annexed it to Bavaria. The brave struggles and achievements of the mountaineers, their perseverance to the utmost, even when deserted by Austria—who first incited them to war, and then basely yielded them up as a peace-offering in the treaty with France—are well told. In Hofer, the heroic peasant-leader and victim, we have vividly pourtrayed one of those noble patriot-warriors, whose names, scattered over the history of centuries, are to posterity the watch-words of liberty. Such men, when the tomb has closed over them, have done but a small part of their work; in silence and unobserved, but not the less surely, it goes on through succeeding ages. The picturesque sketches of mountain life and manners, with which the volume abounds, form a suitable background to the story. We heartily recommend the book, as being at once entertaining and full of the deep interest, which must ever attach to the efforts of a brave people to secure the freedom of their native country.

THE SHEEPFOLD AND THE COMMON; or, Within and Without. Vol. I. Blackie & Son.

SOME of our readers may remember a work published about thirty years ago under the title of "The Evangelical Rambler," and which, in the form of tales, real or imaginary, aimed at the diffusion of correct views of the Evangelical system. That work, it appears, "has long been out of print; and its republication at the present time has been recommended, as calculated to assist in arresting the progress of some popular errors, and dangerous institutions, and in aiding the advancement of truth and social happiness." Accordingly, under the new, and rather happy, title of "The Sheepfold and the Common," which of course represents the Church and the World, "The Evangelical Rambler" greets the eye of a new generation, with all the advantages, too, of good paper, printing, and illustrations. Those who are acquainted with Rowland Hill's "Village Dialogues," and

Campbell's—of Kingsland—"Walks of Usefulness," will understand the general character of "The Sheepfold and the Common;" but the ability, the originality, and the literary polish of the last-named, are immeasurably beyond those of the others. Literature was not Rowland Hill's vocation, and he had too much good sense to pretend that it was: and as for the "Walks of Usefulness," the little thing was intended only to show what good men, who are disposed to speak to everybody they meet, which assuredly some of us are not, may do in the way of scattering precious seed. The book before us, though probably much of it is the creation of fancy, richly deserved republication. It is full of vigorous thinking, expressed in language which betrays an author of no ordinary mind. A great deal of the volume has been rewritten, so that it is to all intents a new work; and as we are persuaded that its perusal must do much good, by materially serving to expose the follies and absurdities of the Tractarian school, in their own favourite fashion of dialogue, we thank the Messrs. Blackie for bringing it so opportunely before the public.

THE HEIRS OF THE FARMSTEAD; or, Life in the Worsted Districts of Yorkshire Twenty Years ago. A Tale. By the Author of "Orphan Upton." London: Heaton & Son. 1858.

THIS is a vigorous and interesting story of the introduction of the power-looms into a manufacturing village in Yorkshire, put together by a competent hand. We like the fine spirit of sympathy that breathes throughout its incidents, both for the privations of the hand-loom weavers, at the period of which we speak, and the necessities of the employers which urged upon them the adoption of the new and improved process of manufacture. No one who looks at the condition of the older mechanics with an impartial eye, can wonder at the distrust and pain with which they regarded the inventions that threatened the stoppage of the sources of their subsistence—feelings which a favourable experience has since chastened or removed. When a man had to say, under stress of starvation, in the dialect of the district, "I'm fairly clemmed," that is, starved, he might well dart an angry glance at the supposed cause of his sufferings. As in Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South," an attack upon a mill furnishes an exciting scene in the volume before us, together with the antecedents thereto, which are not deficient in interest. There are living figures enough in the story to furnish a *corps d'action* for three volumes of any orthodox novelist—two pairs of lovers, a brace of employers—one of them as black as perdition, the other like a benevolent angel—two unfortunate *mauvais sujets*, with some redeeming points about them at the last, and a host of subordinate personages besides. Leechy Luty, one of the black sheep—black without a crime, and misanthropical without a cause, becomes a kind of favourite ere the story closes. The tale is written in an earnest strain, with considerable dexterity of pen, and with a moral purpose, which will make it a desirable companion wherever it wins its way. Although much of it is fictitious, it is evidently founded upon fact; and we can conceive of manu-

facturers, like William Sykes of the Farmstead—and there are many such as he—recognising the truth and moral purpose of the story as so distinct and valuable, that they will aid in its circulation amongst their work-people. It advocates the soundest social and Christian principles.

THE STARS AND THE ANGELS; or, the Natural History of the Universe and its Inhabitants. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THIS title promises more than the work fulfils, which is rather an attempt to explain, on scientific principles, certain facts in the Bible narrative that at first sight do not seem to comport with the deductions of science. This, however, is far from the Natural History of the Universe and its Inhabitants. The author accepts the Scriptural statements as perfectly authentic, and his faith appears to be as sound as his science. Revelation and science must harmonize in fact, and if they appear not to accord, we must either misapprehend the revelation, or be defective in our science. Their harmony, however, can never be fully felt, whatever our science, except by a mind thoroughly imbued with Christian faith, for that faith alone furnishes evidence of things not seen, but which, from what is known and believed, may naturally be looked for. It is "through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God;" for a state of mind which admits the revelation of God to the soul, also assures that soul of the existence of all the worlds, in accordance with that revelation; so that to believe in "the Word that was in the beginning with God, and was God," is also to believe that "without Him was not anything made that was made." He is heir of all things, by whom the worlds were made (Heb. xiii.), that is, the whole universe. Believing this, we are not so much startled by the surmises and inquiries in the work before us, as many readers probably would be; for we necessarily expect the fuller discussion and fuller discovery of science, in relation to revelation, to demonstrate the consistence of the laws of matter and of mind with the Christian scheme, and with all its antecedent and attendant marvels. A true believer will always be turning his science to account in the enlargement of his heart's hopes and joys. The more he knows of the works of God the wider is the walk of his faith. This remark is well illustrated by "The Stars and the Angels," for the work evinces no less intimacy with science than with the Word of God, and on that account demands a discriminating perusal; for whether we admit the soundness of all its arguments or not, we, at least, thereby acquire a larger view of existence, and of the possible relations of our religion and ourselves to the universe. Facts are always worth our best investigation, because they are Divine acts and teachings, concerning which we cannot possess too much knowledge, if only we possess also sufficient faith to interpret them aright to our own hearts. If we behold the God of nature in the Bible we shall behold the God of the Bible in nature. In this work the testimony of the Bible is illustrated by the testimony of astronomy, and the other sciences. Human nature is shown to the highest type in

creation, and all that we are told in the Bible concerning angels and demons, and the spirit after death, and the resurrection of our Lord, is made to appear consistent with the physiology of the body, soul, and spirit of man. Though the work abounds with interesting facts and forcible arguments, yet it will probably be deemed, on the whole, too speculative in several respects, and possibly the weight of the truths that are in it will not be justly estimated, in consequence of their being connected with so much that can only be questionable. Nevertheless, there is great cogency in the work as a whole, and it cannot be read by a man of science and of faith without both pleasure and profit.

REFLECTIONS ON CHURCH MUSIC, for the Consideration of Church-goers in general. By Carl Engel. London: Gustav Scheurmann & Co. 1856.

THIS valuable and interesting volume treats of the requisite knowledge of church music, and the means of further improvement. The author is both a practical and scientific musician, and gives us in these brief observations the result of much thought and experience. We could wish the leader of each of our choirs were in possession of a copy, as it might enlighten ignorance, and repress conceit. The following conditions are indispensable for dignified congregational singing: People must sing in tune. They must observe the proper pronunciation of the words. They must be able to sing with a certain ease. They must sing the melody without making any alterations in it. They must neither overstrain the voice, nor exert it too little. They must sing with fervour and expression; and the singing must be in a movement which is suitable to the general impression of the words. The following conditions are requisite for a proper congregational singing in unison: All the people must join. The male and female voices must be in proportion to each other. The unison must be sung with precision. Every one must keep strictly to singing the melody (*cantus firmus*). And the organ accompaniment must be in dispersed harmony. Any figurate choral music, in which the words are distorted, and made incomprehensible and confused, is not likely to promote the chief object of church music, however excellent it may be in other respects."

Monthly Review of Public Events.

WE are not disposed to utter loud lamentations over the fall of Lord PALMERSTON'S Ministry. Without a creed, and without a policy, his lordship had been guided, from day to day, by the incessant fluctuations of popular opinion; and it was only a righteous retribution that he should be driven from power by an outburst of

friends of every movement directed to promote the elevation of the great masses of the community. We should not wonder if the present Government attempted to retain its position by attempting to carry out some of the principles for which Social Reformers have long been agitating.

The recent disclosures of the spirit in which France endeavoured to force upon Switzerland those offensive and degrading measures against which the high spirit of England so vehemently protested, abundantly demonstrate that the outcry which led to the overthrow of Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry, was the utterance of the true and unerring instincts of the spirit of Freedom. The insulting despatch which awakened our indignation was the smoothest courtesy compared with the communications addressed to the hardy mountaineers. The fall of the late Government was the salvation of European independence. The change of Ministry has, of course, greatly obstructed the progress of business; little or nothing has been done in either House that calls for distinct notice.

The Emperor of the French has condescended to write a pamphlet on the recent difficulties by which the tranquillity and mutual confidence of the two greatest of European states have lately been disturbed; or, if he did not write, he inspired the mind and conducted the hand of the man that did. Great as was the anxiety awakened by the announcement of the forthcoming manifesto, it appears to be already almost forgotten. Whatever impression it produced on the other side of the Straits of Dover, on this side it has been absolutely powerless. It has done nothing to strengthen, nothing to weaken the alliance between the two nations; and the passage which is likely to be remembered longest, is that in which such strange importance is attached to the "Discussion Forum," in Fleet Street.

The India Bill of the new Ministry was submitted to the House of Commons, on the 26th, by Mr. DISRAELI, in a speech characterized by a sobriety and seriousness of tone befitting the greatness of the subject. We propose to discuss the Bill at length in our next number; at present we can only say, that it appears to be the result of an honest and courageous endeavour to provide for India a strong, responsible, and intelligent Government. The proposal is, that a Secretary of State should be created, to be assisted by a Council of eighteen, and with the power to appoint a Vice-President. Nine members of the Council are to be nominated by the Crown, four are to be chosen by a constituency, composed of persons interested in various ways in the affairs of India, and five by the parliamentary electors of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Belfast. Care is taken that the Council shall consist of persons having practical knowledge of the condition of India. The one fault of the Bill, at first sight, is its exceeding ingenuity; but, on the whole, we believe it to be far preferable to Lord PALMERSTON's.

popular indignation. The *Times* tried hard to write the Palmerstonians back into office, and affected incredulity as to the possibility of Lord DERBY undertaking the responsibilities of office; but the chief of the Conservative party felt it was due to his followers that he should attempt to form a Government, so that the veteran Premier has not been recalled, and, for a little time, he and his friends are condemned to sit on the shady side of the House. We hope that the "change of air" will invigorate their political energies.

On the 1st of March, Lord DERBY made a formal statement to the House of Lords of the principles on which he proposed to conduct the business of the nation. His lordship is always brilliant and fascinating; but his explanation of his principles and purposes solved no mysteries—nearly everything that was unexplained when he began, when he finished was unexplained still. Everybody knew that he would denounce the attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French, and condemn the conspirators to eternal infamy; that he would express profound regret that the despatch of Count WALEWSKI had been permitted to lie unanswered; that he would promise to send a reply which should soothe the irritation of our excitable neighbours, and yet repel the studied insult to the free institutions and generous traditions of England, which the French despatch had certainly conveyed; that he would glorify the bravery of our Indian heroes; that he would accept, with as much grace as the remembrance of this time last year would permit, the Chinese war, and promise to carry it to a successful consummation; but the charm with which he said all this was wonderful. The most dexterous passage in his speech, however, was that in which he explained the reasons which had induced his colleagues and himself to abandon their strenuous opposition to the immediate re-organisation of the Indian Home Government. The echoes of the eloquent declamation of Mr. DISRAELI and Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON against reconstructing a Government, while its very existence was threatened by a portentous rebellion, were scarcely silent in the Commons, when Lord DERBY, in the Lords, announced, with exquisite self-command and admirable blandness, that the vote of the House of Commons in favour of the principle of Lord PALMERSTON'S bill had wrought a conviction in their minds of the necessity for immediate legislation. The Company, argued his lordship, was under sentence of death, and it would be better that the sentence should be speedily executed. We wonder whether this miraculous conversion would have happened, had the vote on Mr. MILNER GIBSON'S celebrated amendment gone the other way.

There is one element of power possessed by the Conservative party at this moment, which it did not possess in an equal degree when Lord DERBY was previously invited to form a Ministry; during the last two or three years some of its prominent members have won a large amount of popular sympathy by their earnest advocacy of Social Reform. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, Lord STANLEY, Mr. ADDERLEY, have all stood prominently before the nation as the

friends of every movement directed to promote the elevation of the great masses of the community. We should not wonder if the present Government attempted to retain its position by attempting to carry out some of the principles for which Social Reformers have long been agitating.

The recent disclosures of the spirit in which France endeavoured to force upon Switzerland those offensive and degrading measures against which the high spirit of England so vehemently protested, abundantly demonstrate that the outcry which led to the overthrow of Lord PALMERSTON's Ministry, was the utterance of the true and unerring instincts of the spirit of Freedom. The insulting despatch which awakened our indignation was the smoothest courtesy compared with the communications addressed to the hardy mountaineers. The fall of the late Government was the salvation of European independence. The change of Ministry has, of course, greatly obstructed the progress of business; little or nothing has been done in either House that calls for distinct notice.

The Emperor of the French has condescended to write a pamphlet on the recent difficulties by which the tranquillity and mutual confidence of the two greatest of European states have lately been disturbed; or, if he did not write, he inspired the mind and conducted the hand of the man that did. Great as was the anxiety awakened by the announcement of the forthcoming manifesto, it appears to be already almost forgotten. Whatever impression it produced on the other side of the Straits of Dover, on this side it has been absolutely powerless. It has done nothing to strengthen, nothing to weaken the alliance between the two nations; and the passage which is likely to be remembered longest, is that in which such strange importance is attached to the "Discussion Forum," in Fleet Street.

The India Bill of the new Ministry was submitted to the House of Commons, on the 26th, by Mr. DISRAELI, in a speech characterized by a sobriety and seriousness of tone befitting the greatness of the subject. We propose to discuss the Bill at length in our next number; at present we can only say, that it appears to be the result of an honest and courageous endeavour to provide for India a strong, responsible, and intelligent Government. The proposal is, that a Secretary of State should be created, to be assisted by a Council of eighteen, and with the power to appoint a Vice-President. Nine members of the Council are to be nominated by the Crown, four are to be chosen by a constituency, composed of persons interested in various ways in the affairs of India, and five by the parliamentary electors of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, and Belfast. Care is taken that the Council shall consist of persons having practical knowledge of the condition of India. The one fault of the Bill, at first sight, is its exceeding ingenuity; but, on the whole, we believe it to be far preferable to Lord PALMERSTON's.

Books Received.

Anti-Slavery Advocate, for March. Wm. Tweedie.
Atlantic Monthly Magazine, for February. Trübner & Co.
Book of Psalms in English Verse. J. W. Parker & Son.
Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts.—Æschylus. Deighton, Bell, and Co.
Candlish's Life in a Risen Saviour. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
Cassell's (John) Art Treasures. Part X. Kent & Co.
Caste in India. Caste Everywhere. How to Keep or Lose an Empire. J. Heaton & Son.
Catechism of Positive Religion. John Chapman.
Cherubim: a Type of the Church of the Present Dispensation. Dublin: Madden & Oldham.
Christian Zeal; its Necessity and its Reward. Judd & Glass.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XVII. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
Defence of Lucknow: a Diary by a Staff Officer. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Dial Register, for March.
D'Istria's (Countess) Switzerland, the Pioneer of the Reformation. Two Vols. A. Fullarton & Co
Durand's (Henry) Poetical Works. William Lay.
Endowed Schools (Ireland) Commission. Letter to Sir George Grey. Queen's Printers.
Englishwoman's Journal, for March. Piper, Stephenson, & Spence.
Essays and Remains of the Rev. Robert Alfred Vaughan. Two Vols. J. W. Parker.
Evangelical Christendom: its State and Prospects, for March. The Evangelical Alliance.
Evil of Mixed Marriages. Dublin: Madden & Oldham.
Fourfold Picture of a Sinner. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
Fraser's Rational Philosophy in History and in System.
Friendly Advice to Protestants on Intermarriages with Roman Catholics. Madden & Oldham.
Gathered Flowers: a Selection of Scripture Texts for Parochial Use. Wertheim & Macintosh.
General Havelock on Christian Soldiership. Judd & Glass.
Genoese Insurrection (the late) Defended. By Joseph Mazzini. Holyoake & Co.
Girls' Own Text-Book. John Farquhar Shaw.
Give me thine Heart; or, the Grand Request. John Farquhar Shaw.
Good Soldier: Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Gospel Refuge: a Sermon. By the Rev. John Baker. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.
Hood's Havelock: the Broad Stone of Honour. John Snow.
History of the English Language. Longmans & Co.
Huc's Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet. Longmans & Co.
Hutchinson's Impressions of Western Africa. Longmans & Co.
Irving's Commerce of India. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Jewish Chronicle. Nos. 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Jones's (T. W.) Catechism of Physiology and Philosophy. John Churchill.
Joseph: a Sacred Drama. Carmarthen: Spurrell.
Ladies' Treasury, for March. Ward & Lock.
Letter to the Editor of the "Christian Remembrancer." Williams & Norgate.
Letter to the Elders and Deacons of the French Protestant Church of London. W. Dalton.
Letters to a Lady on the Progress of Being in the Universe. John Chapman.
Lyrics of Ireland. By Samuel Lover. Houlston & Wright.
Macaulay's History of England. Vols. IV. and V. Longmans & Co.
Macnair's Christian Baptism Spiritual not Ritual. Edinburgh: Paton & Ritchie.
Man's Dreams and God's Realities. Longmans & Co.
Microscope (The): its Revelations and Applications in Science and Art. Thomas Constable & Co.
Moors and the Fens. Three Vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Naples and King Ferdinand. By Elizabeth Dawbarn. L. Booth.
Nature and Purpose of God as revealed in the Apocalypse. Part II. Edinburgh.
Neale's Jansenist Church of Holland. John Henry & James Parker.
Phillips's Vacation Thoughts on Capital Punishments. James Ridgway.
Plain Controversial Catechism on some of the Errors of the Romanists. Madden & Oldham.
Poetry: Women and Children. Judd & Glass.
Poor Rates: a Tale, illustrating the Wrongs of Ireland. Dublin: Madden & Oldham.
Protestant Theological and Ecclesiastical Cyclopedia. Part VI. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.
Punishment of Death for Murder: Natural, Scriptural, and Salutary. Judd & Glass.
Pupil-Teacher. No. VII. Geo. J. Stevenson.
Rees's Personal Narrative of the Relief of Lucknow. Longmans & Co.
School and Teacher. No. IV., New Series. Geo. J. Stevenson.
Select Odes of Horace, in English Lyrics. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Signs of the Second Advent of our Blessed Lord. T. Hatchard.
Songs of Early Spring. W. Kent & Co.
Speech of Colonel Sykes on the Proposed India Bill. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Thompson's Galley Slave and his Daughter. Dublin: Madden & Oldham.
Trelawny's Recollections of Shelley and Byron. Edward Moxon.
Truth Out of Place the most Dangerous Error. Dublin: Madden & Oldham.
Uncle Jack, the Fault-Killer. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Voice of our Congregations. John Snow.
Von Tempsky's Mitla: Travels in Mexico and Guatemala in 1853—55. Longmans & Co.
Wanderings in the Land of Ham. Longmans & Co.
Winslow's Evening Thoughts—January to June. John Farquhar Shaw.
Youth's Instructor. No. IV., price 2d. Geo. J. Stevenson.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MAY, 1858.

ART. I.—READE'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade. New Edition, in Four Volumes. London: Longman, Brown, Longman, & Roberts. 1857.

MR. JOHN EDMUND READE reminds us of Mr. Robert Montgomery, upon whom Macaulay has conferred a literary immortality which Mr. Montgomery but little expected, and which no one will envy. We think the justice of Macaulay's censure to be overstrained, and, therefore, we do not wish, even if we were able, to inflict such a castigation upon Mr. Reade as his brother poet so piteously suffered at the great critic's hands. Yet if Mr. Reade, for the sake of mere self-improvement, wishes to see the faults of his poetry microscopically analyzed, and mercilessly denounced, we commend him to a conscientious revision of Macaulay's article. Meanwhile we set ourselves to a milder task, in which, according to our own method, we shall briefly point out the blemishes which disfigure Mr. Reade's poetry, and which, like "the dead flies in the apothecary's ointment," vitiate the pleasure it was intended to convey.

The essential quality of poetry lies in the form, and not in the matter—the εἶδος, and not the ὕλη—of its composition. We do not mean by this statement to insinuate that the subject-matter of a poem is a matter of indifference, or that the poet may not be a profound speculative thinker. On the contrary, we believe that it is of vital concernment to the excellence of a poem that its substance have worth and stability, just as in the plastic arts it is of the utmost consequence that the modeller's material be finely grained and durable. We cannot abide the filagree-work by which some modern poets laboriously beautify "trifles light as air!" and so expend their genius

upon works which, because there is no solid body in them, will perish as surely as a wreath of summer roses, or the colours of a summer sunset. The poet must be a thinker. Thought constitutes the matter of his art, as marble does of the sculptor's, or gypsum of the potter's; and in proportion as he loves his art, he will seek to exercise it upon thought that shall be solid as marble, and pure as gypsum.

Yet it is not the thought, which is the substance of the poet's work, that constitutes it a poem; it is the form impressed upon the thought. As a thinker the poet ranks with others—the historian, the moral philosopher, the social economist, or the divine—according to the nature of the thought which he expresses; but he differs from them, and in this difference the distinctive quality of poetry appears in the form with which his thought is invested.

The essential quality which differentiates the form of poetical thought from every other form in which thought may be presented, is the quality of beauty. In this respect it is akin to the other fine arts. So absolute and imperious is the law of beauty in poetry, that every thought must be excluded from its sphere which is not capable of being moulded into a beautiful form, and even the smallest words must be selected according to this inexorable requirement. We see at once how the poet's presentation of a historical fact will differ from the historian's, since he is prevented by his art from stating any incident that either in itself or in its connexion will mar the harmonious beauty of his narrative, and is otherwise limited by conditions necessary to enhance this final effect, which is the peculiar aim of his work. In like manner, the didactic poet, the poet who represents comic or tragic scenes from life, or the lyrist who utters the sentiments that rule the heart with intense and domineering, though it may be momentary passion, is distinguished from other writers who present the same subject-matter as the poet, but under less stringent conditions.

It is not our purpose to show the qualifications needful to fulfil the poet's aim, which, from the very stringencies of the conditions laid on him, it is so difficult, and therefore so glorious, to attain. The chief must be that susceptibility which recognises and loves the beautiful wherever it is revealed. This susceptibility is rather emotional than intellectual, since beauty appeals more to sympathy than to perception. Consequently the poet, in Tennyson's words, is

> "Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love."

This susceptibility consists in a refined and passionate sensi-

tiveness of feeling, which brings him into quick sympathy with nature and men in all their moods of love and hatred, sorrow and joy. He feels as other men do, but more acutely, more intensely, than they, and so can give more emphatic and glowing expression to the common feelings of humanity.

This susceptibility cannot be denied to Mr. Reade any more than to Mr. Montgomery, but it is either uneducated or intrinsically defective. There is great fervour in his writing, which gives to it much of the colour and brilliancy of the poetic style; but there is often so great confusion in the highly coloured sentences, that they look like freshly painted pictures that have been blurred; and coarse, unpoetic words are sometimes thrust into a finely toned passage, which jar upon our nerves most ruefully, and look as unseemly as carious bones bleaching among the daisies of a churchyard.

Our criticism will apply, therefore, only to those elements of beauty in which Mr. Reade is deficient, and which, because essential to a finished beauty of style, are the essentials of true poetry.

I. There must be a clear method or arrangement, not only in the general argument of a poem, but in the successive sentences that compose it. Order is Heaven's first law; and it is assuredly the first law of beauty. There can be no satisfaction in puzzling over the meaning or the connexion of a passage in poetry, and so long as the mind is thus puzzled and dissatisfied, there can be no apprehension of the beautiful. In every beautiful figure there must be a clear outline upon which the eye will love to rest. We do not deny that in intricate workmanship it will require attention to trace this outline, but the very perfection of the work will be acknowledged from the fact, that as the general outline is simple and clear, so in its minutest parts, when examined, the same law is faithfully observed. In prose writing it is esteemed a sure sign of incompetency or haste, if the writer's ideas do not stand out in lucid distinctness, and if the joints which hinge them be not clearly articulated; and we must demand that the same test be applied to poetry, where we know it is more difficult to attain such clearness, but where the very glory of the art consists in surmounting that difficulty to obtain a *summum bonum* which is beyond the reach of prose.

The work of composition is something like that of creation. First, there is chaos and utter darkness; and when light begins to dawn it rises upon a dense unbroken fog. Days—some say generations—elapsed at first, ere the waters were divided, the sun, moon, and stars became visible, and the "Kosmos" of this world emerged from the abyss. So is it with the creations of

the mind. Slow, patient meditation alone can dissipate the fog which steams around a subject when first suggested to the mind, and it will be long ere those deeper lines of thought are revealed which connect its bolder and more prominent divisions, as mist-covered valleys lie between the clear shining hills.

The fervour of a poet's soul is not favourable to the clearness which belongs rather to the unfeeling reason than the impassioned heart. Yet it must be attained by him; nor is his discipline complete till his very enthusiasm of feeling, without narrowing the range of his thoughts, gives a sunlit brilliance, and a keen, delicate distinctness, to each. This discipline Mr. Reade has not submitted to. In his poetry there are the glow and flamy smoke, and sputtering combustion, which betoken the presence of poetic fire; but there is no beauty in these things. They are merely its preparation. From them, as the love-zoned Venus from the foaming sea, or as the pure column of light from the crackling faggots, it arises calmly and majestically: nor does it wear one stain from all that dire commotion which accompanied its birth.

These poems, like Montgomery's, and many others, remind us of the ruddy, reeking glare, and of the bubbling fermentation, of a glass furnace. What a seething mass of flame and smoke! We see there a specimen of the fire that melts and confuses everything it touches. It is impossible even to distinguish the molten liquid from the burning atmosphere that lowers above it. All that heat and confusion are needed; but a higher process—the artistic—has to follow, ere the ruby vase glow with its soft and steadfast light upon our table. The liquid prepared in the furnace is drawn off in small portions, and patiently modelled and worked into those forms of varied beauty with which we are familiar. So must it be in the higher art of poetry, which accomplishes with the more ethereal, but more plastic forces of language, what these lower arts accomplish with clay and glass. The fires of feeling will first inflame and disturb the imagination, and convert it into one wild, glowing, vaporous mass, like the furnace; but in this state its crude contents should not be run off and put to press. The severest work—the proper work of art comes after that, viz., the clear demarcation, the slow development, the minute and elaborate finish of the ideas, that once were tumbling chaotically in that formless frenzy.

We wish that Mr. Reade had given more of this careful artistic treatment to his ideas. They are poured out with a dark and lurid brilliancy about them; but there is a want of succinct order, dividing, and yet combining them, so as to make them easily seen, both in themselves and in their mutual rela-

tions. Especially do they lack that repose and finished elegance which belong essentially to beauty; and poetry is beauty.

Whether this criticism be just or not, let our readers judge from the following passage, which happens to be open before us. It describes a vision of one of the geological epochs preceding the present constitution of the earth:—

"Even while I gazed on life apart, the whole
Expanded round me, till I looked upon
Earth's infinite forehead raised toward the sun,
As she were conscious her existence grew
From that informing Presence. As in days
Of the heroic ages, on the lyre
The divine bard his sightless eyes upraised,
His spirit luminous with inward light,
Even such intelligence between them dwelt—
Instinct, or consciousness, or passive will.
Vitality filled her breast, where nought reposed,
Where strife perturbing joined with harmonies;
Where panting breath was drawn in covert lair
In fear and watchfulness: scaled monsters leaped
From depths to find on shore the death they shunned;
Morass and hill and vale one chase became,
Of life from death, pursuing or pursued,
Attuned to cries of rage, fear, agony,
Hunger, and wrath, and triumph, and despair.
The vapours that erewhile o'ershadowed earth
Passed. The sun raised his brow, nor mist nor cloud
Came near his solitary Throne; thereon
The Maker and Renewer scathing sate
Alone, as God in heaven."—Vol. IV., p. 11.

II. There must be refinement in the conception, the language, and the rhythmical sounds of poetry. The notion of beauty involves refinement as a necessary element. The first essential of beauty—order—is intimately connected with this; though another and higher requisite is now brought to view. Our first demand was that the ideas of a poem should, in themselves, be organically and therefore symmetrically developed, and that then they should be knitted together by a clear articulation. Grammar determines the methods by which sentences may be so connected, and we regret that Mr. Reade has often violated or forgotten the simple rules of grammar so egregiously, that it is impossible, after most careful study, to trace the connexion of his thoughts. We know, indeed, that it is the very highest grace of poetry to blend thoughts so skilfully together that, on reflection, a sentence will flash with an unexpected brilliancy, like that shot in which rays of beautiful colour are so hidden as

only to glance on the eye when turned to the sun. For this purpose certain grammatical licenses are allowed to the poet, such as inversion of sentences, the omission of pronouns, &c., which are intolerable in prose. But in no case is the distinction of the poet's thoughts to be confused: it is only to be more finely marked. In this delicate work the refinement of the poet's soul appears,—giving the softest and most flexible form to the order in which his poem is cast,—breathing over it that gentle and bewitching grace, which is its crowning loveliness. The prose writer may leave the ends of his sentences rough and ragged, like the fibres of a strained and broken rope, or he may tag them together by the most clumsy knots; but the poet, the aim and the law of whose work is beauty, can use no such rudeness. His sentences must lap on each other as neatly and yet as distinctly as the smallest links of the finest mail, so that the form of his complete poem may be as boldly set forth and as little ruffled by them as the warrior's form, when clad in his pliant, yet strong and glittering steel.

Refinement may be said to constitute the distinguishing excellence of all artistic work. Beauty cannot exist without it. The ideas of roughness, coarseness, are instinctively felt to be incompatible with "the beautiful." In every kind of work, from the lowest handicraft to the most sublime compositions of sound or language, the hand of the master will be discovered from a certain fineness which pervades his work, and which is unattainable by inferior artists. One hand-loom weaver is distinguished from another by the dexterous touch with which he drives his shuttle and lay, so as to bring out most exactly and gracefully the pattern of his web. In the art of file-making, we have heard of one man whose files, whether of the largest or slenderest sort, were inimitable from the keen, needle edge with which the serried teeth were cut. So in higher arts this law prevails. In prose composition, what constitutes the charm of Addison, but the fine, keen, polished elegance with which his sentences are glossed and edged? An impalpable grace rests upon them, like the purple bloom, soft as air, which breathes round mellow fruit. The more minutely they are examined the more finely is the tracery of each sentence seen to be wrought, so that the reader, attracted at first by a conscious yet inexplicable spell, is never weary of his style, but is inspired with insatiate pleasure in fresh discoveries of that hidden grace which moulds and touches every word and sound with the spirit of beauty. So in music coarse masses of sound could as little enter the soul as coarse stones can enter the body, though both may bruise and crush the surface. It is the finest harmonies of sound which shoot swiftly and irresistibly into the

inmost soul, like the sharp, quivering fork of a sting, and there instil the sweet venom of their delirious joy. And he is the master of musical composition who can thus, by the subtlest combinations or changes of sound, pierce and thrill the soul of the hearer.

In this view of art, regarding merely its outer form, its expression, human art excels as it approaches the unsearchable perfection of God; for everywhere in nature, down to the shape of the smallest grain of dust,—the texture of an insect's wing,—the curve of every leaping flake of foam,—the restless, buoyant, movement of the idlest clouds,—it is observed with what infinite fineness, and with what rigid obedience to law, every shape is formed and every motion is graduated.

> "Herein behold why Nature
> Is the one teacher whom the poet needs;
> For she alone can show him in her works
> Consummate art, and that supreme excess
> Which fashions her fair work, until the bound
> Of possible performance, and the verge
> Of the wrapt heart's belief.
> "She only,
> In her least work, as in her greatest, shows
> To his confessing eyes the unattained
> And unattainable; and though his pride,
> Stung to its strength, outstrain the farthest stretch
> Of man, and bring the trophies of the world,
> She, still unsatisfied, by day and night
> Points upward, saying, 'Be ye perfect as
> Your Father in the heavens.'"—BALDER, p. 133.

But art is not merely expressive, it is imitative, it embodies and represents truth, though limited, as we have seen, in the kind of truth with which it deals. For this higher function refinement is equally necessary. If, for example, the painter desire to draw a living countenance, playing before him in the varying hues of colour and the infinitely rapid changes of expression which gleam in the eye, and tremble on the cheek, with what inexpressibly light and facile touches must he pencil his canvas to reflect on it a perfect likeness! And still more fine must be his art, if he is to catch and impress on his canvas the nameless grace of some ideal face, which haunts his imagination, and wavers before him while sitting at his easel, like the flashing, fading light of a Shekinah. As an example and proof of this refinement, consider the words employed in the following verbal portraiture by Macaulay, and judge the exquisite taste with which each word has been selected and balanced (for the artist's

ear is a balance finer than the chemist uses, though he puff and polish his scales most cautiously ere he weigh the scruples of his potent powders), in order to paint the very image and reflect the expression of the face which he saw before him.

"The portraits of some of the remarkable Italians of those times are perfectly in harmony with this description. Ample and majestic foreheads; brows strong and dark, but not frowning; eyes, of which the calm, full gaze, while it expresses nothing, seems to discern everything; cheeks pale with thought and sedentary habits; lips, formed with feminine delicacy, but compressed with more than masculine decision; mark out men at once enterprising and timid—men equally skilled in detecting the purposes of others, and in concealing their own—men who must have been formidable enemies and unsafe allies: but men, at the same time, whose tempers were mild and equable, and who possessed an amplitude and a subtlety of intellect which would have rendered them eminent either in active or contemplative life, and fitted them either to govern or to instruct mankind."—*Critical and Historical Essays*, Vol. I., pp. 86.

All have felt the rare difficulty of expressing perfectly the truth of nature or of imagination who have attempted to do so with anything of an artist's feeling, and have confessed the difficulty to lie in this need of the acutest discrimination, in order to repeat, however grossly, in their imitations, those faintest, finest traits, by which in nature every object is specifically marked. Of course, a perfect imitation of nature in this respect is impossible.

But the artist nears perfection, just according to the subtleness and closeness with which he approximates this inimitable refinement of nature. Any person may try and discover for himself this necessity, if he will set himself to picture in words some scene of nature, no matter where or what it is, so as to convey, not in general and meaningless terms, but in vivid and exact minuteness, the things he sees, their exact colour, exact form, exact arrangement. With refined and educated touch, he will learn, must each word be handled and placed, that it may even dimly represent, as shade for shade, and shape for shape, the living fulness and altogether inexpressible beauty of nature. Equally difficult is the artist's task in music, where he must seek by a yet finer sense those sounds which express the fluctuating feelings of the heart, in all their confusion, their wildness, their softness, and so express them that they shall remain for ever their perfect and only proper utterance. And in sculpture, the soul of genius which breaks upon the marble, and fills it with the harmony and musical breath of life, must be as pure and gentle, while it is as keen and as powerful—

"As the morning light
That woke grey Memnon's statue into sound."

Here we must combat a fallacy which has wrought much mischief in literary art, and has been fostered by the wild, lawless, Orson-like style of composition, popularized by Thomas Carlyle: namely, that refinement can only be gained by the sacrifice of strength,—as if all strength belonged to savagedom, and could not exist among the decent and polite usages of civilization. This fallacy contains a modicum of truth, which saves it from the charge of utter absurdity, and makes it fresh enough to please the palate and digestion of those whose vicious preference gluts such rank putrescent food. Yet it is perniciously false. The truth which seasons it is the acknowledged fact that, as soon as art seeks merely refinement of expression apart from its higher function of presenting truth, it deteriorates and sinks into first a sumptuous, and then a childish conventionalism. But such is never the case when this refinement is sedulously sought, in order to give the most exact and truthful representation of ideal and natural beauty. It is then the accompaniment and essential glory of pure art. It may be shown, by one sentence, that refinement is needful to the highest strength in art; for in the utterance of the strongest feelings in words or sounds, or the representation of the brawniest figure on canvas, there needs as much a fine touch to hit the exact expression, and not weaken it by a tremulous note, a pithless expletive, or a relaxed muscle, as in the expression of anything else, when it is done with the delicacy of exact truth.

Even, therefore, in Carlyle's writing there is sometimes the happiest refinement in the choice and position of his words. There is more cunning art in his style than his hurly-burly imitators have ever dreamt of. Amidst his rocky volcanic sentences the reader catches a floating music, as tender as the thrilling harp-melody which echoes along the mountains, when the tones of an Alpine horn are struck upon their granite chords.

When this is wanting, the vigour of his style is spirited away. There remains only a heavy Behemoth force, like that of Samson the slave, which is fit for grinding mill-stones; but the miraculous, spiritual strength of genius, which wields the lightest weapons with the mightiest results, is gone. We protest that the reckless, blundering way in which he sometimes shoots out his coarse-grained, "squint-cornered" words, can no more be called fine writing than the rattle of a shoot of stones down a mountain's side, or the jarring din of the emptying of a coal-cart, can be called fine music. It is infinitely worse, how-

ever, with the young fry of scribblers, foaming with Carlyle-mania, whose incoherent furies are the pitiablest travestie of their great master's weakness, and show incontestably that there is some fine impalpable grace, unattainable by them, which distinguishes his works, imparts to them their vital strength, and constitutes their real worth.

Strength and beauty subsist together; and since refinement is the essential of beauty, it is also of strength. Strength and beauty are in the sanctuary of God. In the sanctuary of nature, the purest and tenderest expressions of beauty mantle upon the face of the strongest things—mountains, seas, and skies. In the sanctuary of the soul we know that the awful beauty of virtue only crowns its invulnerable strength; nor can any be arrayed in the white robes of holiness, unless they have unflinching courage to wade through and "come out of great tribulation." In art, which expresses the mysteries of the inner sanctuary of the human soul by the symbols of the outer sanctuary of nature, the same law, which is seen to pervade both, must be pre-eminent. To urge this necessity in other arts would be an unwarrantable impertinence, since their error has generally been in sacrificing truth to mere fanciful, and consequently unnatural and false, refinements. Such also has occasionally been the tendency of literary art. But not now. In reference to written style, both in prose and poetry, but especially in poetry, the maxim needs special enforcement—that the highest strength is only attainable, in conjunction with the highest refinement. The arm that is moulded most gracefully moves most swiftly, and strikes the most telling blows—misshapen brawn purchases local and singular strength, at the cost of general debility. The most perfectly, is also the most powerfully developed body. A sword is most murderous when its edge is keenest, and its sides glitter with the intensest lustre. A blunted or cracked edge, and rusty sides, impair not its splendour merely, but its effectiveness. These illustrations exemplify the principles of literary art, for every literary work may be considered either as a living organism, the material embodiment of an author's mind, or as a weapon which he wields. Examples of these principles are as abundant as the *chefs-d'œuvre* of every master in literature. Let one be selected from the simple reason that energy, terrible strength, ἡ δεινότης, are his acknowledged characteristics—Demosthenes. They who have studied his writings most attentively, have felt his excellence, even in this distinguishing feature, to consist in the instinctive nicety with which his words are chosen. They may be few, but they carry this overwhelming power with them—they pierce and consume like tongues of fire, because

they are precisely the words that are needed. They are serried, too, like the bayonet teeth of a file of soldiers, so as to show the distinct edge of each, while they borrow immensely increased force from the peculiar order of their combination. His style is compressed, but it is the welding of separate bars, which do not lose their articulate shape, though beaten into one massive bolt. There is no confusion in his sentences; they are balls of golden wire, wound and crushed together to strike with deadly effect; but when examined they open up as easily as a ball of cotton is unwound. "Dilucidiora, non ampliora facit, subtili quadam et pressâ oratione limatus." Every sentence is impressed with its specific form, stamped as clearly and beautifully as our sovereign's head on newly minted money. "Et vero," says Cicero, "nullus fere ab eo locus sine quadam confirmatione sententiæ dicitur: nec aliud quidquam est dicere, nisi omnes, aut certe plerasque aliquâ specie illuminare sententias."

Then there is the exquisite, consummate tact with which he arranges the structure of his orations, mingling argument so skilfully with feeling, that, like body and soul, the former palpitates and moves under the fiery impulse of the latter, while the latter finds a fitting vehicle in the supple and manifold strength of the former. The one is brought into immediate and vital connexion with the other; there is no waste, or misdirected energy. The heart beats its blood into nervous, well-strung limbs. The steam expands against a flying piston. The powder explodes, but its fury is so restrained, as only to give momentum to the rounded ball, rammed down upon it. It is owing to this careful and almost disguised amalgamation—the passion of his orations circulating like blood among its members, rather than gushing out like a hot Geyser amid Iceland wastes of argumentation—that his reasonings control us with the mesmeric influence of feeling, and his feelings seduce us with the show of irrefragable reasoning. The structure of his speeches often, indeed, appears to be broken; but it is always from a deep design. Every divergence is as direct and dangerous as the splintered shafts of forked lightnings. If he seem to step back from the line of his discourse, it is to advance with new forces, and a redoubled impetus. Nothing is done in a rough, hap-hazard, dashing style. Every movement is calculated. From the beginning to the end of an oration, every paragraph, and, we believe, every phrase, has been ordered, poised, prepared, so that nothing is left at the time of delivery, but to exhibit, to dramatize it, with that thrice powerful *actio*, which was as splendid and as effective, because as finished, as his composition. With what ease and majesty do his orations sweep for-

ward, in their opposeless advance! They remind us of the campaign of a conquering army, in which the enemy are successively driven from every position they occupy; their forces are annihilated; the cities of allies are relieved; new and mightier defences are raised, and then, with triumphant pæans, they return to receive the welcome and rewards of their country. Coming back, however, to the point in question, there is such refinement of taste displayed in the orations of Demosthenes, both in their structure and style, that it is impossible to suggest an improvement. The skeleton plan of thought, which constitutes their framework, is so minutely and curiously perfect that the shifting of a paragraph would be as foul a rupture on their symmetry as the dislocation of a joint, or the snap of a rib in our body; and every sentence is so expressly finished, that to touch it, in order to improve it, would be as mad a trick as to chisel, with the same view, the features of the Apollo Belvedere, or to cut the skin of a human countenance. The refinement of these orations, is the main cause of their perfect and terrible strength; often, in reading them, as he slily coils round his antagonist, till he is folded helplessly in his grasp, and then with the sharpest words stings him to death, we have marvelled at the fearful refinement — the deadliest refinement of cruelty—to which he carried his art. Among an artistic people, like the Grecks, the least flaw in the construction of a speech would have been noticed and censured. It was especially needful for them, ere their hearts were moved, or their understandings convinced, that their æsthetic taste should be pleased. In Demosthenes, it was satisfied to the full. Hence the sovereign power he exercised over them; and for all ages he appears as the consummate model of eloquence, because in him strength and beauty dwell together, uniting in that refinement which is the animating spirit of each. For other proofs of this subtle, informing spirit which pervades the orations of Demosthenes, let our readers consult Cicero's Epistle to M. Brutus, entitled, "Orator," in which he shows "in oratoribus vero, Grecis quidem, quantum inter omnes Demosthenes excellat."

We may, therefore, consider it to be established, that the refinement which is indispensable to poetry as one of "the fine arts," by no means diminishes the vigour of a poet's compositions; but, if rightly applied, will greatly enhance it. Another reason, however, exists, why there must be refinement in poetry. It is necessary to give that completion and repose, which are required in every work of art, and, therefore, in every poem. It is the finish bestowed upon a work of art, which impresses on it both these marks of perfection. It is by this finish that the artist carefully elaborates his work, even

in its minutest parts, till it embodies his ideal conception, and removes from it the rough excrescent signs of the distempered heat in which it was first composed,—till he breathes upon it the calmness of his own mind, which is thus proved to be able to govern with ease the plastic forces at its command. Perfect mastery reveals itself, in every position of life, in the composure of its demeanour: ungovernable excitement is a sign of weakness, both in morality and art,—hence the need of a certain feeling of repose in every work of art. No matter what vehement passions have to be pourtrayed, there must be a something in the pourtrayal which betokens the artist to be master both of his subject and his art—which shows that he is not incapable of the effort, or exhausted by it, but that he manages the terrific passions he has evoked, and overcome the technical difficulties of his work with a light and imperial hand. If he does so, there will be the sense of a quiet power felt in his compositions, encircling and stretching infinitely beyond the strife and confusion that may be contained in them, just as the blue heavens surround, with pure and infinite depths of undisturbed repose, the turbid storms that rave upon the earth. If, on the other hand, an artist cannot so complete his work, even in its small details, it shows that he is overmastered by it,—that the subject he has chosen lies beyond his comprehension and ability,—that he is dazed and lost amid its complexities, as a poor fellow who is whirled, and at last sunk, in the gorge of a whirlpool. So that his work, instead of exhibiting its proper subject, will exhibit nothing but his own weakness and confusion. It is only, therefore, by the finish which the artist gives his work, that he can show his complete mastery over both his subject and his art, and so can impress upon it the repose of a mind which is not oppressed or wearied by its labours, and can dispose of the elements of its imagination, according to the pure determination of its own will.

But this finish, which is so important, consists in that very refinement of expression which we have before enlarged upon. The first draught of an artist's work is generally very imperfect. From the first heat of imagination his conception springs into being; but it is as shapeless as the masses of lava that bolt into the air from the nether fires of a volcano, or, at at any rate, as rough and blotchy as the bars of molten iron that are fresh drawn from the furnace. The process of refinement is afterwards needed, in order to develope clearly the general outline, to trace and carve the proper lineaments, to shade the finer distinctions of the ideas that are to be expressed; and so to evolve order from chaos, beauty from confusion. When this is done, the work is complete: the

master's thought is fully embodied, and there breathes around it that serenity which always accompanies beauty, and which shows a peaceful mind, which has sought, found, and enjoyed its own ideal.

From these general principles, we must now descend to a brief application of them, in reference to Mr. Reade's works.

I. There is a want of refinement in his words. Words are to the poet what Parisian clay is to the moulder; and an unpoetical word is like the coarse grit which mars his mould. The restriction which forbids certain words as unfit for the uses of poetry, is as old as the rise of poetry. It is not, therefore, on arbitrary restriction, but has its foundation in the nature and object of the art. Whatever words grate harshly on the ear, either from their own unmusical sound, or from their unpleasant associations, must be excluded from compositions, whose aim is the embodiment of the beautiful. If words and the definition of terms are of importance to the philosopher in quest of truth, the poet deems them of more essential value, and tries them by a more critical definition in his art. The Greeks did not think the education of the poet's mind completed by a knowledge of *τὰ γράμματα*. After this was acquired, came the higher culture of *ἡ μουσικὴ*—that finer taste of the soul by which the words learnt were selected and appropriately used.

We have named the two criteria which determine this selection and use in poetry—their sound and their associations. Both these criteria Mr. Reade has neglected. The following passage painfully exhibits his neglect in both particulars:—

> The Megathere rent woods deracinate
> With his wild tusk: amid black clifts of rocks,
> And fern and lichen, motionless reposed,
> The fowls of air: laxed reptiles, venomless
> Uncoiling, clung around the roots supine.

The first clause of this sentence is hardly intelligible, but if it were, that word *deracinate* looks to us a bald and beggarly intrusion in a poetical passage. Hardly English, there is no melody in its sound; and its associations are remote from the affections of living men—down deep among the roots of a dead tongue.

Laxed reptiles, too—what are they? The word *laxed* is abominable in every sense—without authority, music, or even meaning, while the family to which it belongs has not a pleasant reputation. Mr. Reade is fond of introducing new words. He is not content with the stock of his predecessors. Against such

endeavours to enrich our language, we have no objections; but we must scrutinize most sharply every word that is presented under this presumption. So much garbage has of late been raked up and flung into our literature that we begin to tremble for "the well of English undefiled." It is the high function and honour of poetic minds to condense some new thought into a happy, vivid, metaphorical phrase, which passes at once into the current coin of our language; but for every such addition which is genuine, because stamped by the hand of genius, there are thousands of counterfeits—base coin—which must be destroyed as soon as detected. Now we do not think Mr. Reade's innovations to be worthy of imitation, or likely to receive it. He gives us "comates" for companions, "revealments," for revelations, "bodied" for embodied, "entempested," "whirl-winds adust," "revelations *tongued* from earth's speaking altars." All which expressions are abortions, which we trust, being buried in his works, will see the light no more. In the present day, when there is a rage for metaphor, and new words scintillate around us as thickly and cheaply as spangles, it were well to quote the wise saying of that oldest and shrewdest critic Aristotle—*τὸ σαφὲς, καὶ τὸ ἡδὺ, καὶ τὸ ξενικὸν ἔχει, μάλιστα ἡ μετάφορα.* The latter qualification, that of strangeness—which Aristotle uses in the sense of novelty, is notoriously complied with by most of our recent word-mongers, but with an utter contempt for the two former, which Aristotle puts first because most important.

In reference to the second qualification—*τὸ ἡδὺ*, sweetness—Mr. Reade has committed a grave error in his frequent use of Latin terms. There is no sweetness in them, nor can there be, to us of Saxon blood, much beauty in them. We presume his study of Milton has led him into this error. But Milton's errors show in others, as they do not in him, the bright expression of whose genius breaks through and quenches every fault, as the dazzling light of the sun conceals or consumes its spots. In Mr. Reade's writings, where this radiance is wanting, these words—*submiss, subtant, ingenerate,* &c.—stand out unrelieved in their hard, unfeeling nature, and impart a rigid, death-like aspect to the sentences which contain them. They are entirely alien from the spirit of beauty which is the life of poetry. Our notions of the beautiful are largely formed from the pleasant associations which have been gathering in our minds since infancy. Everything is sweet and beautiful to us, which we have grown to love, or which, by the mystic charm of association, calls up the echoes of departed happiness. The same law pertains to words. Those words which are household words, which are often on our lips, because their

objects are always on our hearts—which awaken pleasant recollections and thrill us with the magical touch of a long and blessed experience—are sweet and beautiful to us. It is this force of association which gives words all their meaning and potency. In themselves they are nothing but empty sounds; but then their echoes are endless—awaking, along the chambers of the soul, the memories of whatever feelings they denote. Now what association has any living being formed with those Latin words, save a few philosophers—who connect them with the dreariest disquisitions of their study, and therefore will be little refreshed to see them grinning at them out of a book of poetry? Even if they be understood by a common reader, the only association which has given them their meaning, is the search for them in the dictionary, which cannot be deemed pleasurable. Dictionary words cannot be beautiful, save perhaps in sound, when they may be legitimately employed in poetry. But the most beautiful words, and those with which poetry should abound, are the words which have been dipped in the fountains of feeling,—which are coloured with the deep dyes of a living experience, and so are instinct with the love, and pity, and sorrow, and sanctity of the human soul. Such words with us are almost all Saxon. Saxon is our mother-tongue. Our earliest, dearest, most powerful associations, are bound up in its words, and hence Saxon words remain for us the noblest, purest, and fairest, wielding over us a gentle but omnipotent charm, which no supposititious words, drawn from foreign languages, will ever exercise. That which can awaken no feeling in us cannot be beautiful, whatever else it may be. Hence we warn Mr. Reade against his Latin vocables, which have no beauty in their sound, and awaken no sentiment in the reader, unless it be a shudder of revulsion, or a stare of wonder at their appearance in professedly English poetry.

Mr. Reade may think these things to which we object to be mere trifles; but we would remind him of Michael Angelo's imperishable words, "It may be so; but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

II. Mr. Reade lacks refinement in the rhythm of his verse. In other words, he has not a fine rhythmical ear. This is different from a musical ear. Coleridge could not stutter through a stave of a tune, yet his verses are the most melodious in our language. Even Robert Burns, whose songs were rocked and whirled into their flowing shape under the spinning, whirring impulse of the tune to which they are set, could with difficulty distinguish one tune from another in his boyhood; "for," as Mr. Murdoch, his schoolmaster, says, "his ear was remark-

ably dull, and his voice untuneable;" while, on the other hand, Robert Browning, who is famed for his musical talent, glories in the most rugged and uncouth metres in his poems.

But rhythmical harmony is an essential grace of poetry; and in no part of the mechanical treatment of his art will the taste and skill of the poet be more tested than in this. Discords are allowable, as in music; but it is in order to arrest the mind of the reader, to express some intensely discordant feeling, or to give impressiveness, like a foil, to the swell of harmony that follows immediately after it. In this requirement of his art Mr. Reade grievously fails. With the same evil instinct as leads him to cumber his thoughts with dead Latin words, he chokes his sentences with thick-breathed consonants. English poetry is inferior in flow and resonance to that of Southern Europe, owing to the number of consonants in our language; the burr of which, however, Englishmen rather prefer, thridding the open music of the vowel-sounds. But when pressed close together, they set all music at defiance. We confess that in some of Mr. Reade's pieces we have found it hard to force his verses into mere utterance, without paying the least regard to metre. Let our readers try their tongues on the two centre lines of this stanza, taken from his poem on Inkerman, and we are sure they will make a similar confession:—

"Like a whirlwind on their masses we were swept as on the rock,
And their ocean of steel levelled, splintering burst before our shock;
Hurled their foremost backward reeling on their rearward ranks were thrown,
Till our red line crowned that rampart girt as with a fiery zone."

We have already said, that the poet's thoughts differ from those of other men, in the form with which they are invested; and this harmony of rhythm in which his language flows, especially marks this difference. Rhythm is to the poet, in sounds, what the curve—the line of beauty—is to the artist in figures. The ear is pleased with the graceful, bending modulation of the one in verse, as the eye is pleased with the winding sweep of the other in drawing. Rhythmical arrangement is not, therefore, a tyrannical and needless imposition forced upon the poet. He who is born a poet requires it, and imposes it, as a supreme necessity, upon himself, in order to give the most fitting and beautiful embodiment to his own thought. He is born with this innate sense of harmony in his soul, and every sentence he writes must be moulded according to its delicate law. Most

beautiful was the notion of the old Pythagoreans, that harmony was the soul of the world, because they saw everything spirited, by an invisible, but irresistible power, like that which music exerts upon the thoughts of our mind and the motions of the body, to take its proper place in the grand order of nature and human life. Such harmony, at any rate, must be the soul of the poet's world. His thoughts must rock and sway upon the trembling pulse of its hidden feeling, as boats that float upon the lapping, undulating bosom of a lake. Then his words will rise and fall, and beat in perfect time under the same gentle necessity. This gift of harmony is a peculiar gift, bestowed on few; but even when possessed, it must be carefully cultivated. There are many passages in Mr. Reade's poems which prove him to possess it, and yet he allows himself to write such barbarous lines as those we have quoted. His rhythmical ear needs refinement, else a sort of horror would have crept over him as he read them over to himself. This refinement, a long and severe education alone can produce. His translations from the German, where the care must be mainly expended in securing something of the spirit and accent of the original, are superior in this respect to his own compositions, and give us hope, that when he has determined to finish his works, with intense and patient study, before he publishes them, he will achieve far higher excellence than he at present dreams of.

We had thought of noticing also Mr. Reade's defect in the coarseness of his conceptions, both in their own nature and their handling; but our space compels us to omit this part of our criticism. He may learn our views, however, from the exposition we have already given of the poet's work. Ere we bid Mr. Reade farewell, we would assure him of our best wishes for his future success. We would not have devoted so much space to this review, did we not believe that the elements of true poetry existed in his writings, and that he only needed the incentive of a higher ambition to elaborate them with a more fastidious taste. Other critics have depreciated his invention and originality. With this criticism we do not sympathize. If he would only write less, and labour more, and determine never again to let a poem pass into the press—

> "Quod non
> Multa dies, et multa litura coercuit, atque
> Perfectum decies non castigarit ad unguem,"

he has the power to extort praises from the most unfriendly judges. For ourselves, we shall hail with approbation such a poem as we think worthy of him; just as we have reprobated

his former poems, because inferior to his manifest ability, and covered with crudenesses which he should have spared us from condemning, by not sparing himself to correct. We close with a maxim of another poet, which we trust will be firmly lodged in Mr. Reade's mind, even if he forget all the rest of our advice, for our object will then be gained,—"Plus la poësie est devenue difficile, plus elle est belle."

ART. II.—CHRISTIANITY IN RELATION TO ECONOMICAL SCIENCE.

A Layman's Contribution to the Knowledge and Practice of Religion in Common Life; being the Substance of a Course of Conversational Lessons Introductory to the Study of Moral Philosophy. By William Ellis. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

THE first part of the above title—suggested, as Mr. Ellis states in his preface, after the work had made considerable progress, by that of Mr. Caird's well-known sermon, preached before the Queen at Balmoral—is somewhat of a misnomer. Nor does the latter part very accurately indicate either the substance or the object of the book. In this volume Mr. Ellis presents to the reader a series of lessons on the leading doctrines of Political Economy, in the broadest sense of that term; not only on the production and distribution of wealth, but also on the conditions of industrial success and social happiness, and on the practical duties of each individual citizen towards his fellows. In other words, the work is a familiar exposition of the leading doctrines of economical science, with a view to eliciting the moral lessons, both to society and the individual, with which they are fraught. The quasi-conversational form borne by a considerable portion of the work is due to the fact, that the substance of these lessons was originally addressed to a class of children; and the reader will be better able to appreciate the cast as well as the drift of a considerable portion of these expositions, by having in view that those children belonged to that class of society familiarly known as the "upper ten thousand." This class includes our hereditary aristocracy, along with those who through the operation of "our law of primogeniture, and of habits and customs of long standing in regard to the distribution of property," cluster around it.

"The children of parents so circumstanced may," says Mr. Ellis, "almost be said to have a preference prepared for them, supposing

that, with anything approaching to equality of merit, they enter into competition with others for the posts of legislators, administrators, or magistrates. Rank, and, in some cases, honour and influence, await them, independently of any effort of their own."

The man who, in such circumstances, undertakes to teach political and social economy, first as a living instructor, and then through the press, undertakes, it must be confessed, a duty both delicate and responsible. We do not mean to say that Mr. Ellis does not display, so far, very fair qualifications for the task. His knowledge of economical science, as it has, up to this time, been recognised and applied, is extensive and accurate, and he has a very distinct perception of the bearing of its common doctrines on individual conduct. When we ascend into a higher region, however, and would ascertain how far action, accordant with these doctrines, conforms to the requirements of the Christian law, there we find Mr. Ellis's guidance, in a great measure, to fail. We do not say that his economics determine his religion, but we think he is too apt to take it for granted, that the dictates of religion will, as a matter of course, be found coincident with economical doctrine, and, particularly, with the leading principle of modern trade,—"Buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest."

In showing the importance to social and individual well-being of industry, skill, intelligence, economy, sobriety, integrity, and punctuality, and in impressing on the minds of his pupils and his readers the great social necessity of the time, viz., an education and training better adapted to the development of those qualities in the young of all classes, Mr. Ellis has rendered a valuable service to society. He comes short, however, of the ostensible object of his labours, as we apprehend it, from two causes: 1st. From an inadequate realization of the obstacles, economical, moral, and social, that stand in the way of the general introduction of such improved and successful education and training; and, 2ndly. Because he has not grappled with the question; perhaps, has not even apprehended it in its real breadth and incidence,—What, as bearing on our present social and moral evils, is the conduct demanded of the enlightened Christian, and which would not be demanded were every one found to act according to the economical and moral principles which Mr. Ellis lays down? It is the duty of every one to act justly. A sound economical science is the science of social justice; and were all the members of the community to act in accordance with its dictates, general well-being would be the result. But not only is it true, that very many are, at present, acting in con-

travention of the principles of justice: such action has been prevalent through long ages of our national history, has embodied itself in social laws and usages, and, both thus, and through the hereditary demoralization of whole sections of society, has entailed its bitter fruits on a large portion of the existing generation. Until within the last thirty years, or so, our laws were directed almost solely to the benefit of the "upper ten thousand;" and, although much of their crying inequality has now been reduced, not a little still remains. We may instance, in those laws which have concentrated the monopoly of nearly the whole free profits of the land of the country in the hands of a few, coupled with the power to dispose of that land according to their pleasure. How much of our social immorality, degradation, and resultant misery, is due to this iniquity! Give the landlord exclusive power over the soil, secure him in possession, whatever may be his conduct, and whatever the obligations he may otherwise incur, and—under the direction of the great economic principle of selling in the dearest market, operating often in combination with the impulses of hereditary predilection—what should we expect to see? Only what we very generally behold—a primary regard to profit and pleasure, issuing, on the one hand, in a neglect of the duties which, we may say, *naturally* attach to the ownership of land; and, on the other, in an infringement of one of the primary rights of a people—the right to occupy the soil on which they were born. Hence game laws, Highland clearings, amalgamation of farms, extinction of small holdings, and neglect to supply house-accommodation for the labourers on the land. Hence, in the majority of instances, insuperable obstacles to marriage in the case of the agricultural labourer. Hence, the impossibility of observing the decencies of life (from inadequate house-room) when he does marry. Hence the sexual demoralization of many rural districts. Hence the destruction of economical impulses and habits, owing to the cutting off from the rural labourer, the possibility of bettering his social position. And, hence, again, the crowding of the families of the poor into towns and villages, the transformation of those who should occupy the ranks of productive industry, into small retail traders, into occupiers of beer-houses and spirit-shops; hence, an unhealthy scramble of competition, an extension of demoralizing agencies, and an increase, directly and indirectly, of those "degraded masses" of our population, which now occasion us so much anxiety and alarm, entail on struggling, saving industry so heavy an expense, and on Christian philanthropy such onerous and ever-increasing labours. Yet Mr. Ellis's political economy and religion combined, have not supplied him with any more

fitting lesson to inculcate on the mind of the young landlord than that of letting his land to the highest bidder!

Few can appraise education higher than we do, or be prepared more heartily to endorse every earnest appeal to those possessing the power and influence to promote its extension, and enhance its quality. We dare not, however, shut our eyes to the formidable obstacles which stand in the way of communicating to large masses of the young, the knowledge which is so important to their after well-being, and still more, of securing for them a due training in those moral habits, without which all knowledge will prove practically valueless. For education of this efficient character, the great school is the home. But what, both in town and country, are the homes of many of our people? What the character of many of the parents—what the physical environments of the young—what the daily and hourly influences to which they are subjected? All of a kind deeply antagonistic to the realization of the great object of the social philanthropist. In order to give the young a fitting moral and industrial training, you must surround them with circumstances in which such a training is possible. In order to evoke those home influences which lie at the basis of all efficient training, you must first provide them with homes. At present the conditions under which great numbers are born and reared are such, as either to defy or to neutralize the most zealous educational effort. Alongside, then, of such effort must be the wise and energetic application of means adapted to reduce those hostile conditions. The people must be better taught and trained in order to their being raised, socially and morally; but they must also be better housed, better clothed, and better fed. They must breathe a purer air, have more cheerful homes, and more kindly surroundings, ere we can hope to reclaim them from gross and degrading indulgences, or inspire a taste for those enjoyments to which knowledge and mental culture introduce. The degradation of the masses, moral and social, is riveted by a series of manacles, which it has taken ages to forge. How shall we undo them? The task is herculean, and no single expedient, no isolated effort, will avail. Not religious instruction alone; not education alone; not relaxation of toil alone; not home-comfort alone; as far as possible, all must be brought to bear together. A realization of the leading causes of our social evils is indispensable, in order to a wise application of the means of cure—indispensable to even a right apprehension of what those means are. We shall have, in many respects, to retrace our steps, to undo much of what, for the last three-quarters of a century, we have been doing. If we would obtain relief from the evils that crush and appal us, we must be prepared to take

means for relieving our overcrowded centres of population, we must solicit into the country again those whom we have been driving into the towns. We must open up the soil of the country to its people, give them a secure tenure, and so direct the vast revenues of the land as that they shall promote the benefit of the many, and not the mere gratification of the few. Thus may we abate the pressure of competition in our towns, in both labour and business, and by this abatement furnish, at once, opportunity and incitement to the well-disposed to rise. In both ways we will be promoting that decent, settled family life, apart from which, social regeneration is impossible.

But, in order to this what do we require? A great change in our views, habits, and feelings, leading to changes as great in the current of our industry and the application of our capital. Laborious and costly improvements are demanded both in town and country. There must be trenching, draining, planting, building; there must be the laying out of new streets, the removal of old, confined, unwholesome buildings and the construction of new. These operations will require a large amount of capital, of capital directed into unwonted channels. To what quarter shall we look for, first the motive to save the requisite capital, and then for the stimulus to so apply it? Shall we trust to economical doctrine to inspire us with the adequate impulse? Economical science can, of course, supply us with nothing higher than it possesses, and that is just the lesson of seeking for our labour and capital the best money return. As a people we have been earnest students in that school—earnest, if not always far-seeing and wise—and the worth of the lesson may be read in our practice. If, indeed, we could induce everybody to act on enlarged views of utility, and with constant reference to wide and remote consequences—in other words, if we could at once succeed in clearing the intellectual apprehension, and dissipating the prevailing selfishness of mankind—then might we trust to economic doctrine to meet the requirements of the case, for the most formidable of them would have been —by the introduction of the reign of justice—already removed. But, whilst selfishness continues to blind the vision, and overlay or extinguish the better sentiments, as it has hitherto done in the case of the great majority of mankind, and as it continues to do in our age and country, not less, we fear, than in other ages and countries, we need to be taught a different lesson (see pp. 275—286), than that he best promotes the general good who lays out his capital where it will yield the highest profit, or invests it where it will secure the largest return. That doctrine being co-incident with selfishness, as respectable

as it is real, will long continue to stimulate and rule the conduct of a large portion of mankind.

But selfishness will never cure the evils which afflict society, else they had long since found their remedy. Even an advanced science whets and enlarges as much at least as it corrects the passion. Why else, with all our prodigiously augmented powers of production, and facilities of distribution, should we, in this age, be suffering under social evils which, though they may differ in kind, are, at least, of as formidable a character as those which afflicted our forefathers? Regnant social agencies tend to the concentration, rather than to the widest distribution of the advantages of our increased productive power, leaving large portions of the community injured more than benefited. Whether the stream of invention is likely ever to take such a turn, as will tend to break up our gigantic productive and commercial establishments, and diffuse benefits which, during the last three-quarters of a century, it has contributed rather to limit and concentrate, is a speculation on which, however inviting, our limits forbid us to enter. Even, however, though every rational wish and hope of the enlightened philanthropist should be (in this direction) realized, we should still have to look to something higher than scientific principles, or blind social action, to secure unselfish ends. There is only one course by pursuing which our social evils can be cured; and it is the course to which Christianity at once points the way and supplies the motive. In this sin-degraded world, if we would promote the real well-being of our fellow-creatures, we must be prepared to forego our own gratification and advantage. Whilst duly recognising economical principles, and acting on them within their proper sphere, we must rise above them ere our gigantic social evils can be cured, and the body of the people raised intellectually, socially, and morally, to that position it is the proper end of our nature to reach. We must do something else and better than buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, else we shall long leave our fellow-creatures where we find them. In order to our attempting, on any adequate scale, the social reforms which are exigent, we need large applications of capital, and applications made in disregard of the highest immediate return. We must so apply capital, we must so direct labour, we must so promote economy and apply savings, as that with the least possible eleemosynary aid, the body of the people shall be gradually raised to a position, in which that higher education and training which Mr. Ellis desiderates shall be possible—in which, either the development of the taste for it shall be

practicable, or the opportunities for securing it be enjoyed. To induce this a living and a high-toned Christianity is alone adequate—a religion deriving its motive and example from the Great Self-Sacrificer. The first lesson taught us in the school of Christ is, that "none of us liveth to himself." In proportion as that lesson is practically learned, and embodied in common life, will it go well with society. But the more widely it is disregarded by the mass of professing Christians, with the greater weight and severity must such duty press on those who have been awakened to its claims. In their case the exigencies of society, concurring with the consentaneous dictates of the Christian conscience and the Christian heart, all point to the subordination of economical to Christian law, in the production, the distribution, and the application of wealth. Thus, and thus only, can religion secure its proper and rightful claim to regulate and rule the whole business of their lives—directing the whole to the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. Mr. Ellis has hardly yet risen to this idea, and has, indeed, in some parts of his book, written in a strain incompatible with it. Yet we are happy to think, that while in the present volume he has set forth, in plain and perspicuous terms, many a valuable lesson, he is himself in the neighbourhood of higher and purer light; and we only wish that in penning his present valuable contribution to social science, his views had been throughout expressed under its influence. Then he would not only have been able to call on our religious instructors to give a more practical cast and direction to their teachings, but to have more fully vindicated the title of his book by exemplifying how they might do so, as in the following passage:—

"The mass of destitution prevailing in all parts of the world must deter the most hopeful from expecting to make any perceptible impression upon it for years to come, let their means be ever so large or ever so well applied. An intelligent man will take part in this holy work in a sober and yet an apostolic spirit. Supported by faith in the excellence of his husbandry and the soundness of his seed, he will not falter in his daily toil, nor repine at the lateness of a crop which cannot be a bad one.

"There is a difficulty which, if it do not suggest itself, will be suggested to you by others. How is money or wealth sufficient to execute all this work to be obtained? Would you ask people to forego all amusement—all the refinements and higher enjoyments of life? To bring themselves to a state of mind in which luxurious living should be considered a sin, so long as one child's education was uncared for, or one destitute adult unrelieved?

"To ask of people, as we see them, to forego all luxury and enjoyment for the sake of doing good may be sublime, but it is the

sublime of folly. To aim by improved teaching and training to lead the young to look upon doing good as the height of luxury and enjoyment, if it be sublime, is the sublime of wisdom. With our present educational experience, it would be premature to express an opinion as to the extent of the change that may come over men's minds in regard to the employment of their wealth as a means of procuring the higher enjoyments and refinements of life. Greater changes are noted in the world's history even than the one which you and I may think not very far distant: that the contemplation of a high state of well-being among our fellow-creatures, especially if coupled with a consciousness of having done one's utmost to promote it, is destined to be looked upon as the most refined, as well as the most secure of all enjoyments in the holding, and therefore the wisest object of every man's ambition. As a means of self-discipline and improvement, what holier and better purpose can young people place before themselves than the attainment of habits and talents, with a view to devote them to the service of our common humanity? . .

Young people ought to be deeply impressed with the conviction that while the doing good to others is the noblest, it is also the most difficult of undertakings. The evidence of his ability to take care of himself is an indispensable test of his ability to take care of others. We have agreed that the successful administrator of capital is also successful in encouraging the industrial virtues. To do good beyond this needs somebody superior to a successful administrator—it needs this and much besides."—Pp. 454—456, 467.

In the last sentence, save one, of this quotation, the discerning reader will perceive what is, in our opinion, the great defect of Mr. Ellis's book. In setting down the successful administrator of capital as being, as a matter of course, a "successful encourager of the industrial virtues," an important element has been allowed to drop out of view—the element, to wit, of *how* the capital is applied—socially, the most important element of all.

ART. III.—TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.

Tom Brown's School Days. By an Old Boy. Sixth Edition. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1858.

THIS book is a cheery, hearty, rattling record of an average boy's lot in the world of one of our great schools—is unquestionably healthy in its moral tone, and glows with a fascination which is more easy to feel than describe, but which carries the

reader on in an agreeable state of excitement to the end. The book is further a Church of England book: we would not say that it is the worse for that, nor that this characteristic is put designedly or obtrusively forward; it appears rather in the general colouring of the narrative than in any special ostent, and only incidentally seems to lay more of stress upon the rite of Confirmation than some of our readers would be ready to allow. It describes the fortunes of a little boy of ten years of age, the son of a sensible Berkshire squire, who brings him up in a rational mode at home, allowing him to be early initiated in country sports and ways, and society—not forgetting free intercourse with the boys of the village up to this age, the period of his going to Rugby. In defence of these rustic companionships our author gravely says: "The village boys were full as manly and honest, and certainly purer than those in a higher rank; and Tom got more harm from his equals in his first fortnight at a private school, where he went when he was nine years old, than he had from his village friends from the day he left Charity's (his nurse's) apron-strings." From the age of ten we follow the career and studies of the little boy in the great world of the public school till he leaves for Oxford; but far the larger part is a description of the sports and mischievous practices, the breaking out of bounds and small rebellions—(but the latter was rather a normal state than a series of eruptions)—the fun, and slang, and fagging—the boxing, and bathing, and badgering—the foot-balling, cricketing, chumming—that form more than half the education of our boys. Now we know that nearly all this is much as it is described, and the volume before us describes it in a charming as well as in a graphic style. The elder men will read it and recall the past with a sigh, and the younger will read it more eagerly than Robinson Crusoe. Some boys of all ages will probably be the better for it, at least not the worse for it—but what of the rest? Like the writings of Kingsley and others of the Muscular Christianity sort, "Tom Brown's School Days" appeals to our sense of physical manhood so powerfully that the moral seems to sink in comparison, not indeed in the estimate of these writers, but in their effect on their readers. Such authors appear to make true religion unduly depend on our ability for a stand-up fight or a stout wrestle. The same supreme place which the Scriptures accord to charity, writings of this kind accord to pugnacity. Tom Cribbism is at the head of the virtues, and indeed the sum of all virtue. A man who cannot fight or will not fight is no Englishman, and a very dubious Christian. A true knight according to this creed must be a man ready to hold his own against all comers, and when

champions are few to call him out, who will himself provoke combat and challenge the world. Such writers have a very imperfect apprehension of the might of gentleness. They never could have conceived the line—

> "When *they* are *gentle*, and when *thou*
> Art *gentle*."

THE ECLECTIC, we will concede, looks at all such questions as these from a peculiar angle, and we give the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" the benefit of the confession. We may not view his performance in exactly the light in which he would wish his critics to regard it, and therefore may fail to render him the full measure of approbation he claims for his portraiture of the Rugby schoolboy; at the same time we must, in justice to ourselves, say we cannot approve of all his book. We shall be called *muffs* and *old hunxes* for this, and those who choose to call us so may use their free will in the matter, and vent their spleen in abuse of our scruples or our vocation; nevertheless we must avow our conviction that to write so enjoyable a book filled with little besides the adventures, bold and lawless, though otherwise innocent, of an idle boy who was only great at play, is not an employment of the highest edification. There is a religiousness about it, which so far as it goes we relish and admire; but there is also somewhat in the condiments of a more secular quality, that we cannot swallow with the same approval of our critical palate. Fine boys with the singularly happy disposition of Tom Brown may neither be brutalized into mere animals, nor stupefied into arrant dunces by all the roughnesses, rudenesses, tyrannies, and conflicts of the public school; but it must be rather owing to the natural goodness of the subject, than the proper effect of the system itself as administered by the youngsters. It may make athletes in the generality of cases, but does not seem calculated to make gentlemen and Christians in numbers at all proportionate to those under its training.

To our proof: we find the little boy going down on the Rugby coach to enter school, proud of the distinction of travelling alone at ten years of age, and, by a skilful method of pumping, extracting from the guard of the coach, sundry anecdotes of the Rugby boys, all of which fill him with intensest delight.

"'Oh, don't stop! tell us something more about the pea-shooting.'

"'Well, there'd like to have been a pretty piece of work over it at Daventry a while back. We was six mile from the town, when we meets an old square-headed, grey-haired yeoman chap, a-jogging along quite quiet. He looks up at the coach, and just then a pea hits him on the nose, and some catches his cob behind, and makes him

dance up on his hind legs. I see'd the old boy's face flush and look plaguey awkward, and I thought we was in for somethin' nasty.

"'He turns his cob's head, and rides quietly after us just out of shot. How that ere cob did step! we never shook him off not a dozen yards in the six miles. At first the young gents was werry lively on him; but afore we got in, seeing how steady the old chap come on, they was quite quiet, and laid their heads together what they should do. Some was for fighting, some for axing his pardon.

"'He rides into the town close after us, comes up when we stops, and says the two as shot at him must come before a magistrate; and a great crowd comes round, and we couldn't get the osses to. But the young 'uns, they all stand by one another, and says all or none must go, and as how they must fight it out, and have to be carried. Just as 'twas gettin' serious, and the old boy and the mob was going to pull 'em off the coach, one little fellow jumps up and says, "Here, I'll stay, I'm only going three miles further. My father's name's Davis, he's known about here, and I'll go before the magistrate with this gentleman." "What! be thee parson Davis' son?" says the old boy. "Yes," says the young 'un. "Well, I be mortal sorry to meet thee in such company, but for thy father's sake and thine (for thee be'st a brave young chap) I'll say no more about it."

"'Did'nt the boys cheer him, and the mob cheered the young chap, and then one of the biggest gets down and begs his pardon werry gentlemanly, for all the rest, saying as they all had been plaguey vexed from the first, but did'nt like to ax his pardon till then, 'cause they felt they hadn't ought to shirk the consequences of their joke. And then they all got down, and shook hands with the old boy, and asked him to all parts of the country to their homes, and we drives off twenty minutes beyond time with cheering and hollering, as if we was county members. But Lor' bless you, sir,' says the guard, smacking his hand down on his knee, and looking full into Tom's face, 'ten minutes arter they was all as bad as ever.'"—Pp. 92—94.

Now the whole practice of pea-shooting is bad from first to last, and the pluffer, or pea-shooter, or pop-gun, is literally a weapon of offence. The only amusement it affords must be purchased at the expense of another, and has nothing manly, or gentlemanly, about it. Our little schoolboy is vastly amused with anecdotes of its formidable employment to excite to rage or punish obnoxious persons, and it figures again and again in the story; but we think it an implement incapable of valid defence. We say this knowing all the while that it is of yearly use in the Saturnalia of the Roman Carnival, and that it can trace its descent from the older and classic city. No doubt Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, expended a few sesterces at fair time on pluffers for her young tribunes in their first

breeches; and the grave Cato, and the sprightly Horace alike, in their teens, shot pulse from their pea-shooters at the burly citizens on some pagan holiday; but this only proves the abomination ancient, not tolerable; and we would not willingly tolerate any abuse though it could boast as many years as Methuselah, and as many wrinkles as an old raven. All those pages in the volume before us that recount either admiringly or uncensuringly its employment we would cancel, just as we would abolish in practice the use of this most contemptible and selfish of all boyish sports.

There is something, we must add, of gratuitous malice in the treatment of the live pets of one of the boys, who swaps his candles every week for birds' eggs, snakes, toads, hedgehogs, and invests all his pocket money in victuals for this interesting and miscellaneous family. We cannot read how the ill-conditioned monkeys served their young schoolmate—who was only eccentric in his tastes, but otherwise good-natured and companionable—without indignation, and thinking that some expression of reprobation on the author's part were well, where, without such censure, boy-readers of his book may think he approves what he does not condemn. The boys that would ill-treat a neighbour's pet, would injure himself if he won their ill-will. Cruelty to the animal creation is the parent of every vice: there is no training for murder so efficacious. Now it is East, one of the author's white swans, and a fast friend of Tom Brown, the hero and favourite, who is guilty of the act of malice we denounce.

"Martin, for his sins, inhabited a study looking into a small court, some ten feet across, the window of which was completely commanded by those of the studies opposite in the Sick-room row, these latter being at a slightly higher elevation. East, and another boy of an equally tormenting and ingenious turn of mind, now lived exactly opposite, and had expended huge pains and time in the preparation of instruments of annoyance for the behoof of Martin and his live colony. One morning an old basket made its appearance, suspended by a short cord outside Martin's window, in which were deposited an amateur nest, containing four young hungry jackdaws, the pride and glory of Martin's life for the time being, and which he was currently asserted to have hatched upon his own person.

"Early in the morning and late at night he was to be seen half out of window administering to the varied wants of his callow brood. After deep cogitation, East and his chum had spliced a knife to the end of a fishing-rod; and having watched Martin out, had, after half-an-hour's severe sawing, cut the string by which the basket was suspended, and tumbled it on to the pavement below, with hideous remonstrance from the occupants. Poor Martin, returning from his short absence, collected the fragments, and replaced his brood

(except one whose neck had been broken in the descent) in their old location, suspending them by string and wire twisted together, defiant of any sharp instrument which his persecutors could command. But, like the Russian engineers at Sebastopol, East and his chum had an answer for every move of the adversary; and the next day had mounted a gun in the shape of a pea-shooter upon the ledge of their window, trained so as to bear exactly upon the spot which Martin had to occupy while tending his nurslings. The moment he began to feed, they began to shoot; in vain did the enemy himself invest in a pea-shooter, and endeavour to answer the fire, while he fed the young birds with his other hand; his attention was divided, and his shots flew wild, while every one of theirs told on his face and hands, and drove him into howlings and imprecations. He had been driven to ensconce the nest in a corner of his already too well filled den."—Pp. 276—278.

Too much of the fun of the schoolboy's life is made to consist of the annoyance of others, or the thoughtless infliction of pain, while resistance of authority, evasion of duties, tasks, and impositions, together with a readiness to fight on all occasions, are represented as the normal and scarcely blameable state of things. It is true that something better is hinted at towards the close under Arnold's regimen; but rather prophesied of and suggested as something desirable and certain to come, than described as in full operation, and predominant in the school. We may as well take occasion to say here, that those who go to this volume for a revelation or illustration of Arnold's methods will be grievously disappointed. There is nothing about Arnold scarcely in "Tom Brown," save that he shows himself once or twice in a favourable light, in the course of the narrative. He is quite a subordinate figure in the story—a mere luminous point at the end of a long subterranean gallery, radiant with a gleam of Christianity, which has been denied to the tunnel of practical heathenism that has led to it. The Doctor modifies, by his influence or teaching, some of the grossest features of school-life; but in no degree softens the barbarity of fagging, the persecution of the weak by the strong, and the indurating nature of the virtues in highest esteem at Rugby. To fight and never give in, be the odds or chances what they may against you; and to endure and never complain, let your suffering be what it will, this is the *ne plus ultra* of public school perfection, as expounded by our author, and exemplified in action. No hero in classic story, according to such a creed as this, was half so worthy of a statue as the young rascal that stole a fox, and, with Spartan stoicism, allowed him to tear out his entrails under his toga rather than betray his theft.

After a capital description of a fight in which a bully gets

his deserts, our author directs his moral to his juvenile readers in these terms:—

"And now, boys all, three words before we quit the subject. I have put in this chapter on fighting, of malice prepense, partly because I want to give you a true picture of what every-day school life was in my time, and not a kid-glove and go-to-meeting-coat picture; and partly because of the cant and twaddle that's talked of boxing and fighting with fists now-a-days. Even Thackeray has given in to it; and only a few weeks ago there was some rampant stuff in the *Times*, on the subject, in an article on field sports.

"Boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight. Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute is there, or ever was there, amongst any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take its place?

"Learn to box, then, as you learn to play cricket and foot-ball. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there's no exercise so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the back and legs.

"As to fighting, keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say Yes or No to a challenge to fight, say No, if you can,—only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say No. It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from truly Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger; but don't say No, because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see."—Pp. 333, 334.

We do not conceive ourselves at all open to the charge of being inconsistent, if we say that in the advice just given we see much to commend. There are cases in which we think a good boxing bout the most ready and proper way to end a strife; and if boys are fairly matched, and the ring duly kept, and extremes avoided, that no harm can come from this time-honoured institution. One piece of advice given by the author we heartily adopt, as the most rational in his volume, namely, that all boys in a school be taught to box with muffles. These sham engagements are the most effectual preventive of real fights—for in this preliminary training every boy has learnt his neighbour's capabilities, his pluck, his weight of metal—and having learned these, is likely to respect them. Boxing-gloves are the most decided peace-makers in the world. They assure every one that has seen them used that his neighbour can fight, and will fight if occasion demand it, and if he is wise he will not provoke the prowess that is armed for its defence.

That we look upon occasional earnest pugilism with tolerance may be ascribed to a choice of evils, an aggressive courage being some degrees more respectable than arrant cowardice; partly also to the fault of our belonging to the fighting Browns, whom the author thus pleasantly describes:—

"In the first place, the Browns are a fighting family. One may question their wisdom, or wit, or beauty, but about their fight, there can be no question. Wherever hard knocks of any kind, visible or invisible, are going, there the Brown who is nearest must shove in his carcase. And these carcases, for the most part, answer very well to the characteristic propensity; they are a square-headed and snake-necked generation, broad in the shoulder, deep in the chest, and thin in the flank, carrying no lumber. Then for clanship, they are as bad as Highlanders; it is amazing the belief they have in one another. With them there is nothing like the Browns, to the third and fourth generation. 'Blood is thicker than water,' is one of their pet sayings. They can't be happy unless they are always meeting one another. Never were such people for family gatherings, which, were you a stranger, or sensitive, you might think had better not have been gathered together. For during the whole time of their being together they luxuriate in telling one another their minds on whatever subject turns up; and their minds are wonderfully antagonistic, and all their opinions are downright beliefs. Till you have been among them some time, and understand them, you can't think but that they are quarrelling. Not a bit of it; they love and respect one another ten times the more after a good set family arguing bout, and go back—one to his curacy, another to his chambers, and another to his regiment—freshened for work, and more than ever convinced that the Browns are the height of company.

"This family training, too, combined with their turn for combativeness, makes them eminently Quixotic. They can't let anything alone which they think is going wrong. They must speak their mind about it, annoying all easy-going folk; and spend their time and money in having a tinker at it, however hopeless the job. It is an impossibility to a Brown to leave the most disreputable lame dog on the other side of a stile. Most other folk get tired of such work. The old Browns, with red faces, white whiskers, and bald heads, go on believing and fighting to a green old age. They have always a crotchet going, till the old man with the scythe reaps and garners them away for troublesome old boys as they are. And the most provoking thing is, that no failures knock them up, or make them hold their hands, or think you, or me, or other sane people, in the right. Failures slide off them like July rain off a duck's back-feathers. Jem and his whole family turn out bad, and cheat them one week, and the next they are doing the same thing for Jack; and when he goes to the treadmill, and his wife and children to the workhouse, they will be on the look-out for Bill to take his place."—Pp. 8—5.

Not for mere boxing, then, if not carried to excess, but for other indurating processes, do we question the generally beneficial effects of public school life. Of that life, notwithstanding all its evils, we are decided advocates, from all that we have seen in the world of those soft men who have been coddled at home in youth—finding these, in manliness and independence of character, far behind their public school competitors. The fit answer to Cowper's "Tirocinium," is Cowper's career. But we conceive that many of the evils attendant on the public school are capable of being removed, and that all that is healthy, hearty, free, might be enjoyed by the pupils, without the sacrifice of every consideration besides the acquisition of rude strength. Boxing is quite a minor evil; but bullying and fagging are gigantic, and should be cut down with unsparing stroke. A thousand oppressions and brutalities are practised which vigilant supervision might remove, and yet leave the lads freedom to grow, play, act, quarrel, be reconciled, and virtually govern themselves as absolutely as now—while they would be far happier as they were more gentle and less cruel.

But we now look at another scene. A delicate little boy appears upon the stage, who is assigned as a chum to Tom Brown, with a view of softening his stoic virtues, and relieving him of a portion of the wild oats which threaten to cover his too-neglected field. The experiment is a happy one. Cloth of frieze takes hugely to cloth of gold, and rough Tom becomes quite motherly in his patronage of gentle George Arthur. Some of the scenes that follow have feminine touches of softness, which almost suggest a scheme of joint authorship with some lady in the production of this fascinating story. But we may not dwell at any greater length on its characteristics or general features.

Our closing extract will present our readers with a sort of evangelical labour, less familiar, perhaps, to the ministers of Nonconformist churches, than to many of the zealous parochial clergy, but in carrying on which our Town Missionaries have proved most valuable auxiliaries.

Little Arthur's father is thus feelingly pourtrayed:—

"Arthur's father had been the clergyman of a parish in the midland counties, which had risen into a large town during the war, and upon which the hard years which followed had fallen with a fearful weight. The trade had been half ruined: and then came the sad old story of masters reducing their establishments, men turned off and wandering about hungry and wan in body, and fierce in soul, from the thought of wives and children starving at home, and the last sticks of furniture going to the pawn shop; children taken from

school, and lounging about the dirty streets and courts, too listless almost to play, and squalid in rags and misery. And then the fearful struggle between the employers and men: lowerings of wages, strikes, and the long course of oft-repeated crime, ending every now and then with a riot, a fire, and the county yeomanry. There is no need here to dwell upon such tales; the Englishman into whose soul they have not sunk deep, is not worthy the name; you English boys, for whom this book is meant (God bless your bright faces and kind hearts!), will learn it all soon enough.

"Into such a parish and state of society Arthur's father had been thrown at the age of twenty-five, a young married parson, full of faith, hope, and love. He had battled with it like a man, and had lots of fine Utopian ideas about the perfectibility of mankind, glorious humanity, and such like knocked out of his head; and a real wholesome Christian love for the poor struggling, sinning men, of whom he felt himself one, and with and for whom he spent fortune, and strength, and life, driven into his heart. He had battled like a man and gotten a man's reward. No silver teapots or salvers, with flowery inscriptions, setting forth his virtues and the appreciation of a genteel parish; no fat living or stall, for which he never looked, and didn't care; no sighs and praises of comfortable dowagers and well-got up young women, who worked him slippers, and sugared his tea, and adored him as a 'devoted man;' but a manly respect, wrung from the unwilling souls of men who fancied his order their natural enemies; the fear and hatred of every one who was false or unjust in the district, were he master or man; and the blessed sight of women and children daily becoming more human and more homely, a comfort to themselves and to their husbands and fathers.

"These things of course took time, and had to be fought for with toil and sweat of brain and heart, and with the life-blood poured out. All that, Arthur had laid his account to give, and took as a matter of course; neither pitying himself as a martyr, when he felt the wear and tear making him feel old before his time, and the stifling air of fever dens telling on his health. His wife seconded him in everything. She had been very fond of society, and much admired and run after before her marriage; and the London world, to which she had belonged, pitied poor Fanny Evelyn when she married the young clergyman, and went to settle in that smoky hole, Turley, a very nest of Chartism and Atheism, in a part of the county which all the decent families had had to leave for years. However, somehow or other, she did'nt seem to care. If her husband's living had been amongst green fields and near pleasant neighbours, she would have liked it better, that she never pretended to deny. But there they were: the air wasn't bad after all; the people were very good sort of people, civil to you if you were civil to them, after the first brush; and they didn't expect to work miracles, and convert them all offhand into model Christians. So he and she went quietly among the folk, talking to and treating them just as they would have done people of their own rank. They didn't feel that they were doing anything out of the common way, and so were perfectly natural, and

had none of that condescension or consciousness of manner, which so outrages the independent poor. And thus they gradually won respect and confidence; and after sixteen years he was looked up to by the whole neighbourhood as *the* just man, *the* man to whom masters and men could go in their strikes, and in all their quarrels and difficulties, and by whom the right and true word would be said without fear or favour. And the women had come round to take her advice, and go to her as a friend in all their troubles; while the people worshipped the very ground she trod on.

"They had three children, two daughters and a son, little Arthur, who came between his sisters. He had been a very delicate boy from his childhood; they thought he had a tendency to consumption, and so he had been kept at home and taught by his father, who had made a companion of him, and from whom he had gained good scholarship, and a knowledge of, and interest in, many subjects which boys in general never come across till they are many years older. Just as he reached his thirteenth year, and his father had settled that he was strong enough to go to school, and after much debating with himself, had resolved to send him there, a desperate typhus fever broke out in the town; most of the other clergy, and almost all the doctors, ran away; the work fell with tenfold weight on those who stood to their work. Arthur and his wife both caught the fever, of which he died in a few days, and she recovered, having been able to nurse him to the end and store up his last words. He was sensible to the last, and calm and happy, leaving his wife and children with fearless trust for a few years in the hands of the Lord and Friend who had lived and died for him, and for whom he, to the best of his power, had lived and died. His widow's mourning was deep and gentle; she was more affected by the request of the committee of a free-thinking club, established in the town by some of the factory hands (which he had striven against with might and main, and nearly suppressed), that some of their number might be allowed to help bear the coffin, than by anything else. Two of them were chosen, who, with six other labouring men, his own fellow-workmen and friends, bore him to his grave—a man who had fought the Lord's fight even unto his death. The shops were closed and the factories shut that day in the parish, yet no master stopped the day's wages; but for many a year afterwards the townsfolk felt the want of that brave, hopeful, loving parson and his wife, who had lived to teach them mutual forbearance and helpfulness, and had *almost* at last given them a glimpse of what this old world would be, if people would live for God and each other, instead of for themselves."—Pp. 263—267.

This is a sketch of a noble workman, and it gives us pleasure to believe that such men are increasing amongst the clergy who fill posts of usefulness and responsibility in our larger towns. A great portion of these owe their training to our public schools. If we judged such institutions by their success in this direction, we should say they are far from destitute of the elements that

aid in the development of fine characters, and our approbation of the boy-novel before us would be less modified than it is. That we appreciate the distinguished talents of the author, let our emphatic recommendation to purchase and read his volume show. We know nothing more pleasant than his description of the vale of Berkshire, with its round chalk hills and its spreading downs, its spinnies and its hedges. We look out with pleasant anticipation for his "Scouring of the White Horse."

ART. IV.—PLOTINUS AND THE NEO-PLATONISTS.

Les Enneades de Plotin, Chef de l'Ecole Neo-Platonicienne. Traduites pour la première fois en Français. Accompagnées de Notes, de Sommaires et d'Eclaircissements, et précédées de la Vie de Plotin et des Principes de la Théorie des Intelligibles de Porphyre. Par M. N. Bouillet, Conseiller Honoraire de l'Université, Inspecteur de l'Académie de Paris. Vol. I., pp. cxxxiv.—548. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

OF all the schools of philosophy which have occupied the attention of the world since thinkers first took it into their heads to discuss "*de ente*" and "*de substantiâ*," the Alexandrine is, perhaps, the most singular, certainly the most puzzling. It seems to us peculiarly full of interest, because it originated at a period in the history of the world, when all the theories constructed north, east, west, and south, on the subject of man and his destiny, had combined together in one eclectic aggregate, for the purpose of opposing the growth of Christianity; on the other hand, it derives its puzzling character from the diversity of its origin, and from the fact, that we have to trace back to the most recondite sources the elements which compose its theology, its psychology, and its demonology.

The task of throwing light upon a subject so unusually difficult, is one which, consequently, should be appreciated at its full value, and for this reason, we esteem very highly the diligence of Messrs. Vacherot, Simon, and Matter, in giving us the history of Gnosticism, Neo-Platonism, and Alexandrian Scepticism;* but previous to the duty of dis-

* Histoire Critique de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie, par E. Vacherot.—Histoire de l'Ecole d'Alexandrie, par M. Jules Simon. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Hachette.—Histoire Critique du Gnosticisme, par M. Jacques Matter. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: Levrault.

causing texts, and drawing conclusions from the statements of an author, the condition *sine quâ non* is a correct text to read from, with such adjuncts, in the way of translations and annotations, as shall help the uninitiated in their studies, especially if these studies are of a more than commonly abstruse character. This is the reason which has induced us to devote a few pages of the present journal to an examination of M. Bouillet's work, the first volume of which has just been published. And to begin with an expression of regret: it is assuredly a pity that the learned translator should not have thought proper to give us, together with his version, an improved edition of the text. This feature might thus have, we grant, necessitated the surplus of a fourth volume; but then the undertaking would have been complete. The same wish, we know, has been stated in other quarters; and, as it is a very reasonable one, may we not expect that M. Bouillet will think it worth his consideration? We are the more urgent on this point, because the Oxford, Paris, and Leipsic editions are evidently still far from that correctness which is the chief desideratum in such an author as Plotinus. Of the Oxford edition, M. Creuzer himself, who superintended it, is obliged to confess:—*

"Operarum rationem non satis accuratam vituperare cogor, præcipue quod in vocum sententiarumque interpunctione sexcenties peccatum est."

The Leipsic *savant*, M. Kirchhoff, says, somewhat more severely:—†

"Quamvis egregio instructus librorum MSS. apparatu opus esset agressus, ea tamen in illo fuit et Græcæ linguæ et artis criticæ imperitia ut pessime rem gessisse communi omnium judicetur sententia quorum est aliquod harum rerum judicium."

Then he goes on to add, respecting M. Didot's recent reprint:—

"Nihil feri discrepat a textus Oxoniensis fœditate."

After such statements as the above, and, moreover, when we consider that, notwithstanding his very spirited strictures on the labours of preceding editors, Herr Kirchhoff does not seem to have introduced many improvements himself, it is, we maintain, a subject of great regret that M. Bouillet did not also make a first attempt in the same direction. Let us, however, be thankful for the feast spread before us, and proceed to examine it a little more closely.

We need not, in beginning this short sketch, seek to justify M. Bouillet for selecting Plotinus as the subject of his

---

* Cf. the letter to M. Didot in the preface to the Paris edition.
† Preface to the Leipsic edition.

researches. M. Cousin's translation of Plato, and M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's version of Aristotle, have popularized in France the tenets both of idealistic philosophy in its highest form, and of sensationalism under its most perfect, most legitimate shape; it remained to introduce to the same class of readers that "eclectisme Neo-Platonicien qui tenta à la fois de concilier Aristote et Platon et d'allier aux doctrines rationalistes de la Grèce les idées mystiques de l'Orient." The slightest acquaintance with the writings of Plotinus will convince the student that M. Bouillet could not take up a better monument of Neo-Platonic philosophy than the Enneads; and we are bound to say that he has performed his task, both of translator and of annotator, in the most praiseworthy manner.

In order to understand completely the often very obscure doctrine of Plotinus, a great deal of help is necessary. Ammonius Saccas, Numenius, and, more especially, Porphyry, have, it is well known, left fragments containing comments and explanations of the Enneads; and the last-named writer's "Sententiæ ad Intelligibilia Ducentes" is a production the perusal of which we think absolutely necessary to any one who would thoroughly master the first principles of Neo-Platonism. Porphyry's "Sententiæ" form a kind of abridgment of the Enneads; they have, besides, the additional merit (no slight one in such a subject) of being written in a very clear and intelligible style, and of supplying numerous extracts from the master's works. Plotinus, in short, could not be brought forward, unaccompanied by his faithful disciple; therefore, M. Bouillet naturally gives us, by way of preliminary matter, the "Sententiæ," translated from the text of Holstenius, with other fragments, preserved in the "Eclogæ Physicæ" of Stobæus, and in the works of Nemesius and Eusebius. Porphyry's "Life of Plotinus" is also subjoined.

We now come to the Enneads themselves. In his translation, M. Bouillet has adopted the classification made by Porphyry, and sanctioned by custom; this, however, is perfectly illogical, and against all the rules of common sense; for the first book, according to the received order, is, chronologically, one of the last which Plotinus ever wrote,—it is extremely obscure, and written on the supposition that the students who turn to it have already mastered the chief difficulties of the system. The rational way of analyzing the doctrine of Plotinus respecting the soul and its faculties, would be to read first the third and fourth books of the fourth Ennead, then the seventh book of the sixth, and, finally, to examine how the philosopher sums up

his remarks in the book we are now considering. But as the plan of the present publication rendered this impossible, M. Bouillet has followed the course of throwing together, at the end of the volume, under the title *éclaircissements*, a variety of particulars, which give, in one consecutive view, the whole of the metaphysical scheme of Plotinus, an appreciation of the sources from which he borrowed, and a statement of the imitations, critiques, and comments, which his theories suggested at various intervals to those who came after him.

Our friends do not expect us, of course, to follow M. Bouillet throughout his minute and interesting illustrations of Plotinus; but there are two or three topics which we would allude to for a few minutes, as forming the groundwork of a complicated though important system.

The starting-point adopted by Plotinus is his celebrated theory of the three hypostases, that is to say, the three divine principles which, from all eternity, have generated one another. And now, by-the-bye, we can notice the close connexion which existed between the Neo-Platonicians and those whom they truly professed to continue. Plato had stated the terms of many metaphysical problems, and hinted at certain solutions which he either could or would not apply himself. Plotinus steps forward and undertakes to solve all these difficulties. The highest aspiration of the human mind, says Plato, is absolute unity; Plotinus, in his turn, declares that absolute unity is the conception the most adequate to the true perfection of God. Between the Deity, such as he conceived it, and the world, Plato saw an unfathomable abyss, on the brink of which his thoughts staggered without daring to proceed. As he surveyed the *ensemble* of created beings around him, everything convinced him that the Ruler of Creation must be intelligent and active; when he investigated the laws of his own thought, he was as irresistibly persuaded that God must be above mere intelligence, mere activity. Hence Plato's hesitation between the dreams of the Parmenides, and the affirmations of the *Timæus*. Plotinus is bolder: he makes up his mind at once. The necessity of an active and intelligent being is evident, he admits that being. He is the King, the Father, the Organizer, the *Demiourgos*,—a living and active principle, whose power produces every power, whose life is the centre of all life, who unceasingly sheds forth from His bosom, and then calls back to Himself, the torrents of universal existence. Since that God lives He moves; above Him another principle, more perfect still, is found, whilst below Him is a third one, from which proceed all the laws and phenomena of the universe.

1st. The first, the good, the one, the absolute, the infinite.

2nd. The νοῦς, whose *ideas* compose the intelligible world (κόσμος νοητός).

3rd. The universal soul (ἡ ψυχὴ ὅλη).

Such are the three hypostases in the trinity of Plotinus—a trinity the knowledge of which would explain all possible mysteries, if it was not itself the greatest of mysteries. The commentary of Macrobius (De Somn. Scip. i. 14), given by M. Bouillet (p. 322), is a very fair *résumé* of the system; whilst the remarks of St. Augustin, in his treatise "De Civitate Dei" (x. 23, 24, 29, cf. Bouillet, pp. 322, 323), will show with sufficient clearness the difference which separates the Christian from the Neo-Platonician view of the Trinity.

Another marked feature in the system of Plotinus and of all his school is the great stress laid upon the results of *contemplation*. Before receiving a being, our ideas are simply *in posse*, and the only way of making them realities is by *the conversion of the soul towards the divine* νοῦς.

"After having purified the soul,* we must unite it to God. Now if we would unite it to God, we must *turn it towards him*. What does the soul obtain by this conversion (ἐπιστροφή)? *The intuition of the intelligible object*, its image produced and stamped in the soul—an image similar to that which the eye has of the things it perceives. Must we conclude from thence that the soul did not possess this image, and that it had no recollection of it? It possessed it undoubtedly, but in a latent, obscure, inactive form. In order to perceive it clearly, *to know what it possesses, the soul must draw near the source of all light*. Now, as the soul has the mere images of intelligible things, and not the things themselves, it is necessary that she should compare the things with the images she has of them. The soul can easily contemplate intelligible things, because she is no stranger to the νοῦς; to enjoy the νοῦς, it is sufficient for the soul to turn her looks towards it. Otherwise the νοῦς remains unknown to the soul, although present in her. Thus all the things we know are for us as if they did not exist, when we take no notice of them."—*Enn.* I. 2.

The above is one specimen from the numerous quotations given by M. Bouillet, and it is valuable especially as setting forth in an unmistakeable manner what the Neo-Platonicians deemed to be the true and exclusively safe path to the acquisi-

* Cf. for all this summary, the articles on Gnosticism and on Plotinus, in the excellent "Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques," published by M. Hachette. Paris, 6 vols. 8vo.

tion of knowledge. But mysticism is far from being peculiar to the disciples of Plotinus: Malebranche, Fénelon, St. Augustin are also loud in their praise of contemplation, and our author has selected from Bossuet himself, whom we have not been usually accustomed to number in the catalogue of dreamers, a passage which presents some strikingly parallel points to the doctrine of Plotinus. We give our extract in the original:—

"Si je cherche où et en quel sujet ces verités subsistent éternelles et immuables comme elles sont, je suis obligé d'avouer un être où la vérité est éternellement subsistante et où elle est toujours entendue; et cet être doit être la vérité même, et doit être toute vérité; et c'est de lui que la vérité dérive dans tout ce qui est et qui s'entend hors de lui. C'est donc en lui, d'une certaine manière qui m'est incompréhensible, *c'est en lui*, dis-je, *que je vois ces vérités éternelles; et les voir, c'est me tourner à celui qui est immuablement toute vérité et recevoir ses lumières. . .(L'âme qui cherche et qui trouve en Dieu la vérité se tourne vers lui pour la concevoir.) Qu'est-ce donc que se tourner vers Dieu? . .* On ne s'approche pas, comme on fait d'un corps, de Dieu qui est toujours partout invisiblement présent: l'âme l'a toujours en elle-même, car c'est par lui qu'elle subsiste. Mais pour voir, ce n'est pas assez d'avoir la lumière présente; il faut se tourner vers elle, il faut lui ouvrir les yeux: l'âme a sa manière de se tourner vers Dieu, qui est sa lumière, parcequ'il est la vérité; et se tourner à cette lumière, c'est-à-dire à la vérité, c'est, en un mot, vouloir l'entendre."—*De la Connaissance de Dieu et de soi-même.* chap. iv., § 6, 9, 10.

A third principle still remains to be noticed as lying at the basis of the metaphysical theories of Plotinus. That principle is that of emanation. Like all schemes which attempt to explain the origin of the world, it is extremely obscure, and offers no real solution. According to the views of Plotinus, it is not God alone who is *the* principle; all substances are principles except that, of course, which appears last on the scale. Every substance is the consequence of the being which immediately precedes it, and the cause of the being which immediately follows it. In that immense chain beginning with God, and ending with Chaos and Night, the law of emanation unites closely together all the several links, and makes of them one solid, homogeneous πᾶν. The first is a principle, without being a consequence; the last, *vice versâ*, is a consequence without being a principle; but between these extremes every being is both cause and effect, ascending towards unity by its principle, descending towards multiplicity through its consequences. Plotinus maintains that God has produced the world necessarily. But where has the world been placed? What substance

out of God, can be the receptacle of the emanations which proceed from God? There is neither matter nor space; if anything existed out of God, were it even the created world, God would be limited, which is impossible. Wherefore, everything is in God, and it is in Himself that He produces fatally the world. As the divine mind (νοῦς) is the centre of the spiritual world, so the divine soul (ψυχή) is the centre of the world of bodies.

We have now, in the above *résumé*, endeavoured to give our readers some slight idea of the doctrine of Plotinus, and it will be seen that its natural conclusion is Fatalism and Pantheism. For further particulars, we must refer to M. Bouillet's volume, and especially to the notes which the learned translator has added to his version. By means of copious quotations he has satisfactorily demonstrated that the metaphysical structure of Plotinus is essentially eclectic in its character, and gathered from elements to be met with not only in Plato, and the Kabbala, but in the writings of Aristotle himself.

Of all the books of the first Ennead, the first is the one which has required the most numerous adjuncts in the way of annotations, from the fact we have already mentioned, that the leading tenets of Plotinus are there alluded to in an obscure and summary manner. The second book, on virtue, seems to be, in great part, a development of ideas given by Plato in some of his dialogues. Thus the introduction is borrowed from the Theætetus; the definition of virtue as a purification may be found in the Phædo; and the fourth book of the "Republic" contains a description of justice, prudence, courage, and temperance exactly similar to that given by the Neo-Platonician.

The sixth book, *on the beautiful*, is chronologically the first of all the writings of Plotinus, and certainly the best; it has been several times translated, and edited under a separate form by Creuzer. But notwithstanding the completeness and relative clearness of this part of the work, in order to understand it properly we should together with it read the eighth book of the fifth Ennead, treating of intelligible beauty. For, as M. Bouillet remarks, the object of Plotinus is not so much here to explain the nature of the beautiful, as to show how, by the contemplation of the beautiful, the *musician* and the *lover* can rise above the world of sense to the intuition of Him who, being the only God, is the author of the beautiful. The book we are now alluding to is, therefore, connected with ethics; for it teaches us to purify our soul, to separate it from the body, and to engage it in the study of that intelligible world the contemplation of which will give unutterable joy. "Let us fly to our dear country," such is, in a poetical shape, the thought

tion of his up this book, and forms its conclusion, as St. to the in expressly states, in the following passage:—

tin "Miror autem plurimum tam doctos homines, qui cuncta corporea et sensibilia, incorporalibus et intelligibilibus postponenda judicaverunt, cum agitur de beatâ vitâ, corporalium contrectationum facere mentionem. Ubi est illud Plotini, ubi ait: Fugiendum est igitur ad charissimam patriam, et ibi pater, et ibi omnia? Quæ igitur classis, inquit, aut fuga? Similem Deo fieri? Si ergo Deo quantò similior, tantò sit quisque propinquior, nulla est ab illo tanta longinquitas, quam ejus dissimilitudo. Incorporali vero illi æterno, et incommutabili, tantò est anima hominis dissimilior, quantò rerum temporalium, mutabiliumque cupidior."—*De Civit. Dei*, ix., 16.

But we must hasten to say a few words of the second Ennead, and of the important note which M. Bouillet has devoted to the question of Gnosticism. Led on by his subject to discuss the principal difficulties connected with the creation of the world, Plotinus, having briefly stated in the ninth book his theory of the three hypostases, proceeds to criticize the Gnostics for their erroneous views, and more especially for that assertion that the being from whom the world emanated, the *Demiourgos*, is as imperfect as the world itself. St. Augustin (De Civit., xi., 2) explains that the doctrines of the Gnostics on this point were quite as contrary to Neo-Platonism as they were to Christianity, and Plotinus evidently reasons on the assumption that his readers were sufficiently acquainted with the views of the Gnostics to understand his allusions to their system; but M. Bouillet very rightly believes that the generality of modern students are not quite so familiar with the mysteries of a difficult set of doctrines as in the time when Plotinus wrote; and therefore he has given us, in his annotations to the ninth book of the second Ennead, a succinct history of Gnosticism, which will be very useful to those who have not the opportunity of referring to the more detailed accounts of Messrs. Matter, Simon, and Vacherot. Valentine is the philosopher who has propounded "le système le plus riche, le plus complet de tous ceux qu'offre l'histoire du Gnosticisme;"* his system, accordingly, is the one selected by M. Bouillet for illustration, and certainly it would have been quite impossible for any one to understand without the help of a commentary an abstruse theory borrowed from Plato, the Kabbala, Egyptian and Oriental sources. Valentine starts with the idea of emanation, and says that the Supreme Being (*βύθος* or *προάρχη*), after having for ages remained in silence and repose, manifests himself by a first diathesis, or

* Dict. des Sci. Philos., art. "Gnosticisme" (by M. Matter).

evolution. This diathesis is his thought, in conn[illegible] which he produces three other generations of co[illegible]ons which syzygies, viz., *Monogenes* or *Nous* and *Aletheia*, *Logos* an[illegible]ece; if *Anthropos* and *Ecclesia*. From the union of *Logos* and [illegible]world, proceed, besides the pair just named, five other couples; whi[illegible]ore, *Anthropos* and *Ecclesia*, in their turn, give birth to six more, as which seem to have presided over the different circumstances of moral and religious life such as Valentine understood them. Taken together, these twelve syzygies completed the *Pleroma* of the thirty intelligences. Without entering into any profound conjectures respecting the character and nature of these allegorical beings, we shall content ourselves with following the destinies of *Sophia*, one of the last emanations in the *Pleroma*. Under that name human wisdom is evidently represented. Her ambition, her desire of knowing *Bythos* (depth), in spite of the distance which separated her from him, made her fall into the most serious aberrations—led her to obey the dictate of passion, which would have destroyed her if *Bythos* had not sent to her assistance the *Eon Horos;* if *Nous* had not evolved, in order to save her, *Christos* and his companion *Pneuma*. Thanks to the aid given by those three extraordinary intelligences, *Sophia* was initiated into the mystery of the divine evolutions; and the recovery of her happiness restored calm to the *Pleroma*, previously agitated by pains, both intellectual and moral. Out of gratitude for *Bythos*, who had thus rescued one of them, the thirty *Eons* together produced a being endowed with every perfection. That being was *Jesus;* he also redeemed another *Sophia* (Achamoth), the daughter of the first one, and, by so doing, deserved the name of *Christos*. The second *Sophia* could not be incorporated with the *Pleroma*, from which she had not been evolved. She therefore remained in a sort of transitional state between the upper world and the lower one; this latter being called by her into existence through the instrumentality of the *Demiourgos*, whom she herself had evolved. Instead of making man after the image of the heavenly *Sophia*, the *Demiourgos* made him after his own; but as *Sophia* had communicated to this new being a ray of heavenly light, the creature proved to be superior to his creator. In his wrath, the *Demiourgos* gave for a prison to man, or rather to the human soul, a material body in which we are subjected to three states or conditions. The lower class of men are *Hylics*, who remain for ever under the control of the six wicked spirits, companions of the *Demiourgos*. The intermediate, or *Psychics*, struggle faintly for their liberty; whilst the higher, or *Pneumatics*, obtain the mastery. The benefit of redemption is compatible with each

of these three conditions, and those who are redeemed return to the *Pleroma*.

From the remarks we have just offered, it is easy to see the great difference which separated Plotinus from the Gnostics—a difference which forms the subject of the concluding book in the second Ennead. According to the Neo-Platonists and Christians, the providence of God constantly interposes amidst human affairs, providing for our wants, relieving us from our difficulties, and directing the moral and physical government of the universe. According to the Gnostics, God, residing in the *Pleroma*, concerns Himself exclusively about the *Pneumatics*, whilst the world and the things therein are under subjection to the *Demiourgos*, who, although superior to the devil, is far inferior to the perfect God.

Notwithstanding this dissimilarity, there are between the Gnostics and the Neo-Platonicians points of resemblance, which are easily explained by the fact that both schools borrowed from the same sources. Thus, Valentine, Basilides, and their disciples, had deeply studied the Kabbala and the writings of Philo, whilst Plotinus, in his turn, became acquainted with the latter metaphysician through Numenius and Ammonius Saccas.

We shall take leave, for the present, of M. Bouillet, and close a book, which, for accuracy of research and depth of erudition, will take its place amongst the highest monuments of philosophical literature. The publication of the second and third volumes will afford us an opportunity of returning to the problems of Neo-Platonism; in the meanwhile, we shall once more express the hope that M. Bouillet may be induced to complete his undertaking by giving us a revised edition of the text of Plotinus.

ART. V.—THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

1. *A Bill for the Better Government of India. Prepared and brought in by Viscount Palmerston, Mr. Vernon Smith, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed*, 18*th February*, 1858.
2. *A Bill to Transfer the Government of India from the East India Company to Her Majesty the Queen. Prepared and brought in by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Secretary Walpole. Ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed*, 26*th March*, 1858.
3. *Suggestions towards the Future Government of India.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.
4. *Speech of Captain Eastwick at a Special Court of Proprietors, held at the East India House, January 20th*, 1858. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.
5. *Speech of Colonel Sykes in the House of Commons, Thursday, February* 18*th*, 1858. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

ALTHOUGH our old foes, the Conservatives, are still in Downing Street, we do not regret the vote by which the late Government was driven from office.

Lord Palmerston's extraordinary energy, as yet unimpaired by age, and his perfect familiarity with political business, make him an admirable administrator; but his want of earnest loyalty to any high and worthy aims, must always prevent his rising to the dignity of a great statesman. Abroad he is hated, but not feared; his bark is so much worse than his bite. He has done nothing to rebuke the pride, to repress the ambition, or to curb the power of any of the strong despotisms of Europe. He has done nothing to vindicate the rights, to protect the independence, or to perfect the liberties of any of the lesser states. He has excited patriotic hopes only to disappoint them. He has often defied tyranny, but never checked it. What he has done for European freedom, he has done as the mere instrument of the national will, and under the control of the circumstance of the hour; to his own sagacity, firmness, and self-sacrifice, the good cause owes nothing.

The Conspiracy Bill is not the only demonstration which Lord Palmerston has recently given of his political charlatanry. We cannot venture to anticipate what the final judgment of the English people is likely to be on the controversy between the East India Company and its adversaries; but we believe that the day is not far off when it will be universally acknowledged that the circumstances in which Lord Palmerston introduced his India Bill were alone sufficient to prove him unworthy of the confidence of the country.

Only five years ago, the members of the late Ministry were among the East India Company's most cordial and most vigorous defenders. They were among the most earnest in treading down the opposition which was raised to the last renewal of the Charter. By their eloquence and political influence they bore down the honest efforts of the small but able party, which at that time demanded the reconstruction of our Indian Government. How is it that the champions of the Company in '53 have become its foes in '58? Of what new crimes or blunders has Leadenhall Street been guilty in the interval? Where is the catalogue of reforms in the Indian army, or in the system of Indian revenue, or in any of the institutions affecting the social condition of the subject empire, proposed and urged by the Board of Control, during the last five years, resisted, thwarted, and set aside by the Court of Directors? What blessings has India lost, what calamities has she sustained during this period, in consequence of the ignorance, sluggishness, incapacity, or prejudices, either of the Company or its servants?

The Bengal mutiny called for a reconsideration of the principles on which we had organized and governed the army of a particular presidency, the true proportion of European troops necessary for the undisturbed maintenance of our authority, the policy of annexation, and the mode of effecting it, our relations with the native princes, and especially with the fanatical Mohammedan states; but we defy any man to show that there was any single circumstance connected with the mutiny, on which it was natural or just to raise a question concerning the constitution of the Home Government.

In introducing his Bill, indeed, Lord Palmerston protested against the supposition that he was actuated by a spirit of hostility to the East India Company, or that he meant to imply any blame or censure upon its administration of the affairs of India; he frankly acknowledged that it had conferred great advantages on the population under its rule. And yet he prepared to destroy it! Notwithstanding these honeyed compliments, the proposed legislation implied that the Company was responsible for the mutiny, or stood in the way of its suppression; that its bad government had brought on our troubles, or that its clumsy machinery impeded the removal of them; it implied that the directors of the Company had less knowledge of the circumstances of India than the Imperial Government, or used their knowledge less wisely or less honestly. Could any one know better than Lord Palmerston that every one of these implications was utterly false?

But he also knew that the country was in an agony of

horror at the atrocities which signalized the mutiny. He knew that the whole nation was enraged at the crimes of the sepoys; and he saw that the nearest and most convenient object on which the national indignation could vent its reproaches and curses was the Company in Leadenhall Street. And so he dragged forth the Directors, and gave them up to public vengeance. He thus helped to swell an unjust and cruel tide of calumny, and to strengthen a blind passion and a mistaken prejudice. The praise lavished in his speech could not cancel the reproaches conveyed in his Bill. If any department of the Home Government deserved blame for the horrors of Delhi and Cawnpore, it was the Board of Control, which had exercised supreme and uncontrolled authority; not the Company, which could advise and suggest, but had no power to legislate. But Lord Palmerston, we admit, is at least faithful to his friends; and even for the sake of prolonging his power, he would not turn the molten lava of a nation's fury on the administration of Mr. Vernon Smith.

It may, however, be suggested, that although the Company might not be responsible for the mutiny, the double government was a great evil; that it was wise to take advantage of the accidental excitement of national feeling to terminate a pernicious and anomalous, but powerful institution; that no great reforms have ever been effected in England quietly and deliberately, without tumult and without passion, for—

> "All the past of time reveals
> A bridal dawn of thunder peals
> Wherever thought hath wedded fact."

But it may be fairly answered, that an honest statesman would not deliberately choose to terminate the history of a great corporation, in circumstances which would necessarily imply that it had been guilty of enormous offences, of which he believed it to be innocent. No urgent necessity demanded instant legislation; Lord Palmerston proposed to abolish the Company, because he knew that the country was disposed to charge it with having provoked the mutiny by a policy of folly and wickedness, and because he hoped to increase his personal popularity, and prolong his tenure of power, by ministering to popular passion. It is true that great political revolutions have never been acomplished without violence and injustice; but it is also true, that when they have been really beneficial, they have always been the result of previous effort and agitation. The consummation has often been sudden, and encompassed with tumult and storm, but years of debate and struggle have gone before and prepared for it. But the dissolution of the

guided its aims. The whole proceeding was in harmony with the practical nature of English legislation.

Now, however, the very men who propose to annihilate the Company, acknowledge that it has worked admirably. North, Dundas, Fox, and Pitt, justified their proposals for change by demonstrating the evils which had arisen from the imperfections they proposed to supplement, or the arrangements they wish to modify and overrule. "Points for the consideration of the House of Commons" on Indian affairs, and "Bills for the better government of India," were introduced by indignant eloquence and stern impeachments in those days; but Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli smile while they curse, and bless while they slay. The policy of the House of Commons is as puzzling as the weather we have had lately; the sunlight of compliment has never been brighter, the malignant rush of the east wind never more destructive. Our legislators have the soft voice of Jacob, but the rough hands of Esau.

But as the House of Commons has affirmed, by a large majority, that India must be transferred to the Crown, it is wiser for all who long to see India well governed, to give their most vigorous attention to the measures before Parliament, than to lament that a better time had not been chosen for introducing them. No one can imagine that our present legislation will be final. Whatever is done now will be modified again and again, within the next fifty years; our object should be rather to secure right principles than to perfect the mere details of organization. On what principles, then, should the reform of the Indian Government be conducted?

One element of the case, which should be constantly kept in mind, is the distance which separates the subject from the imperial state. Calcutta and London are nearer than they were, but the immense interval cannot be annihilated even by railways and electric telegraphs. The moral distance between the two is wider than the material, and less susceptible of being seriously contracted. India must be governed in India. Even if our communication were far more rapid than it is, and absolutely faultless in its regularity, it would be impossible to administer the affairs of the East, without a strong and intelligent vice-regal establishment at Calcutta. Surrounded by the institutions, in daily contact with the customs and traditions, social and religious, of Hindoo life, the Governor-General and his colleagues have an immense advantage over the wisest and best informed President of a Council at home. Everything that meets the eye and falls on the ear of a European resident in India, is friendly to his qualifications as ruler of the country. And the Oriental mind cannot well realize an invisible law—

abortive efforts to remedy great practical evils were followed by the celebrated measure of William Pitt, establishing the Board of Control, and investing it with powers which, during the last seventy-four years, have made a minister of the Crown the real governor of our Eastern empire. The failures of these distinguished statesmen should have taught Lord Palmerston to exercise great deliberation and caution. It is no light thing to attempt to legislate for India. An Indian Bill is the *pons asinorum* of cabinets.

There is one significant contrast between the circumstances in which, from 1781 to 1784, various statesmen endeavoured to reconstruct the Indian Government, and the circumstances in which the present proposed reforms have originated. Seventy years ago the Company was the object of righteous and universal indignation, loathing, and scorn. Great crimes—exaggerated no doubt by popular wrath and the magnificent eloquence of Westminster Hall, but still great—had been committed in its name, which it wanted either the will or the power to rebuke and punish. A vast empire was being impoverished to satisfy the covetousness of needy adventurers; the princes of magnificent states were being insulted to gratify their pride. The violation of solemn treaties, and the foulest extortions, had brought dishonour on the English name. The criminals had no reverence for rank, no pity for feebleness, no chivalrous regard for sex; they robbed and spoiled, restrained neither by scruples of their own, nor by the prayers of their victims, nor by the authority of their masters at home. These masters were on the edge of financial ruin, and while their despatches began by inculcating on their servants lessons of justice and mercy, they closed with exhortations of ever increasing urgency to send home larger remittances. In the same breath they charged the robbers of nations to be honest, and commanded them henceforth to secure a heavier booty. There was no remedy for these disorders and crimes except the rigorous interference of the Crown. At that time the dividends received by proprietors of East India stock depended upon the profits of their commerce and the financial success of their Government, and it was the natural and obvious protection against the evils into which pecuniary temptations hurried both the Company and their servants, to vest the control of all their affairs in the hands of a body free from the inducement to impoverish the subject races for the sake of enriching their rulers. The evils were enormous and unquestioned, and the remedies were all directed to clear and definite practical results. The circumstances which demanded reform, suggested its principles, and

guided its aims. The whole proceeding was in harmony with the practical nature of English legislation.

Now, however, the very men who propose to annihilate the Company, acknowledge that it has worked admirably. North, Dundas, Fox, and Pitt, justified their proposals for change by demonstrating the evils which had arisen from the imperfections they proposed to supplement, or the arrangements they wish to modify and overrule. "Points for the consideration of the House of Commons" on Indian affairs, and "Bills for the better government of India," were introduced by indignant eloquence and stern impeachments in those days; but Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli smile while they curse, and bless while they slay. The policy of the House of Commons is as puzzling as the weather we have had lately; the sunlight of compliment has never been brighter, the malignant rush of the east wind never more destructive. Our legislators have the soft voice of Jacob, but the rough hands of Esau.

But as the House of Commons has affirmed, by a large majority, that India must be transferred to the Crown, it is wiser for all who long to see India well governed, to give their most vigorous attention to the measures before Parliament, than to lament that a better time had not been chosen for introducing them. No one can imagine that our present legislation will be final. Whatever is done now will be modified again and again, within the next fifty years; our object should be rather to secure right principles than to perfect the mere details of organization. On what principles, then, should the reform of the Indian Government be conducted?

One element of the case, which should be constantly kept in mind, is the distance which separates the subject from the imperial state. Calcutta and London are nearer than they were, but the immense interval cannot be annihilated even by railways and electric telegraphs. The moral distance between the two is wider than the material, and less susceptible of being seriously contracted. India must be governed in India. Even if our communication were far more rapid than it is, and absolutely faultless in its regularity, it would be impossible to administer the affairs of the East, without a strong and intelligent vice-regal establishment at Calcutta. Surrounded by the institutions, in daily contact with the customs and traditions, social and religious, of Hindoo life, the Governor-General and his colleagues have an immense advantage over the wisest and best informed President of a Council at home. Everything that meets the eye and falls on the ear of a European resident in India, is friendly to his qualifications as ruler of the country. And the Oriental mind cannot well realize an invisible law—

strong and high party walls between the various ranks and orders of the state renders possible a community of national feeling and sympathy. Even our hereditary legislators are brought into many close and friendly relations with those whom ardent reformers call "hereditary bondsmen." And while full provision is made for the existence of a competent knowlege of our affairs among our governors, it is also provided that they shall have the deepest interest in our prosperity. Every national disaster afflicts the rulers of the state; and the national prosperity increases their wealth, comfort, and safety. It is not on their honour merely, but on their interest, that the constitution relies. The members of one House are directly responsible to the people; and the members of the other would be stripped, in an hour, of all their dignity and high estate, if they dared wantonly to trifle with the great interests of the nation: their ancestral palaces, their vast revenues, their lofty names, all the splendid traditions which glitter in their coronets, and enrich their costly robes, would be swept into destruction by the fury of the people, as easily as a mud wall is carried away by the rush of a tempestuous sea.

But neither in the Lords nor the Commons can we confidently expect much acquaintance with the affairs of India. We have no Duke of Calcutta, or Marquis of Lucknow, or Earl of Madras, in the Upper House, deriving large revenues from estates denoted by their titles, and brought up from their infancy among dark-skinned tribes, which recognise and honour their rank. Noble lords are forced to know something of England; they have tenants with whose wants they are tolerably familiar; they invest in railways, and struggle side by side with the city men in many a hopeful speculation; they marry the daughters of bankers and the granddaughters of brewers; at Harrow and Eton, at Oxford and Cambridge, they not only get a knowledge of the classes below them, but form friendships, and are knit together in sports and studies, and general sympathies, with many untitled men. Even dukes read the *Times*, and laugh over *Punch*, and get their opinions modified by the great quarterlies, all of which derive their power from the genius, and scholarship, and practical knowledge of the professional classes. There are scarcely any analogous influences to compel the peers to understand the condition of India.

Nor is there anything in our representative system to give us any right to find fault with the House of Commons, should it betray the grossest ignorance about ryots and zemindars, Mahometan law, the village communities, and the social peculiarities of the numerous Eastern races over which we have been made the rulers. Indian knowledge is a mere

currents of Indian policy, and determining the principles by which all social and legal changes, and our diplomatic relations with the independent or tributary states of the East, should be guided. It should have strength enough to drag down the most powerful of its civil and military servants, if proved guilty of incompetency or corruption. It should be able by its constitution to command in its general conduct of affairs the confidence and respect both of India and of England, and of all parties in the state. Its moral influence should bear some proportion to the magnitude of its duties, the dignity of its position, and the tremendous powers for good or evil intrusted to its wisdom and integrity. And although rapidity of action in its ordinary movements should not be thought of as its first and most indispensable virtue, there should be provision for prompt action in all cases of urgency. Finally, it should be the aim of Indian reformers to endeavour in the very constitution of the Home Government to protect India from the dreadful consequences which might flow from the ignorance, rashness, or wickedness of a bad or foolish man who might accidentally become the supreme head of the administration.

It is about this last condition of a sound and safe constitution for the government of the East that we think there is most need for careful and patient thought. We are amazed that Indian reformers are content to trust despotic power over India to a solitary President or Secretary unchecked except by the fear of Parliament. We wonder how many times, during the last five-and-twenty years even, the House of Commons has been on the edge of a count-out in the very midst of a debate on questions affecting the dearest interests of Eastern princes or of the enormous populations of India; we wonder how many years will have to pass by before the present interest in the condition of the Hindoo will have almost vanished, and the Indian budget will again be brought forward in the presence of empty benches, and an Indian motion prove once more the dinner bell of the House.

The Houses of Lords and Commons are both almost utterly destitute of the attributes we should naturally seek in bodies trusted with the unaided responsibility of checking the powerful ruler of a distant and almost unknown dependency. For all the purposes of our domestic government, we believe that the English constitution is, in its principles and tendencies, as near perfection as any human institution can be. Our legislators know the country they have to govern. One House is largely composed of men who belong to the middle class of the community, and who are intimate with the necessities of the poor, and disposed to respect the rights of the rich. The absence of

strong and high party walls between the various ranks and orders of the state renders possible a community of national feeling and sympathy. Even our hereditary legislators are brought into many close and friendly relations with those whom ardent reformers call "hereditary bondsmen." And while full provision is made for the existence of a competent knowlege of our affairs among our governors, it is also provided that they shall have the deepest interest in our prosperity. Every national disaster afflicts the rulers of the state; and the national prosperity increases their wealth, comfort, and safety. It is not on their honour merely, but on their interest, that the constitution relies. The members of one House are directly responsible to the people; and the members of the other would be stripped, in an hour, of all their dignity and high estate, if they dared wantonly to trifle with the great interests of the nation: their ancestral palaces, their vast revenues, their lofty names, all the splendid traditions which glitter in their coronets, and enrich their costly robes, would be swept into destruction by the fury of the people, as easily as a mud wall is carried away by the rush of a tempestuous sea.

But neither in the Lords nor the Commons can we confidently expect much acquaintance with the affairs of India. We have no Duke of Calcutta, or Marquis of Lucknow, or Earl of Madras, in the Upper House, deriving large revenues from estates denoted by their titles, and brought up from their infancy among dark-skinned tribes, which recognise and honour their rank. Noble lords are forced to know something of England; they have tenants with whose wants they are tolerably familiar; they invest in railways, and struggle side by side with the city men in many a hopeful speculation; they marry the daughters of bankers and the granddaughters of brewers; at Harrow and Eton, at Oxford and Cambridge, they not only get a knowledge of the classes below them, but form friendships, and are knit together in sports and studies, and general sympathies, with many untitled men. Even dukes read the *Times*, and laugh over *Punch*, and get their opinions modified by the great quarterlies, all of which derive their power from the genius, and scholarship, and practical knowledge of the professional classes. There are scarcely any analogous influences to compel the peers to understand the condition of India.

Nor is there anything in our representative system to give us any right to find fault with the House of Commons, should it betray the grossest ignorance about ryots and zemindars, Mahometan law, the village communities, and the social peculiarities of the numerous Eastern races over which we have been made the rulers. Indian knowledge is a mere

accident in an honourable member; there is nothing to provide that he shall have it. His constituents for the most part have the vaguest ideas of the magnitude of our Eastern empire; and will feel far more anxious that he should be staunch on behalf of the branch line of four miles from the well-known station at Deadman's Heath to the ancient and important town of Little Pedlington than that he should have the profoundest views on the intricate questions which the Malcolms and the Metcalfes, the Thomasons and the Lawrences, have only helped to solve. The grievances of that omnibus ride across the Heath is a thing of infinitely greater moment to the independent electors of that incorruptible borough than the poverty of kingdoms, the wrongs or calamities of 180 millions of men.

And while we cannot reasonably expect that a competent knowledge of the affairs of India will ever be found in a majority of the members of either House of Parliament—such a knowledge we mean as shall qualify them for the intelligent control of the minister in his discharge of the ordinary duties of government, we are equally sceptical about the permanence of the present interest in the condition of our Indian empire. Just now and then, when a great question has been raised concerning a treaty with some important Hindoo or Mahometan state, or when religious considerations give an edge and flavour to a debate on the merits of some obnoxious functionary, honourable members will diligently study the topic of the hour, and manifest both knowledge and earnestness in dealing with it. On extraordinary and special occasions both Houses will do their duty, but we think it will be wise for them so far to mistrust themselves as to surround the new Secretary of State with a body of men willing and able to sustain him in right-doing and to warn him against follies and crimes. If we required any demonstration of the certainty of an early decay in the national anxiety about the East, the history of the last few months would supply one: the fall of Lord Palmerston well nigh quenched the earnestness of many an ardent Indian reformer; the daily journals soon found that speculations on the chances of Lord Derby were more interesting than incessant denunciations of the sins of the Company; the critical nature of our relations to France has still further subdued the general anxiety for change; and the debate on Mr. Disraeli's resolutions, announced for the 30th, seems now to derive its chief importance from its possible influence on the duration of the Government. All this is eminently natural. It is not fair to expect the English Legislature to retain its unselfish enthusiasm for rajahs and ryots, while a hundred questions are pressing for settlement concerning reforms in our

own law, constitutional changes, financial expedients, and our continental relations. The House of Commons is already overworked. It has neither time, strength, nor heart for new duties.

We are, therefore, in favour of a Council, and of a Council so constituted as to discharge the functions suggested by its name. A Council of Crown nominees would speedily become the contempt of an able minister, and the apology of a feeble one for indolence and inaction. Let the Secretary be solely responsible for all that is done. Let him, in all ordinary cases, ask for the advice of independent and intelligent colleagues before he acts, and in all extraordinary cases, in which he thinks it necessary to decide without their assistance, justify in their minutes his independent action; but in all cases let his own judgment determine his proceedings. In all matters of urgency there would be the possibility of the promptest action, and in all the common work of the department there would be the wisdom elicited from deliberation and discussion. As to the delay which would be occasioned by consultation, let the following extract from Colonel Sykes's very able speech in the House, on the 18th of February, be sufficient to remove all apprehension:—

"In the year 1857, the number of draft despatches approved by the Court of Directors, on the very day on which they were laid before them, was 1,157. Those ordered to lie on the table of the Court, for further consideration, amounted to 464; and *notwithstanding all that has been said about the adventures of a despatch by land and water, the average time during which a draft, ordered to lie on the table, was under consideration, was seven or eight days.*"

If such has been the celerity of such a slow coach as the old Board of Directors, what may we not hope for from a Council contrived by the combined wisdom of our most renowned statesmen?

That there should be in this Council an element independent of the Crown, appears essential to its free and vigorous action; in whom to vest the appointment of these independent members is a most perplexing question. Lord Palmerston made no effort to solve it; in his Bill all the members of Council were appointed by the Crown. Mr. Disraeli's Bill created a constituency of persons interested in various ways in Indian affairs, and confers on them the right of voting for four out of the eighteen members of his Council. In the eleventh Clause of Bill No. 2, it is provided that—

"The persons qualified to vote in the election of such members shall be,—

"All proprietors of *one thousand pounds* or upwards in the capital stock of the East India Company.

"All proprietors of capital stock, or paid-up capital in any company, incorporated by Act of Parliament, for working any railway, or other public work in India, to the amount of *two thousand pounds*, or upwards.

"All persons who have been ten years, at least, in India, as commissioned officers in the military service of her Majesty, or in the military or naval service of the East India Company, or as civil servants of the East India Company, or in the civil service of her Majesty."

There can be little doubt that a constituency composed of such persons would bring into the Council men whose influence ought to be felt there,—men who had acquired large practical acquaintance with the working of the Indian Government, averse to rapid and merely theoretical reforms,—men who, by their long residence in the East, would have been emancipated from the traditions and influences of our great political parties at home, and who would throw into their work a depth and vigour of interest, such as would astonish well-bred, aristocratic officials. The "Old Indian" never forgets the magnificent country in which he made his wealth, and ruined his liver.

We are scarcely prepared, however, to abandon the hope of some method being devised by which the general public opinion of England may be made to tell somewhat more directly on the deliberations of the Indian Council. In his Bill Mr. Disraeli hit upon a scheme for effecting this, which he thought, no doubt, would be eminently acceptable to the popular party, but which has been received with such coldness or such scorn, that he has quite withdrawn it from his proposed "resolutions;" we refer, of course, to the very novel idea of conferring on the parliamentary electors of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast, the right of electing five members of Council. These cities and boroughs were chosen, we imagine, because of the knowledge of India which they might be supposed to possess, in consequence of their interest in the Indian trade, and because the parliamentary electors of these five places would probably fairly represent the popular feeling, on the principles and aims which should guide our Indian policy. Objections, without number, readily present themselves, no doubt, against this proposal; but we think it deserved more consideration than it received, and that those who laughed at it so loudly should have been prepared to suggest some plan by which the good, which the proposal was meant to secure, might be attained in a less eccentric manner.

We suppose, however, that Bill No. 2 is virtually abandoned.

Lord John Russell has rendered good service to the country as well as to Lord Derby and his colleagues, by suggesting that the House should discuss "resolutions," instead of pronouncing on the rival Bills. Mr. Disraeli's measure, spite of its merits, is encumbered by details which would make it almost unworkable. The House would probably have been too much provoked by its excessive elaboration to consider it patiently; the Bill would have been lost by a large majority, and Lord Palmerston's Bill would have become law very much as it stands. Lord John Russell has saved us from the prospect of this, and we cordially thank him for his well-timed interference.

On the "resolutions" to be proposed on the 30th of April, we need say nothing more than we have said already. On the important and vital difference between both the Bill and the "resolutions" of the Government, and Lord Palmerston's measure, we have already expressed our opinion and endeavoured to maintain it. Mr. Disraeli offers an independent element in the Council; Lord Palmerston proposes that it should be entirely nominated by the Crown. Not our popular instincts alone, but the principles which we think should determine our judgment in this peculiar and special case, compel us to accept the more liberal scheme, though it originates with a Conservative Government.

We cannot close without expressing our earnest hope that whatever changes may be effected in the Home Government, the civil and military service of India will be sustained in its present efficiency. No government was ever so well served as the East India Company has been; the integrity, the vigour, the intelligence, which have characterized its servants during the last thirty or forty years, awaken our astonishment and admiration. Infinitely more depends on the good character and good sense of the judges, magistrates, revenue officers, and military men employed in India, than on the skilful adjustment of the machinery of government at home. Let no motives to honest work be withdrawn or enfeebled; no check be destroyed which at present represses corruption and reveals inefficiency. We may justly be proud not only of the men who have represented us in India of late, but of the work which they have done. The last thirty years of the history of British India are unparalleled in the records of the human race. Never were changes so beneficent effected on a scale of such magnitude, and within so brief a period. For proof, we refer to the splendid paper written by Lord Dalhousie at the close of his reign, exhibiting the progress of India under his government, and the "Memorandum of the Improvements in the Administration of India during the last Thirty Years," prepared at the India House, and bearing

the signature of Sir James Melville. In every department there has been progress; in some departments the progress has been so remarkable as to produce the profoundest wonder and delight. Great public works, roads, canals, railways, lines of electric telegraph communication, are being carried forward with as much energy as the limited resources of the Government will allow. The settlement of the revenue system, which had confounded the genius and industry of some of the greatest Indian statesmen, is at last being effected on principles which appear to promise a vast improvement in the condition of the people and in the resources of the state. The natives themselves acknowledge the equity of our judicial courts, and endeavours are still being made to render justice cheaper and more accessible to all classes of the community. Half a century ago India was infested with organized armies of murderers, bound together by the sanctions of religion, and claiming from the gods a patent and prerogative of assassination. They defied the strength both of the native princes and of the British Government, and carried terror from village to village, and city to city, almost unhindered. A special police was organized against them, and Thuggism is crushed. Organized bands of professional robbers roamed about the country; these, too, are being broken up by the same means. Infanticide was, at one time, among the greatest horrors of India. In one tribe, we are told that the female children numbered only one sixth of the male; and, in another, not one female child was found in four hundred families. Through the earnest efforts of the British Government, infanticide is now disappearing. Suttee has been brought to an end, not only in the British provinces, but, through British influence, in all the native states, except one. The human sacrifices which were once common among the hill tribes of Orissa, are no more. Slavery has been abolished. The re-marriage of Hindoo widows has been legalized. The civil rights of native converts are now protected. Education is being vigorously extended. Many of these reforms, be it remembered, have been made spite of the religious prejudices of the natives, and of their most ancient and venerable customs. Much, indeed, remains to be done still; nor are we anxious to conceal that many of the proceedings of the East India Government in relation to the extension of the Christian religion have been deserving of the heaviest and sternest censure. THE ECLECTIC, in its early days, did battle with the folly and wickedness of the Company in relation to missionaries, and our memory of the old strife has not yet quite died out. But we shall honour the good deeds of the rulers of the East in the days of their adversity as fearlessly

as we impeached their crimes in the days of their pride and their power. England has done a noble work in India, and its nobleness ought frankly to be recognised.

In his celebrated speech on the first India Bill, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer must have been in unusual thraldom to the influences of his office. That a man of such accomplishments and liberal instincts as Sir George Cornewall Lewis, should ask of what value India was to England, and imply that the question was to be settled by studying a table of exports and imports, filled us with surprise. A nation's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which it possesseth, but in the greatness of its duties, and its efficiency in discharging them—in the vigour of its people, and the dignity and variety of the activities in which that vigour is exercised—in its power for good among the races into which it is brought in contact—in the weight of its influence on the side of truth, freedom, and the noblest interests of mankind. India has disciplined the powers of some of our greatest men, and they have found, in the conduct of her affairs, free scope for their genius, a lofty sphere for their ambition, opportunity for blessing men on a scale of sublime magnitude. We might, perhaps, (though this is very doubtful) have derived as much pecuniary benefit from India, had our relations with her been purely commercial; but our political supremacy was necessary, both for the moral discipline we ourselves have derived from the difficulties we have struggled with, and well-nigh mastered, and for the natives of India to receive from the West those new and powerful elements of moral life, by which they are being, morally, socially and religiously regenerated. Long may that supremacy be ours!

Art. VI.—A LEGEND OF COLOGNE.

Farina: a Legend of Cologne. By George Meredith. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1857.

Has the reader ever sailed up the broad waters of the lovely Rhine, from the City of the Kings to where the walls of Mayence rise? Has he watched the turns of that river, and peered at the ruined castles which dot its rising banks, now sheer up the steep rock, then half concealed by dark forest pines. This is the land of romance, and the place of dreams. By the margin of this river has many a lovelorn youth dreamt and sung—here many a party of long-haired patriotic Germans have quaffed the sparkling wine, and sipped the mellow

Liebfrauenmilch — here brave knights have fought many a battle with ringing steel—here have the elves danced, and here have pious vows been made. Alas! how changed now! Slowly passes the laden steamer, with its human freight—under the awning of the quarter-deck, what a mixture of nationalities and individuals! At the head of the table sits the little baron, stout, stumpy, with grim moustachios, and half-a-dozen orders hanging from his breast; beside him, courteous and bowing, his youthful companion ready to catch up such oracles as the choked utterance of a well-filled mouth can afford. Farther down the table a Yankee German, his black hair, smooth and glossy, turned behind his ears; the shirt-collar descending, giving full view of sallow face and yellow neck. Beside him, his hopeful offspring, pale, delicate, restless, and dissatisfied. He has been for fifteen years in the slave states, and now brings home a well-filled purse and Yankee manners. Opposite to him, with a large ring on his finger, and a shrewd twinkle in his eye, broad-shouldered, stout, and well at ease, sits a Scotchman who has spent an equal number of years in the West Indies, and over his Rhine wine, discusses with his *vis-à-vis* the puritanical prejudices of his countrymen against slavery, and in favour of Sabbath observance. Beside him two clergymen who have doffed their distinguishing garb for shooting coats and wide-awakes, and are alternately inhaling fresh air and Hock. Next to them a newly married couple, genuine British exportation, warranted stiff and tedious. Then a long vista, coats of various sizes, caps, hats, bonnets, Murray's Handbooks, telescopes, pipes, cigars, till you reach the fore-cabin, where a merry students' party is gathering, headed by officials, arrayed in jack-boots with spurs, gauntlets, sashes, swords, all prepared for a regular students' feast. And so steamer passes steamer, and the poetry of the murky Rhine has well nigh given way before quick steamers and cheap fares.

Yet there is still poetry about old Father Rhine, although men have done their best to render him prosaic. The Rhine is the passion of Germans, the burden of their songs, the dream of their nationality. To enjoy its exquisite beauties, we must not hurriedly steam up and down its banks. The very exuberance of its beauty palls upon us, the eye gets wearied, and the mind cannot take it in. Besides, the company by which you are surrounded casts over you its "glamour" of prose. To enjoy the Rhine, you must spend moonlit nights by its banks, pass on foot over the most romantic parts of its scenery, and, above all, avoid those crowded landing-places, where hearing and sight are shocked by the discordant tones of different languages, and the vista of almost interminable portmanteaus and bandboxes. Nothing can equal the majestic beauty of a moonlit night on

the Rhine. The broad waters reflecting pale light to mountains not too high, vineyards rising from their slopes, sweet valleys peering in the distance, and deep, deep silence around you. What an amount of romantic history also, both individual and national, is connected with that valley! Each ruined castle is of itself a story of feudal times, and could tell many a wondrous tale. The Rhine itself, the boundary between Germany and France, has oft witnessed great national struggles, and almost every city by its banks can bear testimony of the ruthless fury of the hated invader. So long as the Rhine flows between them, Germany and France cannot be intimate allies. There are curious, quaint old towns along that stream which happily all the influx of strangers has not yet completely changed. Among them, we also reckon old Cologne, with its cathedral, its bridge of boats, its narrow streets, and its wonderful relics. However the traveller may hurry through it, it offers many sights well deserving a closer inspection. One thing at any rate the traveller is not likely to miss, at least for want of being reminded of it,—we mean one of the dozen or so rivals that rejoice in the name of "Farina," and bestow upon the world the unique benefit of the celebrated *eau de Cologne*. If, unfortunately, the unsuspecting Briton should yield to the confidential communications of a friendly porter, driver, or citizen, and stumble into one of the many shops which allure him with the promise of the genuine article, let him know that most likely his youth and innocence are sadly beguiled. There is but one who worthily bears the name of Farina, the sole proprietor of that inviolable secret which lies distilled in these octagonal and unshapely bottles. But by this hangs a tale—a legend, quoth Mr. Meredith—which the book before us relates.

There was a maiden fair, the only daughter of the prosperous Rhinelander Gottlieb von Groschen, a prize so rich and beautiful as to be object of ambition to knight and burger. In the city of Cologne had the youths formed the White Rose Club, all the members of which were enamoured of Margarita Groschen, and in honour of her, drank innumerable tumblers of beer, disfigured their faces by single combats, and watched each other for tokens of favour. Unlike them was the poor artist, Farina, who deep in his heart cherished love for the fair maiden, not unreturned by her. The Emperor was expected in his loyal city of Cologne, and Margarita was finishing a beautiful piece of tapestry, when the wild robber-knight Werner's troop of horsemen, came clattering over the pavement and descried the White Rose. There is a wager that one of them, Schwartzthier, is to imprint a kiss upon her cheek. Five minutes are given him for it. In vain the maid, who has been obliged to come down at the behest of the rude horseman, tries

to escape him by flight. He had already grasped her when "a formidable staff whirling an unfriendly halo over the head of the Thier, and descending upon it with such honest intent to confound and overthrow him, the Thier succumbed to its force without argument, and the square echoed blow and fall simultaneously." Her rescuer, the brave Briton, Guy de Goshawk, would soon have had plenty of work, but for the timely appearance of the redoubted Werner, in one part of the square, and the city guard in the other. And now comes the plot of the story. Werner wishes to get possession of the fair maiden; Guy and Farina are to defend and to rescue her. Passing over innumerable contests, and hairbreadth escapes of our heroes, the two main scenes in the book are the combat of Monk Gregory with Sathanas, and the rescue of the fair Margarita from Werner's Eck, whither the bold baron has carried his prize. While the good monk is exorcising the enemy from Rhineland, being holpen in this by Farina, Werner has carried off his prize to his impregnable fortress. Next, Guy, Farina, and the Schwartzthier set out to rescue the maiden. The account of Guy as to how he had gained the Schwartzthier is rather peculiar; "Trust him! why I have thumped him, lad, pegged and pardoned him—trust him! trust me! if Werner catches a sight of that snout of his within half a mile of his hold, he will roast him alive." At last they reach the castle. Disguised, they enter it, while poor Farina, sorely against his will, is kept outside. Meantime, while musing, the Water Lady beckons him, and leads him up the steep rock through a trap-door into the banqueting hall, where a scene met him sufficient to fill any one with dismay: "A rude banqueting hall glowed under the light of a dozen flambeaux, with smoking boar's flesh, deer's flesh, stone flagons, and horn bickers. At the head of the board sat Werner, scarlet with furious feasting, and on his right hand Margarita, bloodless as a beautiful martyr bound to the fire. Retainers of Werner occupied the length of the hall, chorussing the baron's speeches and drinking their own healths when there was no call for another." Alas! the Goshawk and Schwartzthier lay strapped to the floor, a bicker of wine tossed over them at every libation. But now the Lady of the Water casts a charm over the company, and a quarrel ensues between the baron and Henker Rothhals, during which the latter tosses his knife to the Goshawk, while the song of the Water Lady fills all with dread. The Goshawk, now set free, almost slays the baron with a sword which Farina offers him, and the White Rose is rescued. In the interval, the good Monk Gregory has been in sore trouble. His tale of exorcism has been discredited, while the enemy, in descending by Cologne, has filled the city with a pestilential stench of which thousands

die. The assistance of Farina is required to set the monk free from calumnies, and, in return, the monk instructs him in distilling the water which ever since has borne his name, and armed with a bottle of which the Emperor can enter Cologne unscathed, while all the knights around him drop from their saddles. At last Cologne is purified by this water, and Farina obtains his beautiful bride, the White Rose Club acquiescing, under the softening influence of good cheer, plentifully supplied by Gottlieb von Groschen. And so ends the Legend of Cologne, and of the origin of its world-famed Farina water.

The story has its defects, among which we reckon language sometimes coarse, and especially expressions in connexion with religious subjects which, however common, we deeply and earnestly deprecate. But the Legend is cleverly conceived, and very well told; and if the reader should happen, on a dark, murky day, to sail down from Cologne, on his tiresome journey towards Rotterdam, we can recommend this Legend as a pleasureable pastime, not out of keeping with his circumstances. Only, we repeat it, it is merely a pastime—*meliora speramus*—and we look for the time when the talents of popular writers of fiction shall be directed to more elevated and appropriate subjects. The problems of our times, and the wants of the men around us, are such as to demand all our best energies.

ART. VII.—SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE.

Scripture and Science not at Variance: with Remarks on the Historical Character, Plenary Inspiration, and Surpassing Importance of the Earlier Chapters of Genesis. By John H. Pratt, M.A., Archdeacon of Calcutta. Second Edition. London: Hatchard. 1858.

SINCE the revival of science in the fifteenth century, and in a still greater degree since the study of the internal structure of the earth and its organic remains in the nineteenth, it has often been asserted that scientific discoveries contradict Bible descriptions of natural phenomena. This assumed contrariety between the declarations of the material creation and the revealed truths of God, has been employed by the sceptic as an argument against the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, and by a certain class of theologians as a proof of the folly of physical research, the insufficiency of the human reason, and the wickedness of the human heart. In our own day the dispute between the enemies and friends of the Bible, founded on this purely hypothetical assertion, has become the more violent from the dogmatism of science in the enunciation of its deductions and doctrines, the freedom of interpretation demanded by critics,

and the opposition of illiterate Christians to all novel readings and new interpretations of the Word. While a class of bold, reckless, irreverent minds, would throw away the Mosaic narrative of the creation, and the brief history of the antediluvian world, as an old wife's tale, or at best as a myth, another class of minds, dreading opposition, trembling for that which they believe to be sacred as well as true, resist investigation, and denounce all who acknowledge the just rights and authority of scientific research as enemies to the faith, and sceptics in disguise. This spirit of opposition to the Bible on the one hand, and to scientific research on the other, between the two extreme and antagonistic parties, some well-meaning persons of incompetent knowledge and defective judgment, have ventured to become mediators between them, and by doubts, conjectures, and crude hypotheses, believe they have removed difficulties and reconciled reason and revelation. At such a time, when neither the acknowledged rashness of one class of competitors, nor the cowardice of the other, restrains inquiry, but doubts are encouraged by the fears of the believer and the boldness of the sceptical spirit, such a work as the one before us is not out of season.

The work to which we solicit the attention of our readers is written with elegance, talent, and, still better, with a competent knowledge of the subject, and excellent judgment. It recites facts, and arguments drawn from them, which should warn the sceptic against a hasty conclusion, and soften his prejudices. But the aim of the author is to inform the minds of those Christians who, though convinced of the authenticity of the Scriptures, are unable to meet those objections of the unbeliever which are founded on a presumed difference in the testimony of science and of the Bible, and to caution those men who, holding fast their faith in Christian revelation, are disposed to doubt the inspiration of the Mosaic history of the creation and the antediluvian world.

In the first part of the work the author reviews the history of former controversies, and shows, from their termination, how improbable it is that any contradiction will be discovered between science and Scripture. They have often supported and assisted each other, but have never come into antagonistic contact, though their attitude has been sometimes threatening. From this fact, Archdeacon Pratt deduces, and has a right to do so, that if an apparent discord should now, or at any future time, be detected, there is no real want of harmony, and that perfect concord will be discovered when the science is better understood, or the word more correctly explained.

In the prosecution of his object, the author first selects some

instances of the correction of acknowledged interpretations of Scripture by scientific discovery. The history of astronomy supplies several instances of this. There was an apparent agreement between the false celestial mechanics of Ptolemy and a false translation in the Septuagint and Vulgate, but the science was corrected, and then there was a great outcry—the new astronomy contradicts revelation and a dogma of the Church. Copernicus escaped the persecution he feared—for death claimed him as his victim—before bigotry could lay hands on him; but they fell heavily enough on some of his successors. Persecution did its best to destroy the scientific truth because it was opposed to the false translation; and then having failed in its object—as it must ever—the theologian turned to the Mosaic narrative in the original Scripture, and discovered that the word translated *firmament*, which conveys an image in harmony with the false scientific idea of a vault of transparent matter revolving round the earth, is a false translation, and, that the word *expanse* is more appropriate. Thus did the discovery of a scientific truth correct a false conception of the meaning of Scripture, and a perfect harmony was established between the Divine word and work, in place of a false agreement.

Science was again said to be in antagonism to Scripture when it taught the spherical form of the earth, and the consequent existence of antipodes; and its opposition was thought to be still more violent when the earth was proved to have a diurnal rotation on its axis, and an annual revolution in the heavens. It is true the Scriptures do not contradict the fact of the rotundity of the earth, but they do not affirm it; and the absence of such a statement was assumed to be a negative proof of the want of agreement. But it does speak of the motion of the sun, of his rising and setting, of his "coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," and of the world being "established that it cannot be moved." The men of that day, who were so terrified by an apparent contradiction between the discoveries of the astronomer and the literal expressions of Scripture, did not understand that the writers described appearances—that it was not the vocation of the inspired writers to teach science and give scientific definitions—that they spoke of things as they are seen, as we do now. We perceive, though they did not, how violent was the strain they gave to the words of revelation when they called the expanse a firmament, fixed the earth at rest in the centre of the universe, and gave an independent motion to the sun.

Much as geology is dreaded by some timid Christians, who do not clearly perceive the value of truth when it comes to them through a different channel than that from which they

are accustomed to receive it, we are indebted to that science for the correction of some false interpretations of Scripture, and the illustration of some important subjects of philosophical inquiry. No other science could have demonstrated the Scriptural account of the creation of the universe, the antiquity of the earth, the origin of animal and vegetable life, the existence of the sun antecedent to the fiat, "Let there be light," and the presence of death in the world before the fall of man;—no other science could have suggested the important doctrine of specific centres of creation, or have so well met the difficulty of explaining a universal deluge.

Science was at fault in the discussion of the origin of nations and languages, but its conclusions came into agreement with Scripture when it discovered its own error. Sacred writers affirm positively that "Eve was the mother of all living," and that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." In opposition to this doctrine it was affirmed by science that "there were an indefinite number of separate creations." This assumption was founded on analogy, and the error was scientifically answered by Dr. Pritchard. "All the diversities which exist are variable," says that eminent writer, "and pass into each other by insensible gradations, and there is, moreover, scarcely an instance in which the actual transition cannot be proved to have taken place." The controversy still exists among ethnologists, and a difference of opinion will probably continue among them; but believing, as we do, that science has in this instance corrected its error, we acknowledge a perfect agreement between its conclusions and the teaching of Scripture.

Archdeacon Pratt satisfactorily meets an objection to the unity of the human race, founded on the representation of the specific forms and complexions of the Negro, Egyptian, and Asiatic, in certain Egyptian paintings, supposed to have been executed in the time of Moses, about 850 years after the Deluge. Such national diversities of form, could not, say the objectors, have been produced in the short interval of time which elapsed between the Deluge and the Exodus of the Israelites, if all the races had their origin from one man—Noah. To this conclusion our author objects upon sufficient evidence. Colour, he says, is an uncertain mark of origin and descent. The offspring of European and Hindoo parents may be either white or coloured; and if the children be white the grandchildren may be coloured—a fact as unaccountable as the asserted appearance of gout in alternate generations. And although the world was re-peopled by the descendants of one man, there were three fathers of the race, and they, or their

wives, may have possessed some of those marked features which distinguish their descendants—Ham of the African, Japhet of the European, Shem of the Asiatic. National characteristics of form and feature must, therefore, be traced to a period antecedent to the Deluge.

The origin of the diversity of language, is a question apparently connected with that of the origin of the races. The narrative of the confusion of tongues has been rudely attacked by some daring disputers, but many eminent philologists believe all languages to have had a common origin, and trace in them evidences of a violent separation. In the six thousand languages or dialects now spoken by man, there is said to be such a relation in structure and in their radicals, as cannot be explained without assuming a common origin. We are not among those who believe the Bible narrative of the confusion of tongues to be much interested in the question whether all human languages are traceable to a common source. The language of Noah, which became the common tongue of all his children, was confounded that the people might not understand it, and that they might be "scattered abroad over the earth." Why a relic of the old should have remained in the new, and why that relic should now be discoverable by us in all, we do not understand. It is not necessary that we should find a common stock for all human tongues, as a proof of the unity of the human race.

The second part of Archdeacon Pratt's book is a short essay on "The Historical Character, Plenary Inspiration, and Surpassing Importance of the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis." The author maintains the credibility of the history they contain, by reference to the numerous instances in which the facts are re-stated, frequently in the same words, by our Lord and his disciples. The credibility of the history being thus established, the inspiration follows of necessity, for in no other way could the facts have been communicated te the narrator. The importance of the history cannot be over-estimated, for it is the only record of the creation of the world, and of the condition of the antediluvian people. It announces the institution of marriage, of sacrifice, and of the Sabbath; and it, moreover, contains two prophecies, both of which have been fulfilled—the coming of the seed of the woman to bruise the serpent's head, and a declaration of the future condition of the sons of Noah.

We do not claim for Archdeacon Pratt's book any marked originality of thought, but it is a clear and concise record of some former controversies between human research and Divine revelation; and as such, we recommend it to our readers.

ART. VIII.—THE BOOK FOR EVERY LAND.

The Book for Every Land; Reminiscences of Labour and Adventure in the Work of Bible Circulation in the North of Europe and in Russia. By the late John Patterson, D.D.; edited, with a prefatory memoir, by William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. London: John Snow.

FEW kinds of reading are more attractive than the adventures of those enterprising Christians who have gone forth, obedient to the commands of their Divine Master, to preach the Gospel and disseminate His word in foreign countries. Whether the modern apostle penetrates into the interior of Africa, or wanders among the glittering isles of the South Seas, or whether he ventures amongst the ignorant and intolerant classes of civilized nations, his labours and dangers are equally formidable. In fact, the listless repugnance exhibited in refined and polished circles; the heartless opposition met with amongst the bigoted; and the open and unblushing scorn of the educated infidel, often prove much severer trials to a sensitive mind than the isolation and privations endured in carrying the glad tidings to tribes of untutored savages. Amongst those who had to preach the Gospel in countries where it had already existed, in a garbled and corrupted form; who had to labour in the midst of evil as well as good report, and in the end to see, humanly speaking, his best efforts blighted, was Dr. Patterson, whose "Reminiscences" we have before us.

This faithful servant of the Saviour was born at Old Kilpatrick, near Glasgow, on the 26th of February, 1776. At an early age, even whilst at school, eagerly engaged in acquiring secular knowledge, he received those religious impressions which afterwards determined his career, and actuated his conduct through life. Although apprenticed on leaving school to a trade, his love of reading prevailed to such an extent, that whatever time he could save from sleep or recreation, he devoted to the study of works, principally religious, to meditation and prayer, and uninterrupted attendance upon public worship. "Often," he says, "have I travelled miles under the cloud of night to meet with them (the people of God) for prayer and conversation on the things of God." Prompted by an earnest desire to become a missionary, he no sooner completed his apprenticeship than he removed to Glasgow, and entered the University as a student. This was in 1798. About the same time he heard the Rev. Rowland Hill and Mr. James Haldane preach, but was so little struck with their discourses, that when counselled to prosecute his studies at the expense of the

latter gentleman, who was seeking some young men to educate for the ministry, he declined the advice. It is also said that the name of "Independency" was disagreeable to the then existing state of his mind. However, his ideas subsequently underwent a change, and when Mr. Haldane proposed again for another class, Patterson applied for admission. His course of study at Dundee, whither he was sent, being conpleted, he was appointed to preach at Cambuslang, where, after considerable opposition, he succeeded in forming a church on the Congregational model.

It was in the year 1803 that the Independent churches of Edinburgh resolved to support a mission in India. They at once applied to young Patterson to be their agent; and he, without hesitation, accepted the desired office, proceeding to select Mr. Ebenezer Henderson to be an associate with him in his missionary labours. The destination of these two bold apostles was Surat; but owing to the miserable exclusiveness of the East India Company at that time, it was necessary for them to land first at Serampore, a Danish colony, and even to go out in a Danish vessel. Accordingly, on the 28th of August, they took a boat and went on board the "Fame," lying in the Leith Roads, which was to convey them to Denmark. "There accompanied them to the ship certain of the friends above named (Messrs. Haldane, Aikman, Stephens, Ewing, Little), along with others, and amongst the rest, the Rev. Mr. Terrot, Episcopal minister at Haddington, who, before they parted, 'offered up a most beautiful prayer for them and all who sailed with them.' These friends abode with them several hours, and then bidding them an affectionate farewell, left them to pursue their course." On their arrival at Copenhagen, however, it was found that from one cause and another the funds which could be raised and depended upon at home, were not sufficient to warrant their undertaking so distant and onerous a mission as that to India, and having discovered that a field of usefulness might be opened for them in the north of Europe, Patterson and Henderson resolved to pursue their labours on the shores of the Baltic in preference to returning back to Scotland. Gradually the tie between the churches in Edinburgh and their two agents became severed, owing to the want of funds to support the mission, and these two enterprising and zealous servants of Christ were thrown upon their own resources. Mr. Patterson remained in Denmark till after the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, when he removed to Sweden and settled Stockholm. Here he remained for five years disseminating the Bible among the natives of the country, and receiving valuable assistance from the British and Foreign Bible Society; he also married his first wife, Katrine Hollinder, at Stockholm. In 1812

Mr. Patterson removed his family to St. Petersburg, but in the following year had the misfortune to lose his wife; but in 1817, whilst on a visit to England, her place in his affections was supplied by Miss Jane Greig, the daughter of Admiral Greig, of the Russian navy. This union was, however, of no long duration, and in 1820, the afflicted doctor, — for he had in 1817 received a diploma from the university of Abo,—buried his second wife.

For the results of the pious exertions of Dr. Patterson in the north of Europe, we must refer the reader to his instructive and interesting "Reminiscences." They are rich in anecdote, full of the labour of love in which he was engaged, and show, in a remarkable manner, the difficulties which encompass, and the hopes which lighten up, the arduous path of the missionary. In 1822, both Dr. Patterson and his fellow-labourer, Mr. Henderson, deemed it expedient to dissolve their connexion with the British and Foreign Bible Society, into the grounds of which determination it is not necessary to enter; but when they also expressed their intention of returning to England, the idea was at once opposed by Prince Galitzin, who had always been a steady advocate of the Bible cause in Russia, and by other friends. They therefore remained at St. Petersburg to conduct the affairs of the Russian Bible Society, with a salary from the Emperor of 6,000 rubles per annum each. In the meantime, a party adverse to the dissemination of the Bible had been springing up, but was, for awhile, discountenanced by Alexander. On the accession of Nicholas, the late Czar, however, its clamours were listened to with favour, and, at length, a ukase was issued, suspending altogether the operations of the Bible Society in Russia. This closed Dr. Patterson's labours in that country, and he therefore returned to Scotland. Although not engaged in any definite occupation, he devoted himself to works of Christian usefulness—especially to the interests of the London Missionary Society and the Scottish Congregational Union. The last few years of his life, from 1850 to 1855, however, were chequered by ill-health, and the approaching feebleness of age; yet he possessed every comfort and happiness in the devotion and attention of his family, and by their hands it was that his wants were kindly administered to in his last hours. He died on the 6th of July, in the eightieth year of his age. We have already characterized his "Reminiscences" as full of interesting details in the history of the Bible cause; pictures of life and manners in the countries of Northern Europe; and the characters of men not unknown to fame. They spread over a period of twenty-two years, from the day when he landed in Denmark to that on which he left

St. Petersburg, in consequence of the ukase of the Emperor Nicholas. Of his mental powers Dr. Alexander gives the following analysis:—

"The strength, energy, and decision which his large structure, his firm tread, and his strongly marked features betokened, were not belied by his actual character and conduct. His mental operations were not quick; he was wont to survey a subject calmly, cautiously, comprehensively, before he came to a conclusion on it; but once having seen his way to a decision, he went to it firmly, and adhered to it with indomitable perseverance. The most prominent characteristic of his mind was strong, robust sense, combined with great practical sagacity; his judgment of men and affairs could almost always be depended upon; and his capacity for business, especially in the conduct of religious societies, was of the highest order."

Quarterly Review of American Literature.

AMERICA, during the last half century, has produced many eminent scholars in Biblical Literature. The names of Stuart, Robinson, Turner, Barnes, Alexander, Norton, Hodge, Hackett, and others, are everywhere honourably distinguished. Among the recent works in Biblical criticism, Professor Ripley's "Notes on Romans"[1] will be hailed as a valuable acquisition by the general reader, as presenting a lucid and satisfactory explanation of the inspired writer. The text is printed in the paragraph form, and the notes are judicious. The author has been for many years an esteemed Professor in the Newton Theological Institution; and the volume before us is the result of years of study and careful investigation.

The Biblical student will also welcome Dr. Owen's "Commentary Critical, Expository, and Practical, on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark."[2] The notes are devout, and adapted to popular use, and will be studied with profit, both by the common reader and the scholar. The volume is characterized by completeness, precision, and critical ability.

Amongst recent works on theology and analogous subjects, we notice the following. Professor Upham's "Treatise on Divine

---

[1] The Epistle of the Apostle Paul to the Romans; with Notes, chiefly explanatory. Designed as an Accompaniment to the Author's Notes on the Gospels and the Acts. By Henry J. Ripley, Newton Theological Institution. 12mo., 147 pp. Boston. 1857.

[2] A Commentary, Critical, Expository, and Practical, on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark; for the Use of Ministers, Theological Students, Private Christians, Bible Classes, and Sabbath Schools. By John J. Owen, D.D. 12mo., 501 pp. New York. 1857.

Union"[3] bears the marks of an acute metaphysician and an independent thinker. The leading ideas of the author harmonize for the most part with those found in the writings of Tauler and Arndt, and especially with Scougal, in his work, entitled "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," although Dr. Upham takes a more enlarged and philosophical view of the subject. His idea of the nature of pure or holy love, does not essentially differ from that which is presented by President Edwards, in his treatise on the Nature of Virtue. The work is divided into eight parts; but our limits will permit us to give only a general outline. The following are the divisions of the work: Of God, and the relations he sustains to his creatures; on faith, and the union of God and man in faith; on the knowledge of God, and the union of God and man in knowledge: on the love of God, and the union of God and man in love; on the will of God, and the union of the Divine and human will; on the union of man with God in His providence; union with God in the work of man's redemption; of the peace or rest of the soul in a state of union. The work contains much that is suggestive; but, in our opinion, some of the author's views are extreme, and his metaphysical speculations have an air of mysticism. The following extract from the last division will present a favourable specimen of the volume: "During some years past, there have been great changes and perplexities in nations. All the positions of society have been reversed; problems have been started which affect the basis of civilization; governments have been overturned; the low have been elevated to places of power; and the great have been driven into exile or cast into dungeons. The man of the world reasons; politicians gather up the letters of history, and try to spell something which will disclose the mysteries of the future. But God keeps His own counsels. The wheels of His vast government move on. But he who trusts in God is not troubled. His belief in the Creator harmonizes and triumphs over the confusions of the creature. And faith is calm where reason is confounded." Professor Upham is the author of several works, among which are "The Elements of Mental Philosophy;" a "Treatise on the Will;" a volume of a practical character, entitled "Outlines of Imperfect and Disordered Mental Action;" "Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame de la Mothe-Guyon."

Dr. Cheeseman, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, has given us the results of his laborious researches on a subject of great moral and historical interest, in a volume, entitled "Ishmael and the Church."[4] The author examines minutely the prophecies

---

[3] A Treatise on Divine Union. Designed to point out some of the intimate Relations between God and Man in the higher forms of Religious Experience. By Thomas C. Upham, D.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College, Maine. New Edition, 12mo., 436 pp. Boston & London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

[4] Ishmael and the Church. By Lewis Cheeseman, D.D. 12mo., 328 pp. Philadelphia.

respecting Ishmael and his descendants, and presents many striking views of that wonderful people, whose fortunes have been so remarkably interwoven with the Church in all ages, on whose "changeful and suffering destiny they have ever left the deep impressions of their power." With the author's speculations upon the slaying of the "Witnesses," and some unfulfilled prophecies, many of his readers will not concur. The book is well written, and the facts are carefully collated.

Dr. Breckenridge's work, entitled "The Knowledge of God Objectively Considered"[5] evinces a manly piety, and a profound reverence for the Bible. It contains much suggestive reasoning, and some parts manifest great acuteness and vigour of thought. We have no space for a detailed examination, but we cannot dismiss the volume without remarking that the plan is not sufficiently methodical, the style is often involved and full of repetitions, and occasionally we find inaccuracies of language. The chapter on the "Being of God" is similar to the argument in Howe's "Living Temple;" but we do not perceive the slightest allusion to that eminent writer. Dr. Breckenridge belongs to the "Old School Presbyterians," but his extreme Calvinistic views are not made peculiarly prominent; and there is much in the book to commend itself to the intelligent Christian.

Clark's "Utility and Glory of God's Immutable Purposes"[6] is the production of an eminent New England divine. In the preface the author says, "The work is not intended for the learned; but for those in the business walks of life, who are willing to give a little thought, and devote a few hours to the investigation of a doctrine at once elementary and practical—humbling to man and glorious to God." This little volume is not designed as an elaborate treatise on the purposes of God, but presents practical views of the doctrine, in a devout and Christian aspect.

In history, biography, travels, and general literature, the following are worthy of notice. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"[7] is a work of great historical value. As evidences of its high merit, a translation into the Dutch language has been made, under the supervision of Mr. Barkhuizen Vander Brink, the Archivist-in-Chief of the kingdom of the Netherlands—one of the most learned men in that country,—who has written a commendatory introduction, and added many notes and comments to the work. A translation has also been published in the German language, and one is soon to appear in the French, under the superintendence of M. Guizot. Our readers who are interested in the history of the struggle for

---

[5] The Knowledge of God Objectively Considered; being the first part of Theology, considered as a Science of Positive Truth, both Inductive and Deductive. By Robert J. Breckenridge, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in the Seminary in Danville, Ky. 8vo., 530 pp. New York. 1857.

[6] The Utility and Glory of God's Immutable Purposes. By Sereno D. Clark. Boston. 1857.

[7] The Rise of the Dutch Republic: a History. By John Lothrop Motley. In Three Vols. New York. 1856.

religious freedom in the Netherlands, will thank us for directing their attention to these deeply interesting volumes. Prescott's "History of the Reign of Philip II." brings the narrative down to 1568; and Motley's ends with the death of William of Orange, in 1584, fourteen years before Philip's death. In the first part of the work, Mr. Motley gives a condensed but satisfactory view of the early condition of the Netherlands, and the various forms which its population and government assumed. He sketches, as he proceeds, the most striking events of place and time, the defence and sack of towns, the gloom of inquisitorial dungeons, and the horrible persecutions. From the Edict of 1550 to the murder of William, the memorable scenes are most fully and graphically described. The narratives of this interesting period supply the author with admirable materials, which he enlivens with frequent flashes of genuine humour. Mr. Motley has bestowed patient and extensive reading on the contemporary authorities, both Spanish and Dutch, and presents a long list of historical documents. Mr. Motley is now residing at the Hague, engaged in studies for another work, which is to be a continuation of his history.

Our readers who are interested in the Indians of North America, will find in Abbott's "History of King Philip, Sovereign Chief of the Wampanoags,"[8] a faithful narrative of the heroic exploits of one who was a warrior, a statesman, and a patriot, and who fell a martyr for the soil which was his birthplace. The author gives an account of the sufferings of the pilgrims; the commencement, vicissitudes, and conclusion of the Pequot war; and the reign of the unfortunate monarch, who fought and died for the proud liberty which was his birthright, at Mount Hope, in Rhode Island, 1676. It is said that he entered with reluctance upon the war with the English, but that he was pressed into it by his young warriors. As he foresaw the loss of his territory and the extinction of his race, if the English settlements were permitted to extend and increase without interruption, he united various and heterogeneous tribes, and made one mighty effort to prevent these calamities. He, therefore, lighted up the flames of war in various parts of the land, and had circumstances favoured, instead of opposed him, in all human probability the whole country must have been overswept and desolated. Philip was far from being a barbarian in his manners and feelings; and there is no evidence that he ever ordered a captive to be tortured. In one instance, his extraordinary kindness averted calamities from a whole settlement, lest an English family, to whom he was warmly attached, might accidentally be injured.

Dr. Humphrey's "Life and Labours of Gallaudet"[9] is the record of an eminent Christian philanthropist. Mr. Gallaudet was

[8] History of King Philip, Sovereign Chief of the Wampanoags; including the Early History of the Settlers of New England. By John C. Abbot. Post 8vo., 410 pp. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1857.

[9] The Life and Labours of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, LL.D. By Heman Humphrey, D.D. 12mo., 440 pp. New York. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1857.

born in Philadelphia in 1787, and was descended from a branch of a Huguenot family, who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He graduated at Yale College in 1805, with a high reputation for sound scholarship, and, after serving for some years as a tutor in that institution, he studied theology, and became eminent as a preacher. But his Divine Master had work for him in other important fields of Christian duty, and his attention was directed to the instruction of deaf mutes. The memoir embraces three distinct periods: his connexion with the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, at Hartford, Connecticut; his labours in the cause of popular education; and his connexion with the Connecticut Retreat for the Insane. The volume contains interesting letters from Hannah More, Dr. Chalmers, Zachary Macaulay, and other distinguished personal friends of Mr. Gallaudet. Dr. Humphrey has been industrious and discriminating in the collection of materials, and has paid a graceful and deserving tribute to a great and good man. Mr. Gallaudet possessed a high order of talents, which were richly cultivated and devoted to noble purposes. He might have attained to eminence in professional life, but he selected the sphere of a Christian philanthropist, and devoted himself to the cause of suffering humanity. His character is an interesting theme of study, and his name is deeply engraven on the hearts of his numerous pupils and friends. Many of the facts in the work before us will be found in a volume, to which Dr. Humphrey refers, on the "Life, Character, and Services of Gallaudet,"[10] from the classic pen of the Hon. Henry Barnard, LL.D. The interesting and eloquent eulogy of Mr. Barnard is written with candour, accuracy, and comprehension. He presents a just estimate of the character of Mr. Gallaudet as a gentleman, a Christian, a teacher, and an author. His volume of sermons, preached in the chapel of the Oratoire in Paris, and published in 1817, his "Every-Day Christian," his serial work, "Scripture Biography," and his "Child's Book on the Soul," are specimens of correct and polished composition, as well as of accurate thought and elevated piety. The little volume last mentioned has gone through a large number of editions in the United States and in this country, and has been translated into the French, German, Spanish, Italian, Modern Greek, Turkish, Siamese, and Chinese languages.

Dr. Allen's "American Biographical Dictionary"[11] contains no less than six thousand seven hundred and seventy-five American names. The learned compiler of this valuable work published the

[10] A Discourse in Commemoration of the Life, Character, and Services of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, delivered before the Citizens of Hartford, Jan. 7th, 1852. With an Appendix, containing History of Deaf-Mute Instruction and Institutions, and other documents. By Henry Barnard. 8vo., 267 pp. Hartford. 1852.

[11] The American Biographical Dictionary: containing an Account of the Lives, Characters, and Writings of the most Eminent Persons deceased in North America, from its First Settlement. By William Allen, D.D., late President of Bowdoin College, Member of the American Antiquarian Society, &c., &c. Third Edition. Large 8vo., 905 pp. Boston. 1857.

first edition in 1809, which contained seven hundred articles. He published a revised edition in 1832, comprising eighteen hundred and fifty biographical articles; and after a lapse of twenty-five years, this new and improved edition is issued, which is worthy of a place in every library. The venerable Dr. Allen has devoted a large portion of his life to biographical studies. The author draws from original sources, the proportions in the articles are well preserved, and many amusing anecdotes are introduced, which combine entertainment with instruction. A few articles might be referred to as defective, but they are of comparatively minor importance; and we can bear testimony to the author's painstaking fidelity in the preparation of this learned and useful work, which may be considered the standard dictionary of American biography.

Tuckerman's "Essays, Biographical and Critical,"[12] is a volume which will greatly interest intelligent readers. The essays are thirty in number, spreading over wide fields of literature and art, including distinguished characters, both in Europe and America. Among these are Washington, Robert Southey, Chateaubriand, Francis Jeffrey, Roger Williams, Bishop Berkeley, Sydney Smith, and Benjamin Franklin. The subjects of the volume before us have been judiciously selected, and the essays are marked with ability, and evince critical skill, candour, and intellectual sympathy. The author is just and discriminating in the delineation of his characters, but at the same time appreciative, not imitating those minor critics, who are ever intent "to hint a fault or hesitate dislike." As an example of Mr. Tuckerman's style and mode of treating his subjects, we select his closing remarks on Roger Williams: "It is sometimes possible to trace the converging lines of opinion along the current of events until they unite to reveal and actualize truth. Accordingly, if the history of toleration was written by a philosophic annalist, it would appear that a remarkable coincidence, both of speculation and action, at widely separate points, occurred to elucidate the great problem. In such a discussion, the life of Roger Williams would form a significant chapter; and it would be noted as a singular combination, that while Coke made clear and authoritative the political rights of the people, Vane broached philosophical arguments for republicanism, and Milton nobly pleaded for the freedom of the press in England, Roger Williams, their friend and ally, vindicated religious toleration in America,—each of these achievements being elements of the same great cause." Mr. Tuckerman has written much on various subjects of literature, including biography, essays, criticism, travels, and poems, all of which show the fine culture and chastened taste of a scholar.

Olmsted's "Journey through the Seaboard Slave States"[13] is a pleasant and amusing book for all classes of readers. Mr. Olmsted

[12] Essays, Biographical and Critical; or, Studies of Character. By Henry T. Tuckerman. 8vo., 582 pp. Boston. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

[13] A Journey through the Seaboard Slave States. By Frederick Law Olmsted. Post 8vo. New York.

travelled from Washington slowly through the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, to Louisiana, and gives us the results of careful observation, and practical details of the productions and social systems of those states. It is written in a spirit of impartiality; and we heartily wish that Southern statesmen and political economists would read the book, and ponder on the important facts and statistics which it suggests, relating to the system of slavery.

Mr. Olmsted continued his journey from Lousiana to Texas, and returned through the slave states which are not on the seaboard, and has given us another volume of permanent value, entitled "A Journey through Texas."[14] He travelled over the principal sections of the state, and made himself acquainted with all classes and races—Yankees, Germans, Creoles, and Mexicans. He describes the German colonists whom he found settled there, and among these hard-working, contented, and economical people, he beholds the harbingers of freedom for Texas. These colonists have prospered without slave labour, and are a complete refutation of the idea, that the culture of cotton requires the forced toil of the black man. Texas contains more than a quarter of a million of square miles, and is destined, at no remote period, to be divided into five states. The population in 1850 was 212,592, about a third of which may be set down as slaves. The estimated quantity of vacant public lands of the state is about one hundred millions of acres. The climate is mild, and in most parts salubrious; and the land, if pressed, yields two crops within the year. Mr. Olmsted's volumes are a luminous and satisfactory demonstration of the evils of slavery, social, moral, and economical. As a Northern man, and a lover of freedom, he expresses his opinions firmly on this subject; and we believe the extensive circulation of these volumes would do much to hasten the emancipation of the slave.

The American Antiquarian Society has just issued another volume of "Transactions and Collections."[15] We take much satisfaction in noticing the publications of this and other kindred American societies. They are a connecting link with the past, and enable us to converse with the wise and pious dead, whose names brighten with every revolving year. The first article in the volume before us is devoted to the Records of the Company of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, contained in the archives of the state. These pages embody details of private life, and the ordinary events and transactions of society, which present a vivid picture of the early history of Massachusetts. The Records, together with an account of the origin of the Company, and biographical notices of its founders, from the able pen of Mr. S. F. Haven, occupy nearly one half the volume. We have next the Diaries of John Hull, Mint-

[14] A Journey through Texas; or, a Saddle Trip on the South-Western Frontier. With a Statistical Appendix. By Frederick Law Olmsted. 12mo., 550 pp. New York.

[15] Archæologia Americana. Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society. Vol. III., 8vo., 516 pp. Boston. 1857.

Master and Treasurer of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, with a memoir of Hull, by Samuel Jennison, Esq., and an elaborate genealogical and historical appendix, by Rev. Edward E. Hale. The remainder of the work comprises Memoirs of Hon. Thomas L. Winthrop, LL.D., and of Hon. John Davis, LL.D. The former of these is by Hon. George Folsom; the latter by Hon. Thomas Kinnicutt, both of which are written with taste and fidelity. The whole volume is exceedingly creditable to the writers, and the Antiquarian Society.

"The Poets and Poetry of America,"[16] by Dr. Griswold, first published in 1842, has appeared in the sixteenth edition, with successive improvements. It contains ten well-executed portraits, from original pictures. Under each name we have specimens of the author's productions, and biographical sketches, written with impartiality and discrimination. The lovers of poetry will find abundance in the volume to reward a diligent perusal. Dr. Griswold became early connected with the press, and maintained an extensive personal acquaintance with American authors. His series of books have been well received by the public. Among other productions of his pen should be mentioned a volume of "Poems," in 1841; a volume of "Sermons," in 1844; "The Prose Writers of America," first published in 1846; and the "Female Poets of America," in 1849. His latest publication is the "Republican Court; or, American Society in the Days of Washington." He had collected a fund of anecdotes relating to Washington; and, at the time of his recent decease, was engaged in preparing a life of that illustrious patriot, which would have added to his reputation as an author. Dr. Griswold's learning was varied, his historical and theological knowledge extensive, and his life was one of uninterrupted and efficient labour.

Brief Notices.

FOSTERIANA: Consisting of Thoughts, Reflections, and Criticisms, of John Foster, Author of Essays on Decision of Character, Popular Ignorance, &c. Selected from periodical papers not hitherto published in a collective form, and edited by Henry G. Bohn. London: Bohn. 1858.

THE dust of gold is gold, and must be husbanded; ivory shavings are still ivory, and of marketable value: so may it be said of the relics of John Foster. They breathe the aroma of true saintship; and his disciples are worshippers, in a lower sense than those of Him who is too august to name in such a connexion. But they

[16] The Poets and Poetry of America. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Sixteenth Edition, carefully revised, much enlarged, and continued to the present time. With Portraits. Royal 8vo., 622 pp. Philadelphia.

can give a better reason for their homage than half the idolaters who visit our Lady of Loretto or the shrine of the Three Kings, or even the show-masters of those spots who understand "neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." The pilgrims of Foster's genius are among the most enlightened of the community, and their respect is gained by superb talent, and genuine religion, combined with every civic and personal virtue. It is not merely a distinguished honour to a land to produce great men—and England has been singularly rich in them—but the kind of great men that she produces is one eminently calculated to promote their increasing production, and with it the true prosperity of the country. We claim no monopoly of moral greatness. The Universal Father has scattered flowers and fruits, and benedictions, in all lands, but we do claim for ourselves no niggard share of those moral heroes and heroisms which make the region that produces them a kind of Holy Land, where God may visit, and which angels guard. Amongst England's worthies JOHN FOSTER must ever be conceded a lofty place,—the man of the pen, a loftier one than the man of the sword, although the latter may have well earned his niche. So long as high and pure thoughts, expressed in a rich, clear, and nervous diction—so long as the most exalted principles of religion and social morality, clothed in a garb of the most attractive grace—are dear to the world, so long will men refresh their ear with the music of his cadences, and solace and strengthen their hearts with his generous and noble views. The volume before us is full of the man, although it does not profess to abound in the personal anecdote of his Memoirs and Adversaria. It is a parlour-window book of extracts from those other reviews of his in THE ECLECTIC which have not already been extracted in bulk from our journal, and arranged under convenient heads for ready reference. Whether it has occurred from design or not we will not say, but it does so happen that a very considerable portion of the selection touches upon Indian matters, the theme which is in every citizen's thoughts at the present moment. But no reader can complain of lack of variety in the feast, which embraces every class of dainty and condiment *ab ovo usque ad mala*. We commend this labour of love of the enlightened editor to all the admirers of John Foster. It will well occupy a place on their study table for their hours of desultory reading, along with the sterner stuff of the great essayist's largest productions.

ANASTASIA. London: Longman. 1858.

THIS poem is an Iliad, and Odyssey,—a Paradise Lost, and a Paradise Regained,—or any other notable production of the bard, in which the action was conveyed in two parts, both constituting one whole. Anastasia is thus two poems, to be called respectively Alexis and Isaura,—the one depicting the Agonism of Faith, the other the Bliss of Fruition. Visions of earth and heaven follow each other in pairs throughout the volume, but would really read better and more interestingly in the succession of subject than in that of collocation. To trace, for instance, the rebellions of the

mind of Alexis when bereaved of his wife, his doubts about immortality, his quest after a creed, and the resolution of his difficulties in a childlike acceptance of Divine Revelation at the last, acts upon the soul like a strain of melancholy music, the enchantment of which fails not to the very closing note. Our heart thrills and aches under the pressure of the sorrows that refuse to be soothed by earthly anodyne, and our sympathies are freely accorded to the hero, as he turns in disgust from successive nostrums and quacks—the ritualist, the rationalist—uttering the exclamation, "Miserable comforters are ye all!" With the philosopher who would be wise above what is written, he thus deals, in a strain of high poetry and feeling:—

"Alas!
Such, such is all Philosophy, when dragged
Out of its cave, to light. God, who sits throned
Upon the summit of the loftiest Alp
Man ever scaled, in white austerity
Ruling the regions of eternal ice,
And thrusting the adventurous, gasping wretch
Who has intruded on His presence, down—
With cold impenetrable silence, down—
To huddle over any spark he finds
With touch of comfort in it,—that very God
Descends upon the humbler world in streams;
His love hath sunned out from His solitude,
So soft, clear, and refreshing, that all souls
May stoop and drink of the translucent wave,
Yet see the Source reflected in that wave,
A feature of far loveliness. No: God
Is but an icicle, if sought in realms
Above the limits of man's speculation.
The living waters are a-seen rock,
Except at consecrated wells. And so
I take the best of what is written here
As the mere logical proof of what is writ
Consciously in all natures, and re-writ
Divinely in some hearts, that God is love—
That love is life—and God's revealed to man
Upon the pages of His Book. That is,
I seize these intellectual Giants, who
Had hurled the nature they received from God
Against the God of Nature,—and pronounce
That they be buried evermore beneath
His Word and Works.
And now I've done with them.
I shut these books; and clasp them with a clasp.
They're a thousand volumes—written in
A hundred tongues—tongues of the ancient world,
And of the new. Choice spirits write therein—
Philosophers, divines, the thinking few
Amidst the thoughtless many. Nevertheless
I shut them up; and clasp them with a clasp.
'Tis the old story. Man would be as Gods,
Scient of Good and Evil. I have found
Nothing therein but emptiness; though my soul
Bent at these books of knowledge with such thirst
As he feels who would never thirst again."

"Anastasia" is full of this—poetry enough to have floated twenty

"Courses of Time" into the open sea of popularity, and yet it probably will not itself be so popular for two or three reasons: because its plan is not so obvious; its scenery and description not so varied; its mere rhetorical redundance not so simple as Pollok's tautologies; and worse still, the age is more exacting. It is quite clear that the poet is capable of pouring out a wealth of imagery upon any subject selected for the exercise of his ingenuity, and this is, further, an augury of the ill-success of the present poem, as his pictures could have taken any other of fifty conceivable forms than that they have assumed, and thus exhibit now no necessary original adaptation to their setting. Alexis soliloquizes on his sorrows and doubts to the end of the book. And Isaura, his translated wife, soliloquizes amid the glories of heaven. There is great beauty, with occasional extravagance, in the poetic reveries of both. We have read the poem with extreme pleasure and keen relish, and wish the poet a more substantial theme for his next venture than half-morbid, half-healthful musings on the great problems of the soul and human life. Yet "Anastasia," it must in justice be said, is as ingenious as Bailey's "Festus," and is much fuller of the leaves of the tree of life than the purely mundane and artistic "Aurora Leigh." It has gone far to reach the poet's ideal—

> "Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ,
> Aut simul; et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ."

A Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences. By William Baird, M.D., F.L.S. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co. 1858.

The study of animal and vegetable life is no longer regarded as a trifling pursuit. If a man should spend a large portion of his life in the study of birds, insects, or plants—in collecting and describing the organic remains of some geological epoch, or in comparing present and extinct forms, he may do so without risking his reputation as a man of sense. The sprigs of classical learning may sneer when they compare the pursuits of a philologist with those of a naturalist—when they weigh the scholarship of him who traces the birth and metamorphoses of a word, against the educated observation of him who watches the development, and discovers the structure of a worm. But the scholar of larger intelligence has no sympathy with this intellectual exclusiveness, and though personally interested in the pursuits of the philologist, he freely admits, in the comparison of individuals, that the naturalist may sometimes occupy an intellectual platform above the scholar. By the highest authorities, the study of the forms, structure, habits, and classification of organized being is therefore now admitted to be a proper occupation for youth, and a branch of a liberal education; and it is well known that many of the most successful contributors to departmental natural science are men of acknowledged scholarship.

With great satisfaction we have observed the increased favour with which these fascinating sciences have been regarded, and the zeal with which they have been pursued. We do not know that the public mind has been much influenced by the determination of the

English universities to admit the natural sciences among the subjects of academical education; but by increasing the number of competent observers and thinkers, and giving encouragement to the publication of well-considered elementary works, they may have had some indirect beneficial influence in extending as well as increasing knowledge. Every intellectual pursuit which withdraws working men, especially those of middle class, from the engrossing pursuit of wealth, and gives scope and exercise to higher faculties than those necessary for the conduct of trade, deserves encouragement. The study of the natural sciences is in an especial manner worthy of this consideration, for it has a tendency to strengthen both body and mind. It calls into operation the powers of observation, strengthens the capacity for generalization, and cultivates habits of order, arrangement, and classification; and while it thus exercises the intellect, the bodily health is conserved or restored, and the anxious, doubting spirit is brought under the influence of those scenes best calculated to impress it with a strong faith in the constant superintendence of Divine Providence.

The number and affinities of living objects, and the intricacies of classification, are the principal impediments to the study of the natural sciences; and to those who pursue them as an intellectual amusement, these impediments are most discouraging. The field naturalist, in his first ramble, is perhaps elated by the discovery that he possesses powers of observation capable of creating the highest intellectual enjoyment, and that he can make discoveries from which other minds might derive pleasure, if he were able to communicate them. But the name of the creature that has excited his interest he does not know. Should he attempt to discover it in books he will probably be disappointed; but the task will be difficult, if not impracticable. It has a name, but he is ignorant of the language which science employs; and should it have a popular English cognomen, that will not guide him to the discovery of the scientific term, without which he must remain ignorant of the affinities of the object of his study, and his knowledge of it and its habits loses more than half its value. The same difficulty meets him in another form in the study of books, for in every page of them there are words which have no representative forms in his memory or imagination. This makes an encyclopædia of the natural sciences as necessary to the student, as a dictionary to him who takes the safe, authorised high road to the acquisition of a dead language. The book before us supplies this want, and we recommend it to our readers, for it will be as useful to those observers whose interest in these pursuits is confined to a knowledge of some of the characteristics and relations of a few common objects as to those who devote their leisure to a careful scientific investigation. It is an admirable book of reference. The definitions are, for the most part, sufficiently precise to guide the student, and sufficiently popular to satisfy the curiosity of him who consults it for general information. We do not mean to say that Mr. Baird has produced a work with which we could find no fault, if disposed to criticize it closely. There are some defective

definitions, and some unexplanatory descriptions, in proof of which we might refer to the words *Insectivora* and *Sorbus;* but these are imperfections, not inaccuracies, and scarcely detract from the value of the book, which will be as much in place on the family bookshelf as in the study of the naturalist.

THE MOST HOLY BOOK OF PSALMS. Literally rendered into English verse, according to the Prayer-Book version. By Edgar Alfred Bowring. London: J. W. Parker. 1858.

THIS unpretending volume is so delightful a work that it wins our unreserved commendation. It is a uniform version of the Psalms, in that sweet ballad metre which is the charm of Chevy Chase, and in which no length of composition will tire. Its very monotony is musical; and Chapman, when he adopted it for his translation of the Iliad, made a happy selection of a medium for the transfusion of Homer's tuneful hexameters into English. The adaptation of this measure for every kind of composition is practically recognised amongst us, inasmuch as three-fourths of all the lyric poetry in the language, sacred and secular, is clothed in common metre; but theoretically its merits are not understood. Nor will it be, till it is adopted by some distinguished poet as the vehicle for an original epic, its rhythm being as well suited to the march of grave events as to the expression of lyric fervour. Mr. Bowring uses it aptly in his version, which is very literal, in accordance with his main purpose, but smooth and sensible no less. It reminds one, in the uniformity of its strain, of the version in use amongst our Scottish brethren, except that it flows as liquidly as theirs is rugged, and avoids, to a great degree, the inversions in which the Presbyterian Psalm-book abounds. That Mr. Bowring's rhymes will be largely employed as sacred songs in worship, we cannot say, but we can testify to their forming very pleasant reading. We can conceive no more soothing occupation than this task supplied, under one of the most distressing of bereavements, the loss of a wife; nor can we do other than congratulate the author, that he has sought consolation, and found it, in increased familiarity with "the words of the divine Psalmist,—words breathing the spirit of heavenly inspiration,—words from which our Saviour Himself, when expiring on the cross, chose His own touching dying exclamations,—words which are in turn suited to every condition, and every frame of mind,—words which are fraught with joy to the sorrowful, consolation to the afflicted, comfort to the weary and heavy laden, balm to the suffering; which teach meekness to the great, gentleness to the proud, love to the scornful, charity to the worldly—Christ to all."

MEMOIR OF THE REV. SAMUEL NICHOLSON: With Selections from his Correspondence, &c. By a Friend. London: Pewtress & Co.

THE perusal of this volume cannot fail to gratify those who knew Mr. Nicholson, and to give to those who had not that pleasure, a deep conviction of his worth as a man, a Christian, and a pastor.

We appreciate the modesty which says, "Printed chiefly for private circulation;" but the biographer's duty has been done so well in setting before us, without laboured encomium, an estimable character and a devoted servant of Christ, that we think the public likely to defeat that intention. The book will find many buyers, but none more than it deserves. Mr. Nicholson's friendly and pastoral letters evince much affection and fidelity, and though they could not have been written with the remotest idea that they would one day fall into the hands of the critic, yet their sentiment and style are of a very superior order. Many of the remarks prove him to have been a close and logical thinker. The "sketches of sermons" are very well *as* sketches, but they hardly add to the value of the book.

SUNDAY SUNSHINE. New Hymns and Poems for the Young. London: Nisbet & Co.

THE influence of poetry on the minds of children is too great to be estimated, and most pleasant it is to reflect that this influence is generally beneficial, and that it may yet have a much more extended sway than at present. We hail the little volume before us as an attempt—and we hope it will prove by no means an unsuccessful one—to make this influence more largely and deeply felt. There is an elegance of thought and expression in the poems which will help to educate the taste of the little learners, and there is the far more valuable quality of real Christian spirituality, which often at the close of a poem embodies itself in a short prayer, thus bringing the child's mind consciously into the presence of the Saviour, and aiding it in realizing His existence. The book has our earnest recommendation, but we cannot help regretting that the writer, anxious that the little poems should appear easy and familiar, has made them all of the same length and in the same measure; the fondness of children for variety should not surely have been forgotten. We fear, too, the somewhat highly poetical style of thought and expression will render the volume, simple as it is, less suited than we could wish for use in Sunday and Infant Schools; for if the meaning of the hymn is to be at all apprehended by the child, the teacher who reads it must be able to give the right emphasis, and this will not always be the case. In private families of the cultivated classes the book will be a treasure.

CAPTIVITY OF TWO RUSSIAN PRINCESSES IN THE CAUCASUS; including an Eight Months' Residence in Shamil's Seraglio. Communicated by themselves. Translated from the original Russian by H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1858.

THIS is the faithful narrative of the captivity of the Princess Chavchavadzey, and her sister-in-law, the Princess Orbeliani, who were taken prisoners with their family and many of their dependents, during a predatory excursion of the Chechnians—a tribe of the Caucasus—in the year 1854. The story of their sufferings on the road until they reached Dargi Vedenno, the official residence of Shamil,

and the dreary and embarrassing confinement in his seraglio, is full of incident and affecting interest. When torn from their homes they were first dragged ruthlessly forward by their rapacious captors; sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, subject to every indignity, stripped of every ornament of value, and even of their necessary raiment; compelled to congregate together in the same loathsome hut, and to eat the most unpalatable food; whilst one little child, a daughter of the Princess Chavchavadzey, by the ferocious speed of the retreat, was absolutely torn by the branches of the forest from its all but fainting mother's grasp, and left in the hurry-scurry of the flight to perish in the wild wood. The robbers pursued their flight over the hills into the fastnesses of this terrible country; they penetrated across short plains, beautiful valleys, steep ascents shaded with pine and beech, rapid torrents, and along the edge of rocky precipices. They did not, however, all proceed together. The Chechnians broke up into small bands, and took different routes, for the purpose of escaping pursuit, so that the perils and forebodings of the journey were still further enhanced, to the one section of Russian captives, by the uncertainty of the fate of the others. If we pursue the career of the Princess Baratoff, we shall see what a curious tissue of incidents Mr. Sutherland Edwards has undertaken to translate. This lovely young lady was captured simultaneously with the Princess Chavchavadzey, by a strong Chechnian, who at once bound her arms behind her back; but who, strange to say, seems to have been so fascinated with her beauty, as to leave untouched her rich costume and valuable jewels. Whilst crossing the river Alazan she fell into the water; but was rescued, with the result of a good drenching, by her robust captor. After this the ligatures were removed, and the young princess was allowed to proceed without this cruel indignity. Still the journey was fatiguing, for she marched on foot, and to urge her on, the lash was frequently inflicted on her bare, delicate shoulders. When she was thoroughly exhausted, so as to be unable to move, the Murid had the humanity, or rather policy, to make room for her on his horse. She was then placed behind her captor, with her arms bound around his waist; and in this painful position the remainder of a tedious journey was performed. What rendered the journey still more dreadful to the captives was, that the whole troop had at times to fly at a headlong pace to escape skirmishing parties of the Russians, who prowled about at the foot of the mountains to shoot down any of the robbers, without considering that each volley took effect as much upon friends as foe. It was in one of these life-and-death scrambles that the Princess Chavchavadzey let her child fall. When once within the confines of their own territory, however, the robbers felt themselves safe from molestation; and at one of their *aouls* several of the scattered party re-met. But the fatigues of the journey were in no way diminished, and the Russian ladies had to toil on, with torn and bleeding feet, and wearied limbs, from village to village. Often there was not horse-accommodation for all, and then those who walked were

continually whipped to stimulate their speed; whilst one, who dropped down from absolute exhaustion, was threatened with the daggers of these mountain robbers to compel her to go on. On their arrival at Pohali Tower, a kind of rude fortress in the mountains, they obtained a short respite from their fatigues. They were provided with garments—coarse and many-coloured, it is true—found the character of the Lesghians less brutal and offensive than that of the Chechnians, and had regular supplies of food served to them; the Princess Chavchavadzey also enjoyed the satisfaction of meeting with the Prince Ivan, a Russian officer, then a prisoner in the hands of Shamil, and a near relative of her own. After remaining at this temporary abode for a short time, the little band of captives set forth for Dargi Vedenno, the principal *aoul* or encampment of the Circassian chief. It was twilight as they approached the place, and they were, therefore, unable to distinguish the character of the neighbouring country. On entering the precincts of Dargi Vedenno, they first passed by a row of low palings, then crossed a ditch, then a rampart with gates. Here the cavalcade was met by a number of horsemen, bearing lances adorned with streamers, in front of whom rode Machmal-Shali, Shamil's youngest son, a lad of fourteen. They were then placed in a kind of barn for the night, and conducted next morning to the residence of the chief. The adventures of the Princesses during their eight months' confinement are full of interest, hope, disappointment, and alarm constantly alternating, to keep their minds in a perpetual whirl of painful excitement. But the sombre colours of the picture of their distresses are greatly relieved by the kind treatment they received from Shouanette, one of the wives of Shamil; whilst the conduct of the other two, ably sketched, gives us an admirable insight into the manners and customs of this primitive household. The first view the Princesses had of the mountain chief was that of a solitary figure of lofty stature, dressed entirely in white, standing in a balcony of the courtyard. Shortly after Shamil himself came and visited the captives. He told them that they should be safe so long as they did not attempt to carry on any secret correspondence with their friends; should they offend, he threatened to kill their children first, and the Princesses afterwards. The great object of Shamil in the capture of his illustrious prisoners, seems to have been to hold them as hostages for the recovery of his eldest son, a prisoner at St. Petersburg, and whom he was very anxious to have restored to him. Negociations for this purpose having been successfully terminated, the Russian Princesses and the other prisoners were allowed at last to depart. The narrative which Mr. Edwards has rendered into English, is, as we stated at the beginning of the notice, exceedingly curious; and contains, we believe, the most popular, if not the most ample, account we have of the social government of the Circassian chief, and the manners of his wild hill tribes. It reads more like an original work than a translation.

A THREE WEEKS' SCAMPER THROUGH THE SPAS OF GERMANY AND BELGIUM; with an Appendix on the Nature and Uses of Mineral Waters. By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.

ERASMUS WILSON is a name well known to the public, in connexion with a wholesome and popular work on "Healthy Skin," and it is equally well known to the profession in connexion with the best *vade mecum* of anatomy and a most admirably illustrated and highly valuable treatise on cutaneous diseases, besides several other volumes, both of a popular and professional kind, evincing alike his science, his industry, and his goodwill. As there is the clearness and precision of a well-instructed and thoughtful mind in all he writes for the profession, so is there a fund of telling and instructive facts in all he addresses to the public. His industry, science, and geniality, are peculiarly exhibited in this "Three Weeks' Scamper," and the work is worthy of a better title; for, though it is the result of a rapid run through the most celebrated spas of Germany and Belgium, yet the author so well knew what to look for, and how to describe what he saw, that the work affords us the liveliest as well as the most scientific account of those places with which we are acquainted. The Doctor tells us this is his first holiday since he began practice, which we judge is nearly thirty years, a proof sufficient of his talent for work, a talent by no means lying idle during this "scamper." There is, indeed, a holiday ease about the book, and a sparkling sunniness in its style; but still, while it makes the reader feel as if comfortably scampering on with the author by steam and tug, it never seems that he is in such a desperate hurry after all, for he never overlooks any point of practical importance; and though the Doctor is evidently as delighted as a schoolboy let loose, as he says, not for a *rest* but a *change*, he still looks about him with the eye of the medical philosopher, and books all the useful facts he can gather from mountain and valley, rock and spring, Baden and Brunnen, Bad-brunnen and Bad-doctor. The intelligence contained in this volume concerning the spas and the chemical constituents of said Baden and Brunnen, is more thorough than in any work we have seen. The scamperer starts on the true principles of an experimental philosopher; and that our readers may not lose all the benefit of his personal experience, we quote what seems to us of sufficient value to be fully tested by those who may enjoy the opportunity. We quote from the packet-passage: "But what were you about all this time, Doctor? You started by saying that you were a bad sailor. How did you fare? Why, dear Reader, I was busy with an experiment of my own, *in corpore vile*, and no less a one than to determine the cause of, and then to deduce a remedy for, sea-sickness. So, after looking about for a little while on the scene I have just described, and thinking with what zest a medical student would survey such a shower of arms and legs, and heads and necks, I began to reflect that the predisposing cause of sea-sickness must be the unwonted motion to which the body is subjected; that is, not the horizontal motion, nor the lateral or oscillating motion, for both of these we have in a railway-carriage,

but the vertical motion, which was the chief element of mischief; and not the vertical motion alone, but all the motions together; the vertical motion—that is, the rise and fall of the body—being that to which the organic system is most unused, and of which, therefore, it would be most susceptible."—Pp. 7, 8. "The seat of the sense of nausea is the pit of the stomach, and at the bottom of that pit—like a sorcerer in his cave—lies the solar plexus, the great wizard that directs the tidal crises of the stomach, its tempests and its calms, its winds and its volcanic emotions; and to this great wizard the *petitio ad misericordiam* is raised by those who would secure his good offices; to him the offerings of sacrifice are made, according to the varied belief of his votaries; some come smiling on, with the conviction that they have made him their friend by the offering of a good breakfast or dinner; some give him a stiff sou'-wester, as the sailors have it—that is, a glass of strong grog; others try to make him sneeze with a pinch of cayenne pepper; some would tempt him into good nature with peppermint; others physic him with camphor or creosote; others, again, send him to sleep by means of laudanum or morphia, suffocate him with ether, or stupify him with chloroform. Each pilgrim has faith in his own nostrum, even when it fails; as it is sure to do nine times in every ten. Then we have a more modest class of devotees, who approach him timidly; they stuff his pit with a camphor bag, or cover it up with a warm plaster, be it of cummin or frankincense, and, thus armed, they boldly wait his pleasure."—Pp. 9, 10. "But, however conducive to the prevention of sea-sickness may be the securing of a friendly feeling on the part of the solar plexus, by the inner and outer comforts herein noted, there is a process which would seem to deserve to take precedence of these, namely, the prevention of its exciting cause—motion. And here again we find worshippers not less zealous than those who have gone before. Some throw themselves on the ground, and remain motionless during the whole voyage; others cast themselves on their backs, and, shutting their eyes, remain alike immoveable; while others sit with wooden firmness, gazing unchangeably on some fixed spot, such as a star, an object on the horizon, or a stationary point, if such there be, on the vessel. And wherefore these extraordinary postures, which resemble the antics of the Indian Fakirs? The answer is simple: to fix the muscular system over which we have control, and by that fixture to steady, if not totally to fix the solar plexus. If we effect this, we prevent the motions of the vessel from reaching those nerves, and we thereby arrest the after consequences, nausea and vomiting. Before starting from home, my brother reminded me of this voluntary exercise of control over the muscular system, and mentioned its success in himself; he remarked, also, that the priests of old sold charms to dispel sea-sickness, and that these charms, which were cabalistic figures written on parchment, were bound tightly round the person; their success appeared to depend mainly on their close pressure against the trunk of the body. It was to illustrate this experiment that I now set myself, thinking that my pronness to

sea-sickness would give it a fair trial. In the absence of a belt, I tied a shawl tightly round my trunk, making strong pressure from the hips upwards to the middle of the chest, and then sat down on one of the benches to observe the result; I further fixed my heels against the deck, and, crossing my arms on my chest, resisted with all my power every movement of the vessel. I escaped without a feeling of uneasiness, while several around me in the cabin were extremely ill."—Pp. 11, 12. We conclude with a rehearsal that may be instructive, the rehearsal of an earthquake; at least it may throw light on the spas. "Now if my readers will just have the kindness to imagine that they are the victims of an earthquake; and that, as the consequence of some unseen operation going on within the earth, the crust of the earth is being gradually lifted up, until—dear me! what's that?—Why the top crust of the pie has cracked in pretty nearly a straight line, from Assmannshausen to Nauheim, going clean through Wiesbaden, close to Soden, and through Homburg. Well, how remarkable! Now, reader, I want you to imagine one side of the crust to remain up, so as to show its broken edge. Well, that is the crest of the Taunus, with its broad back, spreading away, up hill and down hill, and as uneven as the top crust of a plum-pie, to the Lahn; while the other side drops down to almost its original level. This is the hilly plain extending away from Rüdesheim to Hesse, and sloping from the brink of the fracture to the Rhine and to the Maine. Now, reader, if you have had the patience to follow me in my representation of an earthquake and its consequences, I will next tell you what you might not otherwise so easily understand; namely, that all along the line of this tremendous crack, and nowhere else, the salt springs, for which Nassau is so remarkable, issue from the earth; some cold, and some, like those of the Kochbrunnen, at Wiesbaden, seemingly boiling hot. That one of these salt springs, strange to say, bubbles up in the middle of the bed of the Rhine at Assmannshausen; and there is another at Eltville; a third, nay, twenty-nine, sources at Wiesbaden; a fourth, fifth, and sixth, close together at Soden, Uenenheim, and Cronthal; a seventh at Homburg; and an eighth at Nauheim; while along the whole of this line are rocks of basalt, which serve to remind us that the crack in the earth's crust that called into existence the salt-springs, also gave exit to the molten rocks of the fiery furnace within."—Pp. 88, 89.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. With Memoir and Critical Dissertation, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Vol. III. Edinburgh: Jas. Nichol. 1857.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF EDMUND WALLER AND SIR JOHN DENHAM. With Memoir and Critical Dissertation, by the Rev. George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Jas. Nichol. 1857.

THE first of these two books is the concluding volume of the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, containing "Rokeby" and the "Lord of the Isles," with the author's own notes. This edition of the legendary poet of Scotland will, if we mistake not, meet with a wide

acceptance. Of the memoir and critical dissertation we have already spoken. The second volume contains the poetry of Waller and Denham—two contemporaneous poets during the stirring times of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. We think Mr. Gilfillan has very felicitously characterized the poetry of Waller, in his remarks upon the poem on the escape of Prince Charles from a tempest, on his return from Spain. He says, "This poem, like several of his others, has all that merit which arises from the absence of fault, and all that fault which arises from the absence of merit." The general character of Waller's poetry could not be more happily expressed. As a man, Waller will meet with little else but contempt; as a poet, he will be read chiefly for the smoothness and polish of his diction. Sir John Denham, in our opinion, ranks higher in the order of poetic merit than Waller; but his efforts were few and uncertain,—but they all leave upon your mind the impression that he might have done better. But his life was singularly unfavourable to the development of a high order of poetic genius. According to Mr. Gilfillan, he was "a gambler in his early days, became a political intriguer, an unhappy husband, a maniac, and died in the prime of life,"—a manifold commentary upon his lines:—

> "What subtle witchcraft man constrains
> To change his pleasure into pains,
> And all his freedom into chains!"

MEROPE: a Tragedy. By Matthew Arnold. London: Longmans & Co.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has achieved at one and the same time a failure and a success: a failure, inasmuch as he has written a poem which can only be appreciated by scholars; a success, inasmuch as what he has accomplished he has done well. The "Merope" is a tragedy founded upon the strict model of the Greek plays, and throughout the forms of the ancient dramatists are punctiliously observed. But after all, we ask how many readers will find pleasure in the cold and stately dialogue of the play? how many will even understand the strophes and antistrophes, and the use of the choruses which he has introduced in strict accordance with the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus? We the more regret the labour—though a labour of love—which Mr. Arnold has expended upon the construction and development of the "Merope," because we feel convinced that its circulation will be confined to but a very few. The want of action—a necessity of the too abject submission to the etiquette of the unities—is the great defect of the classical school. Who ever thinks of reading Racine but as a poet? His plays, as far as they are plays for the stage, are obsolete; and have long become the monopoly of the literary student. We regret so much the more this last effort of Mr. Matthew Arnold, because he has *stuff* in him of which much better use might be made. We have no space to enter into a minute criticism of the poem, or to reply to the elaborate essay in the shape of a preface, which forms a semi-apology to the reader for the publication of his purely classical production: but we may ask

what semblance of poetry can any person find in any of his strophes or antistrophes? Take, for example, the first chorus:—

"Draw, draw near to the tomb.
Lay honey-cakes on its marge,
Pour the libation of milk,
Deck it with garlands of flowers.
Tears fall thickly the while!
Behold, O king, from the dark
House of the grave, what we do," &c., &c.

It is evident that this kind of versification, or metre, or rhapsody, or what you will, is foreign to the genius of the English language, equally with the hexameter and pentameter. Why, then, attempt to wrest our vernacular from its natural bent? Why distort it, or make it feeble, when it possesses such perfect flexibility, such admirable adaptability to all the purposes of the most exalted poetry? Mr. Arnold has made a mistake, but in him it is easily retrievable. He has power, he has chasteness, he has a scholarly knowledge of the requirements of a bard; and we only hope that when he appears again before us, he will not have prostituted his talents to compose a poem which few can understand, and still fewer enjoy.

THE FOUR SISTERS; PATIENCE, HUMILITY, HOPE, AND LOVE. By the Author of "Harry and his Homes," &c., &c. London: Routledge & Co.

THE class of readers for whom this little book is intended may be seen from the dedication, which runs thus: "To the Elder Daughters of my Poorer Neighbours," &c. Each of the sister graces mentioned in the title is illustrated by a separate story, the scene of which is laid in humble life. The tales are graphically written, and contain much of that correct and close detail which has so great attraction for the young. The religious sentiments of the volume are for the most part excellent; and were it not for the occasional introduction of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration in unmitigated strength, there would be nothing in it that any evangelical Christians would hesitate to bring before the children of their Sunday-schools.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

LORD DERBY'S Government appears more secure at the end of April than it did at the end of March. Lord JOHN RUSSELL appears to have saved the Ministry from defeat on their India Bill, and the perils of Budget night seem to have been safely got through. As yet we can see no proof of the absolute necessity of Lord PALMERSTON for the defence of our liberties at home, or the maintenance of our reputation abroad. Mr. DISRAELI knows too well

the precariousness of the position of his party in the Commons to venture on any great reforms, even if his instincts and convictions happened to point in that direction; we cannot expect from a Government with so small a following, any very bold measures either in the way of legislation or finance; but the same weakness will effectually prevent any attempt to obstruct the steady current of natural feeling in favour of quiet, unostentatious improvements both in law and administration. A really liberal party will stand a better chance of gathering strength, while the Conservatives are in office, than under the reign of Palmerstonian Whigs.

The trial of Dr. SIMON BERNARD, as an accessory before the fact to the murder of NICHOLAS BATTIE and others whose deaths resulted from the recent attempt on the life of the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, superseded, for a time, in public interest, the merits of the rival India Bills, and the probable fate of the Government. Day after day the court was thronged by an eager and excited assembly, and the report of the trial was the most interesting part of the daily papers to all who were not present at its proceedings. The speech of Mr. EDWIN JAMES, the prisoner's counsel, was one of the most dexterous, brilliant, and powerful ever heard in an English criminal court. We do not wonder that its vehement peroration was hailed with a burst of enthusiastic cheers. The summing up of LORD CAMPBELL was lucid, and tolerably fair. But from the beginning the verdict of the jury was almost certain. The prosecution was based on the straining of a law; there was a link wanting in the evidence to connect the accused with the instruments of destruction employed in the attempt of the 14th; and the impression was general that the trial had been instituted at the instigation of France, and was nothing more or less than a transmigration of the hated Conspiracy Bill. The emphatic "Not guilty" of the foreman was drowned in a tempest of hurrahs; ladies of fashion waved their handkerchiefs; gallery and area shouted their joy in tumultuous rivalry; the crowd outside took up the cheers; and newspaper editors, in their dingy offices in Fleet Street, learned that Bernard was acquitted by the uproarious expression of popular delight. It is difficult to learn what has been the effect of the acquittal on the mind of France. The *Univers* wrote in a rage as soon as the tidings arrived, but the other papers are comparatively quiet.

The "Indian Resolutions," which were laid on the table of the House of Commons on the 19th, to be discussed on the 30th, we have referred to in our article on "The Future Government of India."

On the same night, the 19th, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolded his financial scheme. His speech was less ambitious, but more intelligible, business-like, dignified, and effective than some recent Budget speeches. Mr. DISRAELI was contented to limit himself to two hours, and certainly achieved a considerable success. After referring to the violent commercial convulsions at the close of last year, and the consequent prostration of the spirit of commercial enterprise—a prostration from which he could not venture to hope

that it would very rapidly revive—he presented the following estimate of the expenditure for the year 1858-9:—

Funded and unfunded Debt	£28,400,000
Civil List, &c.	1,900,000
Army	11,750,000
Navy	9,860,000
Miscellaneous Civil Services	7,000,000
Revenue Department	4,700,000
Liabilities	3,500,000
	£67,110,000

The public income he estimated as follows:—

Customs	£23,400,000
Excise	18,100,000
Stamps	7,550,000
Land and Assessed Taxes	3,200,000
Property and Income Tax	6,100,000
Post Office	3,200,000
Crown Lands	270,000
Miscellaneous	1,300,000
	£63,120,000

This estimate exhibits a deficit of nearly four millions. The deficit, however, he showed, arose not from any decay of the national resources, but from the obligations under which we had brought ourselves to pay some of our war debts, and from the reduction of the income tax. He doubted the propriety of relying at all on an income tax for the ordinary purposes of government, and was firmly opposed to any breach of faith with the public in reference to its reduction. He proposed to meet the deficit, first, by terminating the Sinking Fund system, or, at any rate, postponing its operation; this would yield a relief of £1,500,000; by renewing the Exchequer bonds, which would yield a further relief of £2,000,000. The half million still unprovided for, he proposed to raise by levying on Irish spirits the same duty as that which was already paid by English and Scotch spirits. But he thought the House ought not to be satisfied with merely providing for the wants of the country, and he, therefore, proposed to require the imposition on every cheque of a penny stamp; this, he believed, would yield £300,000. The Budget was very well received, and the Government may congratulate themselves on their success.

Sir J. Trelawney's Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates, went into Committee on the 21st, after a tedious and fruitless debate of three hours. Lord Derby expects that this will be another of the measures passed by the Commons, and doomed to rejection in the Lords.

The fall of Lucknow and Sir Colin Campbell's wonderful generalship have already awakened the gratitude and admiration of our readers. The debates in the Sardinian Chamber on a law corresponding to our own Conspiracy Bill, have awakened deep interest in all who are concerned for the permanence of the Cavour Ministry. Italy has almost as much to fear from the violence of her friends, as from the violence of her foes.

Books Received.

Age of Lead (The): a Satire. By Adolphus Pasquin. Judd & Glass.
An Inquiry when the Resurrection of the Body was first inserted into the Public Creeds. Whitc.
Anti-Slavery Advocate (The). No. XVI. Wm. Tweedie.
Atlantic Monthly Magazine, for April. Trübner & Co.
Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Baptist Magazine, for April. Pewtress & Co.
Beresford Chapel Sermons. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
Brief Memorials of a Beloved Friend. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
British Quarterly Review. No. LIV. Jackson & Walford.
Cassell's (John) Art Treasures Exhibition. Part XI. Kent & Co.
Catechism of Positive Religion: a Translation. By R. Congreve. John Chapman.
Chinese (The) Missionary Gleaner, for April. No. XXVIII. Judd & Glass; Wertheim & Co.
Church Rates (a Brief History of). By a Clergyman. Joseph Masters.
Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Vols. VII. & VIII. T. & T. Clark; Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XVIII. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
Commerce and Christianity. Memorial of Jones Sugden. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Congregational Economist, for April. No. I. Judd & Glass.
Congregational Pulpit, for April. No. XXXVIII. Judd & Glass.
Death Scenes of Scottish Martyrs. By Henry Inglis. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.
Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution. W. & R. Chambers.
Earnestness in the Pulpit. A Few Hints to the Clergy. Alexander Heylin.
Educator (The); or, Home, the School, and the Teacher. No. XVII Ward & Co.
Eternal Union; or, Grace-Relationship between the Righteous and their Righteous Head. H Wilcockson.
Ethel's Hope: a Dramatic Poem. By Edward Hind. Longmans & Co.
Evangelical Christendom: its State and Prospects, for April. The Evangelical Alliance.
Evils of the Opium Trade on India, China, and England. Judd & Glass.
Exercises to Make One Think: Questions in Arithmetic. Judd & Glass.
Fosteriana: Thoughts, Reflections, and Criticisms of John Foster. Henry G. Bohn.
Fourteenth Report of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.
Gems from Spurgeon. (Portrait.) Partridge & Co.
Gloaming of Life (The): a Memoir of James Stirling. Houlston & Wright.
God in His Works of Redemption and Creation. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Golden Lamp (The): an Exposition of the Tabernacle and its Services. James Nisbet.
Half-Century of the Unitarian Controversy. By George E. Ellis. E. Whitfield, Strand.
Hogg's Life of Shelley. Vols I. & II. Edward Moxon.
Human Mind (The) in its Relations with the Brain and Nervous System. John Churchill.
Jewish Chronicle (The). Nos. 171, 172, 173, 174, 175. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Journal (The) of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology. New Series, No. X. J. Churchill.
Journal (The) of Sacred Literature, and Biblical Record. No. XIII. Alexander Heylin.
Ladies' (The) Treasury. No. XIV. Ward & Lock.
Last Judgment (The): a Poem. In Twelve Books. Longmans & Co.
Laudism, Puseyism, Romanism, Papal Clemency. By William Peace. Partridge & Co.
Lectures. By Hugh Stowell Brown. Partridge & Co. Liverpool: Gabriel Thomson.
Liberator (The). No. XXXV. Houlston & Wright.
Life and Correspondence of Lord Metcalfe. New Edition, in Two Vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Logan's Moral Statistics of Glasgow. Houlston & Stoneman.
London University Magazine, for April. No. XXXIV. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Meliora: a Quarterly Review of Social Science. No. 1. Partridge & Co.
Memoir of the Rev. Robert Nisbet, Missionary at Bombay. (Portrait.) James Nisbet.
Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Nicholson; with Selections from his Correspondence. Pewtress & Co.
Mind (The), its Sustenance and Solace. Two Lectures. By Charles Ford. Hamilton & Co.
Naples and King Ferdinand: an Historical and Political Sketch of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. L. Booth, Regent Street.
National Review (The). No. XII. Chapman & Hall.
Our Infirmities. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
Our Sunday Schools; Six Months among them. By Henry Solly. E. T. Whitfield, Strand.
Peace: a Poem. By F. Bolingbroke Ribbans, LL.D. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Vol. II. James Nisbet & Co.
Posthumous Works of the Rev. John Harris, D.D. Vol II. James Nisbet.
Prayers for the Chamber of Sickness. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
Pupil-Teacher. No. VIII. Geo. J. Stevenson.
Quiet Hours. By Rev. John Pulsford. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Edinburgh: T. C. Jack.
Royal Marriage (A) in its Application to Christ and his Church. W. H. Collingridge.
School and Teacher. No. V., New Series. Geo. J. Stevenson.
Street Preacher (The): Autobiography of Robert Flockhart. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.
Web of Life (The). By Allan Park Paton. Longmans & Co.
William and James; or, the Revolution of 1688: a Tale. Dublin: William Carry & Co
Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey. By Ellis and Acton Bell. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Yarra Yarra, or, the Wandering Aborigine. By Kinahan Cornwallis. Ward & Lock
Zaphnath-Paaneah; or, the History of Joseph. John Snow

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

JUNE, 1858.

Art. I.—THE WARS OF THE CAMISARDS.

1. *Jurieu.—Pastoral Letters.* 8vo. London. 1691.
2. *Brueys.—Histoire du Fanatisme de Nostre Temps.* Four Vols. 12mo. Montpelier. 1709.
3. *Fléchier.—Lettres Choisies de.* Two Vols. 12mo. Lyons. 1734.
4. *Cavallier.—Memoirs of the Wars of the Cevennes.* 8vo. Dublin. 1726.
5. *Anonymous.—Histoire des Camisards.* Two Vols. 12mo. London. 1744.
6. *Antoine Court.—Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes.* Three Vols. Villefranche. 1760.
7. *De Villars.—Vie du Maréchal le Duc de Villars.* Ecrite par lui-même. Four Vols. 8vo. Paris. 1784.
8. *J. Chr. K. Hofmann.—Geschichte des Aufruhrs in den Cevennen.* 12mo. Nördlingen. 1837.
9. *Ernest Alby.—Les Camisards.* 12mo. Paris. 1858.

The muse of history seems, as all women are said to do, to exercise much caprice in the distribution of her measure of praise and admiration. How, otherwise, are we to account for the different degrees of celebrity which have been awarded to events of at least equal interest and importance?—unless indeed we adopt Byron's harsh theory that "History's page must be purchased." Civil wars, especially, seem to be exposed to these historical caprices; and there are amongst their records instances of strange forgetfulness on the part of the world in general of noble efforts for conscience' sake, of great deeds done, of sufferings endured, of skill, valour, faith, and endu-

rance, which would, under ordinary circumstances, command admiration and respect. French history may be particularly referred to as furnishing the moral of these remarks, and the different degrees of fame which have been awarded to the sad tales of her internal dissensions, may fairly excite the surprise of those who endeavour to judge of events by their real importance, or by the purity of the motives of their agents. It has been said, for instance, by able authors, that the war in La Vendée was a "war of giants," and it certainly had considerable influence in arresting the lava flood of the early French Revolution; but the former, and now almost forgotten, wars of the Albigeois, of the Vaudois, and of the Camisards, exercised an influence as potent as the more modern one of La Vendée upon the course of contemporary events, whilst they were undertaken for a far holier cause. Their actors do but require "a wider space, an ornamented grave," to occupy a wider field in the strange pageant of history; "their hearts were not less warm, their souls were full as brave," as those of the more familiarly known heroes of modern times; and the influence of these wars upon the strange tale of the development of European civilization, has been sufficiently great to justify a much more serious attention than they receive from ordinary readers.

There is, too, something very remarkable in the frequent recurrence of these religious movements in the old Provençal districts; for even in the present century (in the years 1814, 1815, and 1816) traces of the spirit which animated both persecutors and victims of the early wars, might have been distinctly observed. The inquiry into the obscure problem of the influence of race upon prevalent religious tenets thus forces itself upon us; and indeed we suspect that its importance has not been sufficiently taken into account by those who have treated of the various episodes of Provençal history. It would be folly, we think, now to deny that each distinctly marked family of the descendants of Adam has its peculiar idiosyncracy; and certainly the persistence of certain classes of doctrines in particular countries affords a strong *primâ facie* confirmation of the opinion that they are not either accidental or arbitrary, in their modes of exhibition. Even in the days of paganism it would appear that the Mithraic doctrines prevailed to a great extent in the "Provincia Romana;" the tenets of the Manicheans were said to have been eagerly adopted there; the Paulicians, at a very early period in the history of the Christian Church, introduced their doctrines into these regions; whilst at later periods the disciples of Peter Valdo in the twelfth century, the "poor men of Lyons" (the *Pauperes de*

Lugduno, as they were called), the Albigeois, the Protestants of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the still distinctly separated class of Protestants of the modern *département du Gard*, all tend to prove that there is some inherent and irrepressible desire amongst the leaders of public opinion in this particular district to turn men's minds from the consideration "of the letter which killeth, to the spirit which giveth life." No doubt this peculiar idiosyncracy of the dwellers of the region near Marseilles, may be attributed to the existence therein of the descendants of the Phœnician and of the Greek colonies established in this favoured land at a very early period. But then the question arises, how did these original foreign races maintain their intellectual independence through all the changing scenes and the wonderful revolutions of French history, so as subsequently to impress upon the descendants of their intermixture with either the aboriginal, or the new conquering tribes, their peculiar tendency to exercise individual judgment in spiritual matters, and thus to protest against the assumption of authority in religion by the Church of Rome, which has always characterized the dwellers in "La Provence?" The story is a very remarkable one, and all its episodes are fraught with stirring interest; but as the one connected with the revolt of the Cevennes seems to be less frequently mentioned than the more generally known wars of the Waldenses, or of the Albigeois, we propose to call attention to its strange, eventful history, on the present occasion, and to reserve, perhaps, the notice of the persecutions so sanguinarily conducted by the dukes of Savoy, or by Simon de Montfort (a name well known in English parliamentary records, oddly enough), for some future article.

For several years after the pacification of France by Henri Quatre, and the close of the civil wars of the League, which were immediately followed by the promulgation of the celebrated "Edit de Nantes," designed to settle the conditions for regulating the exercise of the Protestant faith, and to place upon a satisfactory basis the relations between the central government and the synods of the great body of French Dissenters—for several years after these events had occurred, the inhabitants of the south of France appear to have enjoyed a certain tranquillity, and to have been allowed to follow the dictates of their consciences with a fair amount of toleration. They themselves also appear, with very questionable policy, to have kept aloof from the attempts of the Protestant nobles to resist the gradual extension of the royal authority under the rules of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert; for in the very midst of the great struggle of the Camisards, the latter always referred to the

resistance of their ancestors to the overtures of the Duc de Rohan, in particular, as a striking illustration of their loyalty to the contemptible race of the Bourbons. The royal government, moreover, whether from policy or from fear, was long disposed to treat favourably with the Huguenots; and the legal instruments for their defence were again and again confirmed, with all due ceremonies, at the periods when the distress of the state rendered it necessary to temporize with a faction so powerful and numerous at home—so supported by the sympathy, or by the active efforts, of their foreign *co-religionnaires*. The various edicts in their favour prepared in 1562, 1598, and 1629, under the directions of such men as De l'Hôpital, De Thou, and Richelieu himself, were thus frequently repeated, and, lastly, solemnly affirmed under the name of "Edits de Grace;" and they received all the sanction which royal oaths could confer, not only from Henri IV., but from his more bigoted descendants, Louis XIII. and XIV. Indeed, after the destruction of their independent political organization by Richelieu in 1629, the Huguenots had ceased to be a powerful faction in the state, and they had turned their attention almost entirely to the cultivation of the arts of peace, so congenial to the minds of the middle classes, into whose hands the constitution of the French Protestant Church had effectually transferred the influence at first exercised by those members of the feudal aristocracy who had espoused the cause of Protestantism, perhaps rather from the knowledge that it was more opposed than Catholicism to the extension of the royal power, than from any very decided religious convictions. All the leaders of the Huguenots, it is worthy of remark, quitted their ranks after the cause of religion had ceased to be an instrument of political intrigue, and the central government had succeeded in establishing a control over the proceedings of the democratic synods and consistories of the Protestants. Conversions became the fashion during the rising and the meridian glory of *le Grand Monarque's* reign, and the desertion of the Lesdiguiers, Colignys, De la Tremouilles, of Rantzau, Turenne, the Rohan-Chabot family, Montausier, Dangeau, D'Entragues, left the Huguenot cause without the support of their most active and powerful protectors; whilst the patient loyalty of the Cevenols, and of the Rochelois, and indeed of all the Protestants of the South, during the wars of the Fronde, completed the disruption of the alliance which had previously existed between them and a fraction of the nobles. About the middle of the seventeenth century, then, Protestantism had ceased to be a permanent source of danger and uneasiness to the French government; and able, moderate politicians, like Mazarin and Colbert,

refrained from any proceedings which might have revived the bitter spirit of former times. Louis XIV., in his best days, seems likewise to have been disposed to tolerate the exercise of the Reformed religion; but when Colbert had passed away, and Louis had fallen under the influence of the Jesuits, aided by Madame de Maintenon (herself a new convert from Protestantism), he began to exhibit himself in his true colours. In 1662 an indication of the threatening storm was given by the destruction of the Protestant churches in the *Pays de Gex*, and many administrative measures were adopted by which the Protestants were made to feel that they were not considered subjects of the king upon a footing of equality with the Catholics. About 1681 Louvois invented the new style of conversion, known by the name of the *Dragonnades*, which he subsequently applied unmercifully wherever the Protestants existed in any numbers; in the Lower Languedoc, amongst other districts, about the year 1684. At length, on 22nd November, 1685, Louis XIV. signed the revocation of the "Edit de Nantes," and thus annihilated all the legal protection of his unfortunate Protestant subjects which had, nominally at least, existed during the previous persecutions.

It would be impossible to describe the ruin, misery, and suffering the French king thus inflicted, in the name of the Prince of Peace, upon a section of his subjects, who numbered at least one-twentieth of the whole population of his dominions, and were certainly amongst the most able and the most industrious members of the body politic. All the Protestants who could escape, abandoned a country in which they were no longer allowed to worship the Almighty according to the dictates of their belief; and England, Holland, Prussia, Saxony, &c., received with open arms the earnest, energetic believers, who were thus prepared to sacrifice everything for conscience' sake. It is said that during the last fifteen years of the seventeenth century, not less than 500,000 Protestants abandoned the land of their birth, and transferred their industry and capital to the nations who were so eager to supplant France in the great race of civilization. Many of the trades Colbert had fostered with such anxious care, were at once annihilated; and wide districts, then successfully cultivated, were laid desolate by the flight of their proprietors, or by the ravages of a furious and unbridled soldiery, converted for the time into Christian missionaries. Alas! that such holy causes as religion should be stained by the excesses of misguided zeal. Yet bad man as we believe Louis XIV. to have been, we are still inclined to think that he was sincere in his mistaken—fearfully mistaken—religious opinions, and that he knew well the disastrous political con-

sequences which would ensue from the enforcement of his convictions with respect to Church dogmas. Knowing all this, however, he never drew or looked back when he had put his hand to the plough of religious persecution; and so he may command a certain amount of respect for his consistency at least—even though we must bitterly reprobate the particular measures he adopted. Neither is it fair to judge of the proceedings of kings and churchmen in the latter years of the seventeenth century, by the philosophical or tolerant views of subsequent periods. In those days men still fought fiercely for the prevalence of their particular tenets; and Protestant and Catholic alike, were ill disposed to admit that their opponents could conscientiously believe differently from themselves. Startling as the proposition may sound now, we ourselves sympathize with this feeling, and can hardly understand the existence of a firm religious conviction without the existence at the same time of an equally strong feeling of intolerance. Truth, every one knows to be but one and indivisible; and, therefore, to us at least, there is nothing surprising in the indisposition of those who are firmly convinced that they hold *the* truth, to believe in the possibility of any conscientious man's arriving at different conclusions. It is for these reasons, then, that we are nearly as much disposed to pity, as we certainly are to condemn, the French monarch for his treatment of the Huguenots; but, at any rate, the very magnitude of the injury he thus inflicted upon his kingdom, must be considered to prove that he acted to the best of his belief, even if not to the best of his judgment. It cannot, indeed, be supposed that Louis XIV., who was so jealous of the intellectual supremacy of his nation, should have willingly allowed men such as Bayle, Claude, Saurin, Rapin Thoriás, Jurieu, Basnage, Abbadie, Ancillon, Savigny, the Schombergs, Roumillys, the De Tarantes, De la Tremouilles, De Royes, De Boncourts, De Remeugnacs, to carry their talents, their zeal, and their passions, to the service of his own personal rivals and enemies.

One natural result of a part of the system adopted by the leaders of the persecution of the Protestants about 1685, viz., that of singling out the pastors and the leaders of the Protestant churches in France, was that it left the uneducated classes entirely at the mercy of strong-minded, but too often misguided, enthusiasts. From this wild and mountainous district of the Cevennes, the natural tendency of the meridional populations to religious exaltation had been excited to a furious degree by the proscription of the regularly ordained ministers, by the cruelties inflicted upon those who attended the public services of the Protestant Church, and by the species

of mysticism which naturally attends the celebration of worship in romantic sites under the influence of constant fear and anxiety. During the closing years of the seventeenth century, we find, indeed, that every imaginable atrocity was committed by the representatives of the "eldest son of the Church" upon the unresisting populations of these mountains: whilst their ministers were driven into exile, or silenced by the "secular arm." The poor, simple-minded mountaineers, then, naturally sought the consolations of their religion in the "assemblies in the desert," as they were called, in allusion to the biblical scenes so commonly referred to in the sacred discourses of the Calvinists; and, as might naturally have been expected under these circumstances, their unregulated enthusiasm rapidly led them to the belief in special and extraordinary communications of the Holy Spirit to some members of the flock thus suffering for conscience' sake.

During the few years which elapsed between the peace of Ryswick and the commencement of the wars of Succession, the internal history of France displays little else than a record of the atrocities committed by the royal agents: nor can we, therefore, be surprised that an explosion of hatred to the royal power should have taken place directly the foreign relations of the king had become complicated by the quarrel which set all Europe in a blaze at the commencement of the eighteenth century. So long, in fact, as the policy of Louis XIV. prevailed, there could be no security for any form, or state, of Protestantism, either in his own dominions or elsewhere; and the leaders of the coalition against him ought to have seen that an insurrection in the very heart of his possessions must constitute the most serious diversion of the forces of the French king. There are, nevertheless, few traces of foreign intervention in the great rising in the Cevennes, called the war of the Camisards; but we ourselves are morally convinced that the leaders of the refugees in England and in Holland must have retained such connexions with, and influence upon, their brethren who remained behind, and that they must have so clearly seen the importance of the diversion thus to be created, as to remove any possible doubt upon the extent of influence they must have exercised in preparing the movement, even if we acquit the English or the Dutch governments of any previous participation in, or knowledge of it. The struggle between the principles of passive obedience on the one side, and of individual examination on the other, was of so bitter and so intimate a character, so to speak, as to compel the respective leaders to adopt every possible means of securing the objects they had in view. It is not likely, therefore, that the leaders of the last coalition against

Louis XIV. should have entirely neglected to avail themselves of the unexpected assistance offered to them by the excited fanaticism of the unfortunate inhabitants of the south of France; who, in fact, were the more dangerous enemies to the common object of hatred and fear, because they had been deprived of the counsels of the ministers of their religion, who alone were able to guide and restrain their ardent feelings. Alas! how sad, but how true it is, that the promulgation of the Gospel of Peace has furnished a commentary upon the declaration of its Author, that "He came not to send peace upon the earth, but a sword!"

The particular district known by the name of the Cevennes is a mountainous district of the Lower Languedoc, in the modern departments of the Garde and the Lozère, on the right or western bank of the Rhône; and the war of the Camisards, to which we now more particularly call attention, was almost exclusively confined to the water-shed of the Gardon, and the neighbourhood of Alais and Nîmes, for the Gevaudan and the Rouergue, which formed part of the same Huguenot "colloque" with the Cevennes, properly speaking, took but a very insignificant part in the struggle. The intendant of the Languedoc about this period (the commencement of the eighteenth century) was M. Lamoignon-Bâville, a very able administrator, but a fearfully bigoted partisan of the Jesuit and Maintenon faction, who had, however, been sent in 1681 to replace Marillac, a former intendant, on account of the disgrace his cruelties had inflicted upon the Catholic cause. The bishop of the diocese of Nîmes during the whole war was the celebrated Fléchier, and it is from his letters that some of the most authentic information upon the details of this strange episode in French history is to be obtained; for the majority of the Catholic accounts of these transactions are very partial, and those attributed to Protestant authors are far from being correct. We may add, that the royal troops in the Languedoc were at first under the orders of Le Comte de Broglie; and that the royal authorities had for a long time previous to the outbreak endeavoured to prevent any such occurrence, by forming a great number of roads in the Cevennes and the Vivarais, and by erecting forts at Nîmes, St. Hippolyte, and Alais, which commanded the principal entrances to the wilder districts. M. de Bâville, indeed, seems to have had great anxieties for the tranquillity of his intendancy; nor can this be a matter of surprise, when we find that he himself estimated the number of the "new converts" therein at not less than 198,483, who were dispersed amongst a total Catholic population of 1,238,927. These last were, as an additional measure of precaution, orga-

nized by M. de Bâville into fifty-two regiments of militia, for the purpose of assisting the regular troops in case of any seditious movement on the part of the Huguenots.

In November, 1697, immediately after the signature of the peace of Ryswick, Louis XIV. published a first declaration against the liberties of the Protestants of the Cevennes; twenty-one days later, a second declaration was issued, ordering a more literal observance of the pains and penalties of the decree revoking the "Edit de Nantes." In 1699, no less than four royal declarations were issued for the more effectual suppression of the "*religion prétendue reformée*," as the king and the Jesuitical faction contemptuously affected to call Protestantism. In 1700 appeared another declaration, which it may perhaps be as well to cite in some detail as an illustration of the class of measures the government, then universally allowed to be at the head of European civilization, could deliberately adopt in dealing with a large class of its subjects—"Ex uno, disce omnes." It was, in fact, nothing more than a repetition of an obsolete decree of 29th April, 1686—so fast did these instruments of persecution succeed one another, and pass from men's minds—and it provided that patients who recovered their health, after having refused the sacraments of the Catholic Church, should be condemned, the men to the galleys, the women to perform public penance, and then to be perpetually imprisoned, in both cases with confiscation of property; whilst they who died in this state of obstinate heresy were to have their bodies dragged to the common receptacle for filth and rubbish upon a hurdle. This time the royal orders were obeyed, and Jurieu mentions, with natural grief and indignation, the atrocious insults offered to the dead body of a Mademoiselle de Montalembert—how strange it must appear to us in 1858 that her name should appear in the Protestant martyrology!—by the authorities of the town of Angoulême; whilst the unfortunate ministers, and the attendants of the persecuted Church, were pursued with a persevering, relentless cruelty, alas! strikingly like that which had characterized the proceedings of the Stuarts against the Scotch Covenanters. There is a fearful record of the sufferings thus endured by the inhabitants of the Cevennes in particular, in the first chapters of both the "Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes," and the "Histoire des Camisards," in which the names of the victims, and even the punishments inflicted, are mentioned, to the eternal shame of *le Grand Monarque*. Neither Brueys, Fléchier, nor Louvreleuil, deny these accusations; and indeed they were far too much in the temper and spirit of the times for any reasonable doubt to exist as to their correctness. Cavallier's memoirs, however, furnish one of the most striking

pictures of the sufferings of the epoch, which in his case seem to have been nearly as much of a moral as of a physical character; nor can we, therefore, be surprised to find that the more energetic men of his persuasion were goaded into rebellion by the shameful abuses of the secular power then permitted. Even Voltaire himself, in his usual flippant style, admits the injustice and oppression to which the Cevenols were exposed before they resorted to the desperate measure of an armed rebellion; and he confirms by name some of the sad tales of martyrdom to be found in the more detailed histories to which we have above referred, although of course he could only speak of them in the contemptuous tone he usually adopted in alluding to anything noble or sacred.

The immediate occasion of the outbreak is stated by nearly all authorities to have been furnished by the attempts of the Abbé Chaila, inspector of missions in the Languedoc, to convert forcibly, or in other words to torture, a body of refugees who had been intercepted by the soldiers of M. de Bâville in July, 1702. This Abbé de Chaila had commenced his missionary career in Siam, where he narrowly escaped being made the victim of Oriental intolerance; he had in his early youth been a soldier, and he brought to his new task of converting the Huguenots all the fierce energy which might have been expected from the man who had thus learnt the modes of persuasion adapted to the circumstances he had been most frequently brought into contact with. The atrocities he committed were of a rare description even in his day—for Brueys, and Capefigue after him, have been compelled to reprobate them in spite of their earnest desire to blacken the cause of the so-called fanatics—and he had thus succeeded in rendering himself a conspicuous object for the hatred and revenge of the Protestants. It happened that in the troop of intercepted refugees De Chaila had arrested at the period above mentioned, there were the two daughters of a M. de Sexti, whose relatives had great influence amongst the Huguenots, and the abbé, instead of conveying his prisoners at once to a place of surety, took them to his own house, for reasons which it is now hard to divine. The relatives of the Demoiselles Sexti are stated to have used every means of entreaty and persuasion to save them from the ordinary fate of De Chaila's victims; but finding him inexorable, they succeeded in uniting a body of infuriated Protestants, who attacked and burnt the house in which the prisoners had been confined, released those whom the abbé had counted upon sacrificing, and slaughtered him, without, however, any of the circumstances of atrocity their persecutors had so lavished upon the unfortunate Huguenots. The anonymous author of the "Histoire

des Camisards" dresses up this tale with some romantic incidents for which there appears to be no authority; and Jean Cavallier, in his Memoirs, relates the death of De Chaila in rather different terms from those of the "Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes;" but there is little reason to doubt the fact that the movement which cost the abbé his life, and which opened a civil war of the fiercest character, was utterly unpremeditated, and only created by the passionate desire of the Protestants to save some marked and highly esteemed members of their persuasion who had fallen on evil days.

The murder of the inspector of missions was, however, too open and decided an attack upon constituted authorities to allow such men as MM. de Bâville and De Broglie to permit its actors to escape without at least attempting to avenge it; and the latter immediately set his troops in motion to inflict condign punishment upon the so-called heretics, availing himself of the services of a certain Captain Poul, one of the fiercest and most unprincipled leaders of the partisan warship of the age. So utterly unpremeditated, however, had been the movement which had cost De Chaila his life, that the Huguenots had not even elected a leader; and the royal troops had actually penetrated far into the country before the Reformed Cevenols had elected to that dangerous post a certain Laporte. This election is said to have taken place about August, 1702, and to have been approved by the various prophets of the persecuted sect, in a manner which added to the fanatical enthusiasm of Laporte's followers; whilst the new revolting cruelties, inflicted by the partisans of Catholicism, served indirectly to swell the numbers of the refugees. A certain M. de St. Côme appears to have rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the Protestants on this score, and he shared shortly afterwards the fate of M. de Chaila, in a manner which roused the anger of M. de Bâville to the highest degree: so that what with the occasional, and paroxysmal, resistances of the Protestants, and the persevering animosity of the royal authorities, the whole of the district of the Cevennes became involved in a civil war before the end of the year; Laporte and his nephew Roland, who afterwards became the principal leader of the revolted Cevenols, serving for a long time to balance the authority, and to distract the forces, of the *Grand Monarque* himself, who was then, be it observed, engaged in the bitter and ruinous struggle of the wars of Succession. The story of the transactions in the Cevennes during the first year of their existence was, we may briefly state, of the character usually to be observed in such insurrectional movements; it consisted simply in isolated efforts of resistance, and

in occasional bursts of popular vengeance, on the one side, and in merciless repression upon the other. The principal result, however, was that the revolted Cevenols learnt how to resist organized troops; whilst the latter left fearful recollections of the tyranny and cruelty of their *régime*. MM. de Broglie and de Julien, the first commanders of the king's troops, did not, indeed, succeed in anything beyond the occasional dispersal of the Huguenot bands; but they furnished to the latter the means of learning the art of war, and of organizing their resistance under some of the leaders who afterwards were enabled to contend openly with the royal troops. In addition to Laporte and Roland, already cited as the leaders of the Huguenots, Esperandieu, Ravanel, Rastelet, and lastly Jean Cavallier, were formed in this terrible school; and they soon began to acquire sufficient skill, and to unite sufficient numbers of followers, to distract and weary the royal troops by their fierce and unexpected attacks. The tactics which the Cevenol leaders seem to have adopted in the first year of the rising were precisely of this partisan or guerilla kind: that is to say, that they wisely avoided battles in the open field unless they had the advantages of number, or of position; they only attacked isolated posts at great distances from one another; and upon receiving any check, they dispersed, to meet again at some totally unexpected spot; whilst the royal troops were harassed by continual marching and countermarching, by the necessity for maintaining garrisons in a number of isolated positions, and by the incessant combats in detail to which they were exposed. There was, however, no plan of campaign on the part of the Protestant, or even, it may be suspected, on the part of the commanders of the royal troops: on both sides the object aimed at seems to have exclusively referred to the maintenance, or the suppression, of the right of holding religious meetings, or to the destruction of the reciprocal emblems of faith and of the Catholic or Protestant places of worship; until, about the end of the year 1702, the partial successes of the Cevenols (who were afterwards better known by the name of "Camisards," the derivation of which has never been fixed) became so decided that M. de Bâville was obliged to bring the matter before the king in council, and to request M. Chamaillard, the then secretary of war, to send considerable reinforcements under an officer of superior merit. In one of the last actions of the year, indeed, M. de Broglie had been actually defeated in person and wounded; whilst Captain Poul, the former terror of the Protestants, was killed in the fight. Cavallier, in his Memoirs, gives a very fair account of this action, in which he himself had no part, and he gives all the

credit to his lieutenant Ravanel, who commanded his troop in his absence; but it is very curious, and perhaps worthy of more than a cursory remark, that Cavallier actually makes a mistake of a year in the dates he assigns to most of these actions.

M. de Broglie was succeeded in command of the royal forces in the Cevennes by a M. de Julien, who seems to have been an officer of far greater military capacity, and to have inflicted far more severe blows upon the Camisards than his predecessor had done; but Roland and Cavallier managed to gain so many partial advantages as to balance the injury he was able to inflict upon their fellow-sufferers. The French court became at last seriously alarmed at the existence of an insurrectionary movement of this importance, in a position where the revolted peasants might so easily receive foreign support. From Voltaire's history of Louis XIV., we may also infer that the ministers of the king believed that the Protestant nations, then arrayed against him, were disposed at least to land munitions or money, upon the coast of La Provence, for the benefit of the Camisards; and we must, therefore, cease to be surprised that at so early a period of the insurrection the court of Versailles should have felt it to be necessary to despatch to the Cevennes a force of at least 25,000 men, under the orders of M. le Maréchal de Montrevel, who was considered by Chamaillard and the court to be one of the best of Louis XIV.'s generals in the second rank. The system he adopted was, if possible, more sanguinary than that of his predecessors; and even Brueys and Fléchier describe the measures he carried into execution in terms which must fill any reader of the present day with unmitigated disgust for the man who could so basely abuse the name of religion. Moreover, although no accusation could be brought against M. de Montrevel's personal courage, he cannot be said to have displayed much generalship or tact in this particular instance; and he certainly allowed Cavallier and Roland, who had then acquired the greatest influence amongst the Camisards, to pursue the plan they had originally adopted of attacking the king's troops, or the Catholic towns and villages, by isolated and unexpected movements, and thus of compelling them to spread their forces over a large, wild, and desolated country, in which they themselves (the Camisards) were almost certain to fight at an advantage. Like most military martinets, De Montrevel could not change his system of warfare when he came amongst the fanatic mountaineers, but he seems to have compelled his disciplined troops to act as though they were opposed to other regular troops in an open, level country; and it cannot, therefore, be a matter of wonder that at the end of the year, although he had inflicted several very severe defeats

upon the Camisards, the latter should have found themselves even more powerful than they were at the time of his arrival. There were fearful massacres on both sides, and it is sickening to read the accounts of the burning of villages, the destruction of places of public worship, the hanging, shooting, breaking on the wheel, burning alive, torturing, and other cruel incidents of this most painful story. Almost equally revolting, too, must it be to read the cold-blooded proclamations of De Montrevel, in which he orders these atrocities, and moreover prescribes the most rigorous measures for removing children of Protestant parents from the homes and care of their parents. Alas! the ministers of the Gospel, even Fléchier himself, could approve, or at most only feebly blame, such insults to the God of mercy; and Fléchier actually cites as an object of admiration a certain hermit who threw his frock aside, and headed one of the most cruel bands of Catholic partisans. Clement XI. (the reigning Pope) was no wiser or better than his suffragans, for in May, 1703, he issued a bull, "in which," to quote Antoine Court's words, "after associating the Camisards with the Albigeois of old, he granted an absolute and general pardon of all their sins to those who would take arms, in order to massacre and exterminate *this accursed and execrable race*, in case they should fall in combat." As Court says, this was neither more nor less than an invitation to the Catholics to enter upon a crusade against the Camisards; and, to their eternal disgrace, the Bishops of Montpellier, Nîmes, Uzés, Viviers, Mende, and Alais, to whom the bull was addressed, added fuel to the flame by urging, in the pastoral letters in which they published it, their curés and vicaires "to pursue and destroy the Protestants by fire and by sword." Perhaps we may be more indulgent to the fierce uneducated soldiers of a period in which the best and most enlightened, were so awfully cruel and intolerant, and excuse to some extent M. de Montrevel; but one measure he adopted was so monstrously ridiculous that it deserves to be mentioned as furnishing an indication of the man's intellectual capacity. He actually used the divining rod for the purpose of discovering the authors of a murder committed upon a Catholic; and proceeded, merely upon its indications, to imprison and punish no less than eighteen persons. And the great Louis XIV. could intrust to a man able to give himself up to such childish superstitions the power of life and death over one and a half millions of his subjects! Can it be a matter of surprise that the latter days of the *Grande Monarque* should have been overclouded by defeat and disaster, when he deliberately selected such agents? or that, in this particular instance, the very measures adopted to suppress the

rebellion should have increased the numbers of, and the public sympathy for, the rebels? It was in vain that the Protestants appealed to their king against the inquities of his deputies; the only reply they received was the publication of fresh decisions of the Privy Council, and "ordonnances" of Montrevel. These last attained their crowning excellence in an "ordonnance" issued in September, 1703, in which he ordered the destruction of more than 200 villages, by name, and by implication condemned to destruction no less than 466 villages or hamlets, inhabited by 19,500 persons. Such wholesale ravages must appear almost incredible to modern readers; but, unfortunately, the destruction of the Palatinat in Louis XIV.'s best days proves that he was not likely ever to allow tenderer sentiments to influence his public conduct, for good at least. Yet he was an object of respectful admiration in his lifetime, and has gone down to posterity with the name and reputation of greatness!

The ranks of the revolted Camisards were naturally filled by the unfortunate victims of De Montrevel's desolation, and they were consequently enabled to extend their operations into other portions of the Languedoc, beyond those of the Upper and Lower Cevennes, to which they were originally confined. It must always be a matter of surprise that the allies should have treated with the indifference they actually did, a diversion which might have been rendered so advantageous to their cause. Having, in fact, possession of the sea, nothing would have been easier for them than to have landed ammunition and supplies, or to have sent some of the able refugee officers to direct the military operations of the Camisards. Their attention was, indeed, called to the subject, and some weak reconnaissances were made by detached vessels of the English and the Dutch fleets; but there was no efficient combination with the rebels, nor does there appear to have been any very active desire on the part of the rulers opposed to Louis to encourage subjects to rise against their monarchs, even for conscience' sake. Perhaps there was no real harm in this neglect of the Camisards by the foreign enemies of the king; for it left the purity of their motives untarnished, and their native officers to the development of their own resources, and the fierce energy of despair. But be this as it may, Roland and Cavallier, in reply to the savage edicts of De Montrevel, performed some military excursions in the Rouergue, the Vivarais, the Gevaudan, and the Upper Languedoc, burning the Catholic churches and villages by way of reprisal, and fighting the royal troops with variable, but generally favourable, chances. In these operations, Roland acted as general-in-chief, Cavallier as the leader of an army

almost independent of him; but, fortunately for the Camisards, there does not appear in the beginning to have existed any jealousy between these remarkable men. Remarkable, indeed, they must have been; for Cavallier, when he assumed the command, was little above twenty years of age, and he was utterly without the advantages of education, and Roland himself was of comparatively humble origin, and totally unacquainted with the art of war, until the movement he so ably conducted broke out. It is odd, and may, moreover, be cited as an illustration of the capricious manner in which reputations are formed, that posterity has associated the name of Cavallier with all the merit of the war, whilst the fame of Roland, who really directed the operations, and kept up the organization of the Camisard forces, has been eclipsed by that of his younger and more brilliant lieutenant. It is a strange lottery, after all, that said fame, for which men dare and do so much! In this particular case, Cavallier alone has identified himself with the glory which was to be attained, whilst the names of his colleagues Laporte, Castanet, Valmale, Catinat, Esperandieu, Rastelet, Ravanel, are now forgotten, equally with that of the gallant Roland himself; and the history of the prophets, fanatics, and aerial voices of the Cevennes, which led those enthusiastic peasants to death or victory, has only been numbered amongst the records of the inexplicable delusions of popular imagination, by the same posterity which has awarded to Louis XIV. the name of "Great!"

The result of the campaign of De Montrevel against the Camisards in 1703 was, however, we repeat, to leave them with increased numbers and strength; and, on the other hand, to inspire great distrust and discouragement amongst the Catholic authorities of La Provence, which they took care to urge so strongly at court against him that he was finally removed in the spring of 1704, to make room for the Maréchal de Villars, unquestionably the best officer then in the service of the French monarch. Almost upon the last day of his command, De Montrevel defeated Cavallier in a very obstinate action, and took and destroyed one of his most important magazines and hospitals in the mountains; so that the spirits of the insurgents were sorely depressed when De Villars appeared upon the scene with great reinforcements, and with instructions from the court to put a stop to this dangerous diversion of the royal forces, at a moment when the successes of the allies under Marlborough and Eugene of Savoy began to shake the power of the monarch who had been accustomed to impose the law upon Europe. De Villars adopted at once a policy of indulgence; and whilst preparing, in April, 1704, to carry war

into the fastnesses of the Cevennes, he entered into negotiations through M. d'Aigaliers, an influential Huguenot nobleman of the town of Uzés, with Cavallier, and some of the more important chiefs of the Camisard bands. On May 16th, 1704, a personal interview took place between the proud and noble De Villars and the peasant leader Cavallier, to the great astonishment—almost to the disgust—of the partisans of the royal cause; but the result of this condescension, and of the milder policy recommended by De Villars, was that terms were at once arranged, upon which the Camisard leader undertook not only to put a stop to the revolt, but also to raise a powerful corps of his Huguenot brethren for the service of the king. Cavallier's account of these negotiations is singularly confused, and we are certainly disposed to think with Court and Alby that he made more favourable terms for himself than he did for his colleagues—even if we exonerate him from the more serious charge of having betrayed their interests. To some extent this latter suspicion is justified by the refusal of Roland, Ravanel, Catinat, and the majority of the Camisards to adhere to the terms of the compromise their young colleague had effected in their name; but the mischief had been effected, and at any rate the seeds of disunion had been sown so profoundly in the ranks of the revolted Huguenots, that De Villars was enabled easily to defeat them in detail. Cavallier left France. Roland, and five of his most devoted followers, were betrayed into the hands of the dragoons on 14th August, 1704; Roland was killed on the spot, and his companions burnt, for De Villars seems to have forgotten his unwonted clemency, as soon as he had disunited his opponents. Shortly afterwards Catinat and Ravanel were defeated; and as the Camisards never succeeded in organizing a fresh nucleus for their operations after the death of Roland, and the emigration of Cavallier, the war may be considered to have been terminated by De Villars in this campaign, although the allies attempted several descents upon the coast of Languedoc, for the purpose of renewing the agitation, and a sufficient amount of uneasiness continued to prevail there to render it necessary for the French court to send the Maréchal de Berwick to succeed De Villars, when he was recalled to more active service. Must not a revolt which could thus have compelled the French court to employ in succession such men as De Montrevel, De Villars, and De Berwick, and an army of at least from twenty to twenty-five thousand men during the space of three or four years, have exercised great influence upon the success of the last coalition against the ambition of Louis XIV.?

We may close this strange tale by saying that the terms of

capitulation granted to Cavallier were soon broken, and that he was compelled shortly to seek refuge from his persecutors, by flight to the allied camp. He found an asylum, firstly, with the Duke of Savoy, then in Holland, and lastly in England; here he entered the army, and rose to the rank of major-general and governor of the island of Jersey, where he died in 1740. Many of his former companions in arms and fellow-worshippers sought the same asylum, where they continued to exercise the prophetic gifts, and to see the strange dreams, which had maintained their energy during the struggle in their native land. This created a great scandal amongst the orthodox clergy of the day, and even drew upon the unfortunate Huguenot refugees an unfair amount of ridicule; for the majority of them repudiated these exhibitions of a mistaken and misguided enthusiasm. The attempt of a Cevenol emissary, however, to murder Harley, at the very time that he was supposed to be negotiating with that minister for assistance to his persecuted brethren, seems to have given the death-blow to public sympathy in England with the Camisards. No attempt was made to introduce any stipulations in their favour in the peace of Utrecht; and we consequently find that after the year 1711 all attempts at insurrection in the Cevennes were suppressed, and that M. de Bâville, who had retained the intendance of the province throughout the disturbance, was at last able to "proclaim peace," after having, in the phrase of the old Roman, "made a perfect solitude."

The bibliography of the peculiar movement we have thus endeavoured to trace is very curious, and it merits as little as the insurrection itself the forgetfulness of later times. Fléchier's "Lettres Choisies," and Jurieu's "Pastoral Letters," may be consulted with profit by all who are interested in the discussion with respect to the special intercourse between the Holy Spirit, and excited, because persecuted, believers. Fléchier had, on this score, reason on his side, and he very wisely does not dwell much upon the defence of the *dragonnades*, or the other atrocities of the military missionaries his Church did not hesitate to employ; whilst Jurieu, who had become the dupe of the misguided creatures who brought the Protestant cause into contempt, employed great talents in defence of a very questionable dogma, but unfortunately was justified in drawing a most heart-rending picture of the sufferings which had driven his fellow-religionists mad, and which may fairly be cited as an excuse for the excesses into which their excited imaginations subsequently led them. In their respective styles, and from their respective points of view, both these authors are worthy of careful study; but as literary compositions, of course, there

can be no comparison between the florid, refined elegance of the Catholic bishop, and the harsh, turgid language of the refugee pastor. Brueys' "Histoire du Fanatisme" is ably written, though it is utterly unworthy of attention as a record of the events it describes; because the author, who was himself a new convert to Romanism, put into his history all the passion and prejudice of a bigot, and so suppressed all that told in favour of his adversaries, whilst he glossed over the atrocities committed by those whom he himself admired. Still the "Histoire du Fanatisme" is curious, and should be read as a corrective to the equally faithless Protestant "Histoire des Camisards." This last-named work is little better than a romance upon the subject, and yet it is about as worthy of belief as Eugene Sue's novel entitled "Jean Cavallier," although it is written in far better taste than the latter very feeble production. Cavallier's Memoirs are curious illustrations of the personal vanity of the man, a defect which Court de Gebelin and Voltaire rather more than insinuate against him; and they certainly are drawn up in a style little in accordance with modern taste. They were published under Cavallier's name, and as his own production; but it is generally believed that they were written, at his dictation, by a refugee minister of the name of Galli, and are at present so entirely forgotten, that they can very rarely be met with. But the best account we have met with of this Camisard war is unquestionably Antoine Court's "Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes;" notwithstanding a certain amount of awkward heaviness and an affected verbosity, with which it may be reproached, it is the most conscientiously written, and the fairest account of these troubles, and may be safely consulted by those who are unable to wade through the extraordinary mass of contemporary histories or memoirs, such as those of De Villars, De Berwick, Voltaire, La Baumelle, Lamberti, St. Simon, Dangeau, Pelisson, Larrey, or the more recent works of Capefigue, Sismondi, &c., in which reference is made to the now almost forgotten struggle of the Camisards against the overwhelming power of *le Grand Monarque*. A great amount of curious and highly interesting information with respect to the history of the Protestant persecutions about the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes is also to be found in M. C. Weiss's "Histoire des Refugiés Protestants" (Paris, 2 vols., 8vo., 1853); and, incidentally, this remarkably well-written book contains many allusions to the war of the Cevennes. The student of history, however, who would desire to trace all the causes and effects of these movements, must carry his researches still further, and consult the numerous controversial publications of the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the

eighteenth century, to Hoffmann and Alby's histories, and to Bungener's admirable tales; for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes affected the whole Christian community of Western Europe in so extraordinary a manner, that all the contemporary literature of the period, and much of that of recent Protestant authors, of a political or polemical character at least, have assumed a tone and character dependent upon the impressions produced by that event upon the respective authors' minds. The moral of the whole tale may, however, be briefly stated by saying that persecution and violence are the worst imaginable weapons for combating religious convictions; and, especially, that the atrocious measures the Jesuitical directors of the conscience of the worn-out debauchee Louis XIV., induced that monarch to adopt in his dotage, tended greatly to the ruin of the royal power he had so carefully founded in his younger and brighter days. It is very strange that the descendant of one of the Huguenot families of Nîmes, Rabaut de St. Etienne, should actually have been the president of the National Assembly which destroyed the throne of the Bourbons! as though the sins of the grandfather were designed by an all-wise but inscrutable Providence to be directly expiated by the descendant,—and although it were indeed a law that, in such cases, the avenger of the royal murders should arise from the very bones of his victims, or, in the words of Virgil, that the butchered Camisards should be able to cry, "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!"

Art. II.—THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

1. *A Pastoral Letter to the Parishioners of Frome.* By the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, M.A., Vicar. London: Masters. 1852.
2. *A Pastoral Letter.* No. 2. London: Whittaker & Co. 1857.

We select these from among numerous productions of the same school, because the circumstances of their author's former position, and of his removal from the diocese of London, have made him conspicuous as a faithful adherent and advocate of his party.

The "pastorals" before us are of very small bulk, and will be judged by many as of yet smaller controversial weight; yet they may deserve some attention and notice, as representative of opinions which are widely and diligently diffused.

It is not difficult to perceive how the dogma of visible unity,

or ecclesiastical uniformity, sprang up early and then mightily grew, among professed Christians. The love of power, of power individually, and of power as residing in the corporate community to which we belong and are attached—a feeling inherent in human nature, and generally proportionate to the strength and worldly influence of that community—may amply account for this.

It distinctly accounts for the framing and maintenance of the Papacy—a system based on the theory of one sole and uniform Church. It explains also the aversion of every hierarchy to relinquish the same kind of notions, even when they have become logically quite untenable, by the fact of ecclesiastical separateness on the part of those who still labour to defend them. To allege that the separation of the Episcopal Church of England from the Roman Catholic Church is entirely right, and that yet other separations from this Church of England are utterly wrong, is to set up a contrast of cases where there is but a difference; and where no one man or body of men can decide for another whether the difference of the cases be so great as to render nonconformity culpable.

Martin Boos, Savonarola, Jansenius, Pascal, Fénélon, Quesnel, and many other devout men, did not quit the communion of the Church of Rome. They might and did, quite as conscientiously, though with as little reason, impute schism and heresy to the Anglican body, as many of that body impute them to other separatists.

If the Church of Christ must be visibly and externally one—that is, if uniformity of government and communion be indispensable to real unity, then it is clear as daylight, and indeed is but the same proposition in other words, that differing communions within the Church cannot exist. Yet zeal for "orthodoxy," love of power, *esprit de corps*, and dislike of those whose separation seems to reprove the conduct as well as disclaim the authority of the party whom they leave, have concurred to prompt a pertinacious defence of the self-confuting tenet,—that external absolute unity admits of several communions, more or less differing from each other.

One would think it incontestable, that those who believe the Romish, the Anglican, and the Greek Churches, which so materially differ, to be within the Church universal, are debarred from holding separation to be in itself a proof of schism, or destructive of what is scripturally meant by Christian unity.

Yet, for the reasons already offered, we are not surprised that such arguments have been urged with adroitness and plausibility, and sometimes with apparent success.

The belief of verily doing God service, combined with an

instinctive assurance that our party and ourselves must be wholly in the right, and with the desire of retaining wealth and distinction in that party, and more or less of sharing them, will naturally give rise to such attempts, although as a matter of mere and simple reasoning they should be somewhat hopeless. And the more complete training for disputation acquired in the scholastic establishments of a great and powerful community, the capacity for special pleading thus attained, the erudite and acute pleas which the motives before-named have made it so well worth while to elaborate, are sure to produce impression, and to have frequently a semblance of truth and a show of triumph. The reasoners of a dignified and learned body, even when they take up positions not defensible, have still a portion of its overweighing authority and influence—at least for those who belong to it—conveyed into their arguments, and even into their affirmations. And although the increasing intercourse of travel with foreign religious communities in France, Switzerland, and Germany, in Holland, Sweden, Norway, or Russia, might be thought likely in our days to moderate high notions of the dominant importance of the Church of England (and of any other particular Church), it does not seem to have, on a certain order of minds, any such effect. Not a few, after seeing Christianity around them, in other lands, under the secondary forms of Lutheranism, Presbyterianism, &c., still continue as strongly as ever to assert for their own Anglican body the exclusive character of the true Church; except that, by a singular paralogism, they admit as portions of that true Church those Greek and Romish hierarchies, which refuse to recognise either them or each other.

We do not attribute to the vicar of Frome, in his small essays of this kind, any prevalence of the secular motives by which some such polemics have been actuated. Nor do we, on the other hand, discover in his writings any eminent share of that acuteness and dexterity which some controvertists have evinced.

His pamphlets are placed at the head of this article merely as small specimens—authenticated by his name and office—of what the party is just now producing. The reading or remembrance of Church history must be very defective, where it is unknown or forgotten that such a theory has been upholden in England ever since the Reformation began; each age having had its advocates for the Divine right of diocesan episcopacy, the exclusive claims of the Anglican Church, and the great sin of separation from it.

Without going back to earlier dates, the history of Archbishop Laud, and the writings of Andrews, Sacheverel, Hickes,

and Dodwell, may afford abundant proof how those tenets were urged.

Bishop Burnet writes: "Dodwell maintained that none could be saved but those who by the sacraments had a federal right to it; and to this he added, that none had a right to give the sacraments but those who were commissioned to it. These were the apostles, and after them bishops, and priests ordained by them. It followed upon this, that sacraments administered by others were of no value. The invalidity of ecclesiastical functions when performed by persons not episcopally ordained was entertained by many with great applause. This made the Dissenters pass for no Christians. Several little books were spread about the nation, to prove the necessity of rebaptizing them, and that they were in a state of damnation till that was done."*

He afterwards remarks: "Dodwell's extravagant notions, which have been too much drunk in by the clergy in my time, have weakened the power of the Church, and soured men's minds more against it, than all the books wrote, or attempts made against it, could ever have done. And, indeed, the secret poison of those principles has given to many of the clergy a bias towards Popery, with an aversion to the Reformation."† In another work the same bishop writes: "What can be said of those who are already going into some of the worst parts of Popery? It is well known, that in practice, the necessity of auricular confession, and the priestly absolution, with the conceit of the sacrifice of the mass, are the most gainful parts of Popery. The independence of the Church on the State is also so contended for, as if it were on design to disgrace our Reformation. The indispensable necessity of the priesthood to all sacred functions is carried, in the point of baptism, further than Popery. What will all these things end in? And on what design are they driven? Alas! it is too visible."‡ Elsewhere he observes, on the same topic: "This not only cuts off all communion with the foreign Churches, of which perhaps they make no great account, but makes doubtings to arise with relation to great numbers both among ourselves and in the Roman communion."§ Such sentiments, in their full-blown development, are to be found in the "Rehearsal," by Charles Leslie; (the author of "A Short Method with the Deists," &c.) Thus: "If I am baptized by a schismatic, I am baptized into his schism

* Burnet's own Time, vol. ii. p. 604, folio edition.
† Ibid., vol. ii. p. 640.
‡ Burnet's History of the Reformation, vol. iii., Introduction, p. xiii., Nares's edition.
§ Ibid., Preface, vol. iii. p. xiv.

and made a member of it. The children of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, were swallowed up with them. If we will hazard ourselves, let us have some compassion for our innocent children.—I am to lay out his sin (namely, the Dissenter's) before him in its proper colours, to let it appear as black and heinous as it is, that he flatter not himself in his own sight until his abominable sin be found out."*

More recently a variety of books—among which we mention Le Mesurier's Bampton Lectures, "On the Nature and Guilt of Schism," and Daubeny's "Guide to the Church," as happening to be in our hands—have defended, though generally in more guarded terms, opinions substantially the same.

All this was prior to what has been called the "Tractarian" movement. It shows that the same theory was variously and voluminously contended for, long before that movement arose.

The recent Oxford Tracts, and their ecclesiastical results, are only a more prominent and active advocacy of principles long since maintained; and always directed to prove that the true unity resides within this realm in the Anglican Church alone. Certainly, some small pamphleteers of this school have at least rivalled, if not outshone, those of the reign of Queen Anne. One of these tracts is before us, which, among "Twenty-four strong Reasons why I dare not become a Dissenter," offers the following: "Because the Dissenting teachers misbelieve, and wilfully, or ignorantly, pervert, misinterpret, and misapply the Bible. And as all the Dissenting teachers of all the sects are entirely destitute of Divine, apostolical, and scriptural ordination, and are therefore not ministers at all, but only usurpers and mere pretenders, I dare not, with the dreadful fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and their deceived adherents, before my eyes. What they wish to pass off as sacraments are just no sacraments at all, but only mere imitations of the true sacraments of Christ, and highly offensive in the sight of God, and dangerous to the souls of men. I dare not become a Dissenter, because Dissent is open and daring rebellion against the Most High. That God views it in this light is evident, from the fate of those old dissenters, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and those who sided with them. I dare not, because of the notorious and utter disloyalty of the Dissenters in general—because the principles of Dissent are of a highly immoral and licentious character and tendency—because Dissent is very oppressive upon the poor—because the principles of Dissent, if fully and consistently acted upon, would entirely destroy the Church of Christ, and utterly abolish Christianity from the face of the

* Rehearsal, vol. ii., No. 4, Oct. 22, 1707.

earth."* Again, in a "Doctrinal Catechism of the Church of England," we find these queries and answers: "Who appoints Dissenting teachers? They either wickedly appoint each other, or are not appointed at all.—But are not Dissenting teachers thought to be very good men? They are often thought to be such, and so were Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, till God showed them to be very wicked."†

If any persons fail to discern the justness of these assertions, and the clearness of the analogy and soundness of the inference from the cases of Korah and his company to those of Howe, Henry, Baxter, Melancthon, Owen, Brainerd, Francke, Claude, Saurin, Bunyan, Watts, Doddridge, Chalmers, and many others, it is not for want of the iteration of the same assertions and the same argument, even from the days of the Nonjurors to our own.

The reverend author of these pastoral letters refrains, however, from going into such details. He only warns all dissidents that "they are rending the body of Christ, which is the Church. They break its unity. They destroy its love" (p. 29). Yet he charitably assures them, that whether they be "leaders of schism or followers, deceivers or deceived, our only weapon must be prayer" (p. 33); and even adds, "They must not think that there is thereby implied any breach of charity, any feeling of anger, or any desire of penal loss to be inflicted by the Church, out of whose broken unity they have gone forth" (p. 30).

But the attempt at proving that true unity resides within this realm in the Anglican Church alone, in whatever form it be made, must, as we have said, destroy and refute itself, except it unchurches all other communions in Christendom. The vicar of Frome himself happens unintentionally to set that consequence in its strongest light, by this small axiomatic clause in his second letter: "The Church is not two bodies, but one" (p. 30), thus proclaiming *duality* (how much more plurality), with *any difference*, fatal to his notion of true unity.

Suppose only the Anglican and the Roman, or only the Anglican and the Greek Churches to exist: even this fact would be destructive of his theory, "for the Church is not two bodies, but one." Well, therefore, may the reverend editor of "The Old Church Porch" adopt for some pages of his periodical that plaintive heading, "The Church's broken unity." No doubt this phrase is meant to designate the breach made by the sects whom he regards as broken off and severed from the Church of

* "Twenty-four Reasons, &c., by L. G. E. Fifth edition, making in all forty thousand copies." Groombridge, 5, Paternoster Row.

† Pp. 27, 28. Wertheim, 14, Paternoster Row.

Christ, such as the Scottish Kirk, the foreign Presbyterians, and all Congregationalists; but if none of these existed, the phrase would be more apposite to that state of things when only the Anglican Church and one other differing from it, yet admitted by him to be a Church, were co-existing. That might be more strictly and grammatically termed by him, "The *Church's* broken unity." It would be a broken unity *within* the Church; and directly contradictory to the axiom, "The Church is not two bodies, but one." We submit to the reverend vicar the logical necessity of reconstructing his theory, and maintaining the Anglican Church to be the *only* true Church.

Thus "the *Church's* broken unity," as far at least as it respects diversity of name and communion, would no longer exist for him.

It would seem, indeed, from some expressions in the second pastoral letter, that towards this its author sometimes almost inclines. In the former he writes, "If the Church of Rome be the true Church in Italy, a man in Italy must remain in her (the Church being one), or else he is guilty of schism." "If, again, the Church of England be the true Church in England (and you would not deny that), then a man born in England, if he were to go out of her, would be guilty of schism" (pp. 22, 23).

But in the second letter he classes together, "all those who dissent from the Church, whether Romanists or schismatics of any other kind" (p. 51). If this indeed be intended in some other sense than as implying that English Romanists are schismatics, it is not or would not be more a departure from the usual rules of language than another passage in this same production, where the writer speaks of "those two great evils which molest our parish, schism and sin" (p. 26); and then in the next page, referring to "the very great number of Dissenters," laments "that so many are thus found in open schism, for it is that grievous sin against which we pray in our litany" (p. 27). If Dissent be that grievous sin, it is a singular division of topics to treat of schism *and* sin.

Afterwards the reverend writer speaks of "these two great classes, namely—the Dissenters, and the open and scandalous sinners" (p. 35).

Yet, since the Dissenters "are found in open schism" and therefore "in grievous sin," as has been previously alleged by him, they must be sinners quite as openly, if not quite as scandalously, as the rest.

But, waiving this, and reverting to Mr. Bennett's view of the true Church, it would appear that on the whole it is defined in his judgment by territory. An Englishman is a member of it when at Dover; but becomes, in about two hours, a schismatic

when arrived at Calais. It would appear to us a much more simple and less embarrassing system, to claim for his own Anglican Church that it is the true Church exclusively, and wait in hope for that happy day when both the Protestant and Romanist schismatics of all lands shall be gathered into this one fold.

It must no doubt be also confidently hoped, that the primate of that day will not give occasion to such a stricture as we find in this pastoral, where it is said that in reference to "the doctrine of the real presence," "we seemed to be well nigh discomfited by the decision of the archbishop of the province." *

For the present, even after that simplifying of the theory which we venture to suggest, there would remain this considerable difficulty—how to reconcile with an unbroken unity those variations and alienations which are found *within* the Anglican pale; which are rather obvious (even were all so-called schism swept away) in the place of Mr. Bennett's own labours; where the incumbent of a contiguous district holds opinions so opposed to those of the vicar, that they never mutually officiate, and that their respective congregations, as well as the pastors, impute to each other most serious errors. The Dissenters, in contemplating that state of things, will be apt to discern a peculiar propriety in the vicar's phrase above cited, "the Church out of whose broken unity they have gone forth." It appears paradoxical as coming in such circumstances from such a quarter, that in the second letter we find these remarks: "Reasonable allowance it is thought right to make for old associations which may attach persons to one church or ministry, in reference to another; but each person, having made his choice, should abide by it. To whichever of the churches any one belongs of right, or attaches himself by his own choice, there alone should he seek the sacraments, the privileges, and the instruction which he needs." (pp. 2, 3).

To reconcile this with the well-known fact, that in another church of the same town, the vicar's opinions on the sacraments are the object of what he has termed "heretical attack" (p. 30), we must leave to the reverend author's ingenuity.

The truth is, that such a theory or scheme of unity cannot, even by more masterly disputants than Mr. Bennett, be ever made consistent with itself. Not even the Romanist can successfully pretend to such unity; as Bishop Jewel's "Apology," Bishop Stillingfleet's "Treatise on the Divisions of the Roman Church," and Dr. Edgar's "Variations of Popery," abundantly show.

And if not the Romanist, how much less those of whom

* Pastoral Letter II., p. 50.

Bishop Jewel writes, "We have separated ourselves from that Church which our opponents call Catholic."

The true theory of Christian unity must be, that it subsists in all those who, under whatever forms, or in whatever community, are influenced by the same spirit of grace, exercising vital faith in the one Saviour, and brotherly kindness towards all in whom His image is discernible. The Anglican, or any other Christian, may fairly believe and profess that his form of Church government and communion is the best, the most primitive, the most perfect, the most profitable; but when he proceeds to attempt to unchurch others, whether in his own or other lands, he arrogates a power from which charity and common sense alike revolt; and makes a pretension which, in the eyes of many, appears simply ludicrous.

It may be fitly rebuked in the words of an excellent clergyman of the same Church, who writes, "Nothing is more to be deprecated than that Christianity should be petrified in an idolatrous obeisance to uniformity, to prevent which, it may be judged, uniformity was, at the Reformation, *providentially* rendered almost as impracticable as Judaism was upon the destruction of Jerusalem and expatriation of its people. It might also be suggested, that notwithstanding the evils arising from the contests of the *formal zealots of all parties*, the various social classes have been better reached by various agencies, than it is likely that they could have been by that of one unalterable character. In the second place, a practical exhortation may be addressed to all who grieve for the divisions of the Church of Christ, and justly believe that they are attended by much that must scandalize the world. It may be said to them, Let it be admitted that sin and folly have had their share in producing *some* of these divisions; still remains the question, Which is the best way of acting with regard to them, in order that the Church of Christ may be exhibited, or rather, may reflect its Lord's image, as fairly as possible? Is it by alleging extravagant claims in behalf of some one section of the general Church? Is it by contending against the very note and token given by our Lord, 'Ye shall know a tree by its fruits,' and by asserting that whatever may be its good fruits, such a community *is not within the pale;* and whatever may be its bad fruits, such an one *can never be without it?* No. There is but one method of mitigating the *asperities* of the outlines which sever us. It is, to choose that community which, in the sight of God, you judge to be best for your own soul, and having joined it, to do your utmost in there maintaining that truth which is the only chain along which the fire of life and light is conducted; and looking evermore beyond the instrument to its

end, not to commend your choice by assumptions and denunciations, but by the lovely holiness of your conduct. It is not, indeed, maintained that, by professing Christians acting with this aim, all differences would be done away. The *desirableness* of that at present is very doubtful; because it is certain, that there is no one community fitted by its spirit or its organization to do the work of all. But it is maintained, that our very distinctions in opinion and in operation would more highly illustrate the force and spirit of those mighty principles which unite us as brethren in different compartments of the same field; it is maintained, that Christianity would acquire a new persuasive charm, and that in looking upon our UNITY IN DIVERSITY, the most worldly-minded man might be tempted to repeat, 'How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel.'" *

Sentiments as truly Christian and catholic as these, are in some instances adopted and practically exemplified on both sides. Hauteur on the one part, and jealousy on the other, with different forms of mutual prejudice, are in those cases, to a great extent, discarded; and we have ground to entertain the hope that such examples are in some quarters growing more frequent.

In proportion to their number and sincerity alone, can that only real and practicable unity subsist, where agreement on the great cardinal or fundamental doctrines and facts of our religion, is combined with cordial regard, or candid esteem, among those who on secondary points yet differ. This also would most effectually discountenance the very phantom-like invention and pretence of unity set up by such semi-Protestant writers as we have here referred to. Some clerks, deep in patristic learning, and exact in dress and ritual, with many ladies fully under their guidance, may confidently rejoice in the self-laudatory persuasion that they and theirs alone constitute the true Church, and monopolize God's covenanted mercies. But intelligent laymen will take such an assumption at its real worth. Foreign Protestant Christians will still justly satirize such a system as "Popery Beheaded;" † while pious British Nonconformists, it is hoped, will not render railing for railing, nor be moved, except sometimes to smiles, by the warnings and accusations of those who are, equally with themselves, under the ban and anathema of Rome.

---

* Church of Christ Pourtrayed, by the Rev. C. J. York, Rector of Shenfield, p. 158.

† Le Papisme Décapité.

Art. III.—BALZAC.

Balzac: sa Vie et ses Œuvres, d'après sa Correspondance. Par Mme. L. Surville (née De Balzac). Paris: Libraire Nouvelle, Boulevard des Italiens, 15. 1858.

Few romance writers of modern times have been more fertile and popular than Balzac; and yet there have been few whose literary history presents so much that is melancholy and painful. Endowed with a prodigious memory, an almost miraculous faculty of observation, a subtle power of analysis, and an exuberant imagination, these great gifts were unusually slow in attaining maturity, and their possessor had written no less than thirty romances before they were fully developed. "Les Chouans," written in La Vendée, close to the theatre of the events which it describes, was the first work which revealed to the public the mine of wealth stored up in the mind of its author, who was then in his twenty-ninth year. From that period, however, his success was rapid, and his reputation steadily increased with the publication of "La Physiologie du Mariage," "La Peau de Chagrin," "Eugénie Grandet," and a crowd of other tales and romances. He was a bold and true painter of the manners of modern society, laying bare its vices and corruptions with an unsparing hand; in his most elaborate work, "La Comédie Humaine," which is divided into eight series, and contains upwards of three thousand characters, he has aspired to place at once upon the stage the whole circle of modern society, in all its varied and complicated aspects. In point of fertility, Sir Walter Scott and the elder Dumas are the only modern novelists who can be compared to Balzac. The splendid Houssiaure edition of his works contains ninety novels and romances, and represents more than a hundred and twenty volumes of ordinary size. Balzac had much of that eccentricity of character and conduct which seems so often to be combined with remarkable literary or artistic genius, and presents one of the most animated and irregular literary physiognomies of his day, full of originality and contrast. It was therefore to be expected that, after his death, many stories would be in circulation with regard to the life and habits of one so personally remarkable, and who had occupied so large a space in the public eye; and it is in order to present us with a true delineation and accurate portraiture of her accomplished brother, freed from the fables of the idle and unthinking, and the aspersions of the malicious, that his favourite sister, Mdme. de Surville, has published the unpretending but most interesting little volume which we have

placed at the head of the present article. Following its narrative, we shall now endeavour to place before our readers a sketch of the life and works of the great novelist.

Balzac was born at Tours on the 16th of May, 1799, the fête day of St. Honoré, after whom he was named by his father. His sister describes him as an engaging child, with a smiling and finely chiselled mouth, large brown eyes, a lofty forehead, and thick black locks. His father had been an advocate during the reign of Louis XVI., and the stormy scenes of the great French Revolution. Later in life, he retired to Tours, where he lived for nineteen years on a property which he had bought in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. He was highly respected by all who knew him for his wisdom and kindness of heart. Withal he was a great original; his favourite hobby was the preservation of health; and he entertained an idea, which has been advanced by a recent writer, that human life, if properly arranged, ought to extend to a hundred years and more. To attain this more, he took extraordinary pains, and was unceasingly on the watch to establish what he termed "the equilibrium of the vital forces." His care was in some degree successful; for he had attained the age of eighty-three, when he died from the effects of an accident in 1829. At one time in affluent circumstances, he was in later life, from failures and other misfortunes, reduced to comparative indigence. His memory, spirit of observation, and readiness of repartee, were very remarkable, and Mdme. Surville tells us that his wise and varied conversation, and curious anecdotes, not only instructed his celebrated son in the science of life, but also furnished him with the subject of more than one of his books. The mother of Balzac was the daughter of the director of hospitals in Paris. She was handsome and rich, and much younger than her husband; and was distinguished for great vivacity of spirit and imagination, indefatigable activity, a rare firmness of decision, and unlimited devotion to her family. It thus appears that, if talent be hereditary, the great qualities of Balzac were the natural and logical consequence of those of his parents. He inherited the originality, the memory, and the faculty of observation of his father, the fertile imagination and activity of his mother, and the energy and kindness of heart of both. When still very young, he gave proof, in the childish games in which he engaged with his brothers and sisters, of that rich fancy which was afterwards to produce such abundant fruit, by improvising little comedies for their amusement. At seven years old he was sent to the College of Vendôme, then a very celebrated seminary, where he remained for seven years,

without in any way distinguishing himself. To his professors, he appeared an idle and careless boy; but, nevertheless, during these seven years, he had read, unknown to them, a great part of the books in the rich library of the college. His health and spirits, however, suffered so much from this vast and miscellaneous reading, that he was obliged to leave college and return to his family, when the country air and their society soon restored him to his usual health and vivacity.

In 1814, Balzac's father was called to Paris, to undertake the direction of the commissariat of the 1st military division, and his son accompanied him in order to complete his studies; in doing which, he was not more successful or distinguished, than he had formerly been at the College of Vendôme. Afterwards, he attended the eloquent prelections of Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin, and studied in the public libraries, in order the better to profit by their instructions. Even at this early age, he had a great love for books; and, by picking up rare and curious works at the book-stalls on the quays, commenced the foundation of that splendid library, which, in after years, he succeeded in rendering so complete. At this period, the parents and friends of Balzac seem to have regarded him as rather a dull stupid lad, and to have had no idea whatever of the hidden genius that lay slumbering within him; and their astonishment and incredulity would probably have been excessive, had any one then told them that he would yet be so celebrated, that the street in which he lived would afterwards bear his name. Balzac's father destined him for the profession of a notary, in order that he might be able to enter into an advantageous partnership, which had been offered to him, and which would speedily secure ease and independence. Honoré, accordingly, went through a complete course of legal studies, and, at the age of twenty-one, had finished his law course and passed all the necessary examinations. His father then for the first time announced to him his intentions with regard to his future career, which were entirely distasteful to the son, who had fixed his mind on obtaining distinction in the world of letters, and who saw in the proposed partnership an end to all his visions of literary fame. A warm discussion ensued between the father and son, which ended in the partnership scheme being abandoned, and in Balzac's receiving two years during which to vindicate his vocation for literature. This dislike to the law and choice of a literary career, gave great distress to the family and friends of Balzac, and one of the latter declared that the young man was good for nothing but to be put into some bureau as a copying clerk, as the only accomplishment he possessed was that of a fine hand. Balzac exclaimed, on hearing

this harsh sentence, "*Je donnerai un démenti à cet homme;*" and, when his future celebrity had effectually done so, he further revenged himself by dedicating to him one of his best works.

Balzac's mother naturally enough imagined that a little experience of the misery and poverty of the life which he had selected, would soon bring him to acquiesce in the wishes of his family; and, accordingly, upon their departure from Paris, she installed him in a garret near the Library of the Arsenal. This apartment was furnished in the most meagre manner, with only a few chairs and a table; while the allowance given to the young *littérateur*, was barely sufficient to provide him with the necessaries of life. An old servant, for twenty years attached to the service of the Balzac family, was, however, left in Paris by his mother, and charged to keep an eye upon him. The transition from the abundance and variety of his paternal home to a miserable solitary chamber, destitute of every comfort, was trying enough; but Balzac, at length at liberty to follow the bent of his own inclinations, and buoyed up by hopes of future success, never complained. From this date commences his correspondence with his sister, now Mme. de Surville, which has been carefully and tenderly preserved, and which furnishes the best means of understanding and appreciating the character of its author. At this time, he meditated a vast number of works, chiefly dramatic; he had not yet discovered where lay the true strength of his genius. After much hesitation, he at length determined to make his literary *début* by writing a tragedy upon the history of Cromwell; and the letters in which he details his doubts and difficulties, his aspirations and trials, to his favourite sister, are full of interest. They are perfectly unaffected, and contain an evident outpouring of his whole mind to one who loved him truly and sympathized in all his hopes and anxieties. Most of his letters at this period are full of the gaiety of youth, but sometimes graver thoughts mingle with his juvenile spirits. In one he thus writes: "I have left the Jardin des Plantes for the Père Lachaise. The former is too sad. In my walks through the latter I find many an inspiration, many a reflection on sorrow useful for *Cromwell*. True grief is so difficult to depict—it requires so much simplicity! Decidedly there are no epitaphs so beautiful as those here—La Fontaine, Masséna, Molière. A single name, which says everything, and sets one a-dreaming!"

In April, 1820, the tragedy of "Cromwell" was finished, and Balzac repaired to his father's house full of joy, and counting upon a certain triumph. It was read before the assembled family and their friends, an ancient professor of the Ecole Polytechnique acting as judge. On the close of the reading, the

professor solemnly declared that the young author might excel in anything except literature. Balzac received this severe sentence unflinchingly, with the remark, "Tragedies are not my *forte*, that is all," and then resumed his literary labours; but he was so emaciated by fifteen months of his garret life, that his mother would not permit him to return, but retained him at home in order to watch over his health. During the next five years, he composed more than forty volumes, which he, however, considered as imperfect attempts, so that those which were published appeared anonymously, in order that they might not bring discredit upon the family name, and he could never afterwards be persuaded to avow them. In the meantime, his sisters were married, and left the paternal roof, and Balzac recommenced his correspondence with Mme. de Surville; he seems, indeed, to have been accustomed to open his mind to her more fully than to any other human being, and she probably does not say too much, when she asserts in her preface, that she alone is in possession of the materials requisite for presenting to the public an exact biography of her celebrated brother.

Although Balzac was successful in getting some of his early romances printed, he yet made nothing by them. He was unknown in the literary world, and had no powerful protectors or friends, so that the road to fame and fortune was to him steep and difficult of ascent. Longing to escape from the trammels in which he was held in his father's house, and from the constant pain of hearing his abilities undervalued, and his career disparaged, he looked around him for some rapid means of acquiring that wealth, which would enable him to carry on his literary projects in ease and freedom. Hence arose the embarrassments which embittered the whole of his future existence, and weighed him down with a burden of debt, which hung like a millstone about his neck; so that—like Scotland's greatest novelist—the latter part of his career presents a melancholy and painful picture of life worn out, and the very heart and spirit exhausted, in efforts to pay off manfully and fully the debts in which he had become involved by unfortunate pecuniary speculations.

Balzac was twenty-five years old when, induced by the counsels of a friend who also furnished him with the necessary funds, he commenced his search after fortune. His first speculation was as a publisher, and his first publication was the complete works of La Fontaine and Molière in a single volume. The jealousy and opposition of rival publishers rendered this enterprise unsuccessful, and Balzac gained by it nothing but debt. He next became the owner of a printing establishment, to which he subsequently added a type foundry, acquired, partly

with borrowed money, and partly by the assistance of his family; but the expense of carrying on these joint undertakings was great, and they failed for want of the requisite funds, at the very moment when their possession might have secured success. Balzac was consequently obliged to sell them much below their value, and the lucky purchaser afterwards realized from them a handsome fortune. The result was, that at twenty-nine, he possessed nothing but his debts and his pen—a pen whose powers were then unknown.

In 1827, appeared his romance of "Les Chouans" which at length attracted some favourable notice from the press and the public. It was speedily followed by "Catherine de Médicis," one of his best, though not best known, works, which shows to what a height its author might have risen as an historical novelist. Balzac was an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Walter Scott, not only on account of the ability which he had displayed in obtaining the public favour, but also for the fertility and power which he had exhibited in maintaining his claims to it. Among his works, he particularly admired "Quentin Durward," although he thought that Sir Walter had there misrepresented Louis XI., a monarch whose character he considered imperfectly understood, and whom he afterwards brought upon the stage in his romance of "Maître Cornelius." At one time, Balzac entertained the idea of illustrating the manners and progress of his native country by a series of historical romances; but soon abandoned this project, and determined rather to depict the manners of his own time. He entitled his works "Etudes de Mœurs," and divided them into series: "Scènes de la Vie Privée"—"de la Vie de Campagne"—"de la Vie de Province"—"de la Vie Parisienne," &c.; but it was not till 1833, about the time of the publication of his "Médecin de Campagne," that he conceived the idea of combining all his characters, in order to form a complete whole. His ambition was to depict the entire range of modern society, and construct with his own hands a work which should correspond to, and embrace every phase of human existence. "The day," says Mme. de Surville, "when this idea flashed upon his mind was a happy day for him." He rushed off to communicate the fortunate conception to his favourite sister, and, on arriving at her residence, joyously exclaimed, "Congratulate me. I am in the fair way to become a genius. He then unfolded to us his plan, which at first alarmed us a little; vast as was his intellect, time would be wanting to carry out such a scheme. 'How glorious it will be if I succeed!' he cried, marching up and down the room, unable to rest, and joy sparkling in every feature. 'How tranquilly shall I submit to be for the present a mere novel-

maker, while shaping out my stones! I enjoy in anticipation the astonishment of the short-sighted when they shall behold the grand edifice which they will form!' That master builder then sat down in order to discuss the contemplated work more at his ease; he judged impartially the imaginary beings who compose it, in spite of the tenderness with which he regarded them all."

"He told us the news of 'La Comédie Humaine' just as one tells the news of the real world. 'Do you know who Felix Vandenesse marries? A lady of the Grandville family. It is an excellent marriage, the Grandvilles are rich, in spite of what Mlle. de Bellefeuille has cost them.' If sometimes we demanded grace for a young man on the road to ruin, or for a poor unhappy woman whose sad lot interested us: 'Don't stun me with your sensibilities,' he would reply; 'the truth before all. Those sort of people are feeble and useless, that happens to them which ought to happen—so much the worse for them.'"

It was not until the publication of the compact edition of his works that Balzac determined upon giving to it the title of "La Comédie Humaine," a name which he adopted after much hesitation, fearing lest he might be censured for presumption. To this edition he prefixed a beautiful preface, in which he expresses a fear, destined to be prophetic, that he would not live to finish his cherished work. He also associates his chief friends by dedicating to each of them one of the works composing "La Comédie Humaine," which dedications show that he was valued and beloved by a number of his most illustrious contemporaries.

Between 1827 and 1848, Balzac composed and published no less than ninety-seven works, and this, too, without either secretary or corrector of the press. His method of writing his romances was a very strange one. His first sketch, even of his longest works, seldom exceeded thirty or forty pages, and each sheet was thrown aside as it was written without being revised or corrected. Next day a proof of the MSS. was sent him by the printer with enormous margins. On the second proof, the forty pages expanded to a hundred, and these to two hundred on the third, and so on, until the work had received the finishing touches of the master. He was the terror of compositors, who dreaded his interminable additions and corrections, and it has been said that they used to stipulate in their engagements, that they should not have on each working day more than two hours of Balzac. "The love," says Mme. Surville, "which he had for perfection, and his profound respect for his own talent and for the public, made him, perhaps, labour his style too much. Except some works written under so happy

an inspiration that he retouched them but little, (such as 'La Messe de l'Athée,' 'La Grenadière,' 'Le Message,' 'La Femme Abandonnée,' &c.), it was only after having corrected successively eleven or twelve proofs of the same sheet, that he gave the *bon à tirer* so much longed for by the poor typographers, so fatigued by his corrections, that they could not each get through above a page at a time of Balzac."

The hours of labour to which Balzac accustomed himself were most unnatural, and must have seriously injured his constitution. He thus describes them in a letter to his sister written in 1833: "I have resumed my life of labour. I go to bed at six o'clock, immediately after dinner. The animal digests and sleeps until midnight. Auguste then brings me a cup of coffee, by the help of which the mind goes on working until midday. I then rush to the printing office with my copy, and get my proofs, in order to give exercise to the animal, who is full of thought even while walking. One puts a great deal of ink upon paper in twelve hours, little sister, and at the end of a month of that existence, there is a good deal of work done. Poor pen! Thou must be of diamond not to be worn out by so much labour! To increase the reputation of thy master, to acquit him towards all, then to give him a day's repose on the summit of the mountain, that is thy task!"

During the last twenty years of his life, Balzac travelled extensively; visiting Savoy, Sardinia, Corsica, Germany, Italy, St. Petersburg, and Southern Russia, and making besides a number of journeys into the interior of France, in order to enable him to describe faithfully and forcibly the scenes in which he placed his characters; and to this happy choice of locality, and vividness and accuracy of description in portraying many of the towns and districts of France, may be attributed a part of his success. He thus succeeded in ministering to the national vanity and to the nobler feeling of patriotism, and he is even more popular in the provinces than in Paris. In spite, however, of his increasing fame and popularity, his life was a series of struggles and shifts. From 1827 to 1836, he was obliged to live by granting bills, and was in perpetual anxiety as to the means of meeting them when they became due, or of getting them renewed when he was unable to meet them. He used to say that his burden of debt, with its accumulating interest, was like a snowball, which gathered size in rolling. At times, in order to appease the most urgent and menacing of his creditors, he achieved prodigies of labour, which astounded the printers and booksellers, and ultimately shortened his life.

Balzac was a day-dreamer; and was fond of building castles

in the air, fancying some rich millionaire paying all his debts out of admiration for his genius, and he thus, perhaps, prevented himself from dwelling too much on the sombre realities of his position. He was constantly, however, on the watch for some means of retrieving his affairs. He had heard certain learned members of the French Institute maintain that the ancient Romans, but imperfectly acquainted with the science of metallurgy, had left much neglected wealth in the scoriæ of the Sardinian mines. The sanguine spirit of the novelist at once adopted this idea, and he lost no time in starting for Sardinia, where he procured specimens from the scoriæ of the mines, and on his return, submitted them to the analysis of skilful chemists. Their report was favourable; but it was necessary to proceed to Piedmont in order to obtain from the Sardinian Government a concession of the scoriæ of the mines. Balzac's literary engagements, however, delayed him for nearly a year; and, at length, on reaching Piedmont, he had the mortification to find himself too late. Always communicative, he had mentioned the motive of his voyage to the Genoese captain who had conveyed him to Sardinia, who had lost no time in obtaining for himself a grant of the scoriæ from the Sardinian Government, by which he succeeded in realizing a handsome fortune, for it was really rich in silver, and Balzac, but for his indiscreet revelation and subsequent enforced delays, might have secured that liberty and competence for which he had so long and vainly striven.

In 1833, Balzac was obliged to institute legal proceedings against the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in vindication of his literary rights; and, as justice was evidently on his side, he succeeded in gaining his case. But the consequences of this success were very disastrous; for it not only closed against him the columns of that influential review, but also rendered it decidedly hostile in its criticisms. The publication of his book "Illusions Perdues," in which he shows up the feuilletonists, raised a great part of the press in arms against him, and he soon found himself assailed on all sides; but Mme. Surville tells us that he cared so little for the attacks thus made upon him, that he was in the habit of bringing for her perusal and that of her husband, those articles in which he was most severely criticised. He himself set on foot two literary journals, the *Chronique de Paris* and the *Revue Parisienne*, hoping that by careful editing they would acquire a wide circulation, and thus assist him in paying off his numerous liabilities. In spite, however, of his utmost exertions, and the aid of numerous accomplished literary friends, such as Théophile Gautier and Charles de Bernard, neither of these undertakings proved successful. About this time his critics assailed him with the

charge of immorality, and their accusations were so successful, that his works were prohibited in Spain and Italy, and especially at Rome. These attacks pained him exceedingly; and, at times, overwhelmed him with discouragement. "They are determined," he used to say to his sister, "to overlook the general scope of my work, in order the better to tear it to pieces in detail. My modest critics hide their faces before certain characters in 'La Comédie Humaine,' unhappily as true to nature as the others, and who form the shadows in the great picture of the manners of our epoch; there are vices in our times as in all others: would they have me, in the name of innocence, clothe in white the two or three thousand characters in 'La Comédie Humaine?' I should like to see them at that work. I do not invent the Marneffes male and female, the Hulots, the Philippe Brideaus whom every one thrusts aside in our advanced civilization. I write for men, not for young girls! Let them then cite a single page where religion or the family are assailed! Such injustice vexes the heart and saddens the spirit! Through how many tortures must success be achieved!" Occasionally, Balzac met with some public and gratifying recognition of his genius, which consoled him for the numerous attacks made upon his reputation. Thus, at Vienna, when he entered a concert-room one evening, all present rose in a body to salute the author of "La Comédie Humaine;" and, on leaving the room, a young student started from the midst of the crowd, seized the hand of Balzac, carried it to his lips, and exclaimed, "I embrace the hand which has written 'Séraphita!'" "There was so much enthusiasm and conviction in that youthful face," said Balzac, relating the anecdote to his sister, "that that sincere homage went at once to my heart, and when my talents are denied, the remembrance of that student consoles me!"

As a dramatic writer Balzac was unsuccessful. "Vautrin," the first of his pieces which was represented, was produced at the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, in 1840, and was withdrawn after the third representation. "Les Ressources de Quinola," another of his dramas, in which he made the bold attempt to produce a second Figaro, and rival the brilliant wit and happy style of Beaumarchais, was also a failure. It abounds in obscure phraseology, improbable situations, and exaggerated effects, and is deficient in that sparkling gaiety which delights us in the immortal Figaro. The great novelist, indeed, seems to have but ill comprehended his own abilities when he attempted to distinguish himself as a successful writer of comedies.

Mme. Surville informs us that, in the society of herself, her husband, and children, and in that of his intimate friends, Balzac, in spite of his many cares and embarrassments, was a

most amiable and charming companion, gay and good-humoured, and apparently as happy and unconcerned as the youngest and happiest present. "Those who have known Balzac," she says, "from the cradle to the grave, can testify that that man, so clear-sighted and observant, was trusting and simple as a child in his amusements, of the sweetest temper even in his days of sadness and discouragement, and of such amiability among his intimate friends that life was happy near him. In short, that great genius had all the graces and all the charms of those who shine only by their amiability. His happy gaiety of temperament gave him the serenity necessary for the prosecution of his labours; but he was a fool who pretended to judge Balzac in his hours of amusement; that child-like man, returned to his work, again became the gravest and most profound of thinkers." He had a curious theory with regard to the names of the characters in his novels. He held that invented names could only give life to imaginary beings, while those which have really been borne give reality. And upon this theory he selected those of all the personages in "La Comédie Humaine," returning joyfully from his walks when he had made some good acquisitions of this sort. "*Matifat! Cardot!*" he once remarked to his sister; "what delicious names! I found Matifat in the Rue de la Perle au Marais. I see already my Matifat! He will have a clownish cat-like face, and a slight degree of stoutness, for Matifat will have nothing great about him, as you may well believe. And Cardot? Another affair: he will be a little man, dry as a flint, sprightly and jovial."

Balzac bestowed much time on the formation of his plans, and carried them a long while in his head before reducing them to writing. "He is dead," says his sister, "bearing with him to the tomb more than one completed work, which he reserved for the maturity of his talent, affrighted at the extensive prospect which he saw before him. 'I am not yet,' he would say, 'arrived at the perfection necessary for these grand subjects.' The 'Essai sur les Forces Humaines,' the 'Pathologie de la Vie Sociale,' 'L'Histoire des Corps Enseignants,' the 'Monographie de la Vertu,' such were the titles of these works, of which the pages will, unhappily, remain unwritten." One characteristic of Balzac which we have not yet noticed, was his excessive *amour-propre*. This was, however, so frank, so good-natured, and so well justified, that it was far preferable to that false humility which is often the disguise of the deepest pride. It served, too, to sustain him against the want of success and the attacks of his enemies. He might possibly have done better to repress his open exhibition of self-satisfaction; but that would have been almost impossible

for a man of his vivacity of temperament and openness of disposition. He was always the first to laugh at his own egotism, and could bear the laugh of others; and, though proud of his own genius, he was never meanly jealous of others; but, on the contrary, ever ready to acknowledge and praise merit either in a friend or a foe.

Mme. Surville's tenderness and admiration for the memory of her brother occasionally lead her a great deal too far, though such a fault is natural and easily pardoned in a sister; thus, when she assigns him a place beside Rabelais, Shakspere, and Molière, we may excuse her partiality, but we cannot help smiling at her blindness. She may, however, plead high authority in favour of her opinion; for Victor Hugo has pronounced the most glowing eulogium on "La Comédie Humaine," which he styles, "Livre merveilleux que la poëte a intitulé comédie, et qu'il aurait pu intituler histoire, qui prend toutes les formes, et tous les styles, qui dépasse Tacite et qui va jusqu'à Suétone, qui traverse Beaumarchais et qui va jusqu'à Rabelais."

In the present volume, Mme. Surville does not touch upon the later years of her brother, his romantic marriage with the Countess Hanska, and his premature death at the age of fifty-one, after four months of wedded happiness; but she leads us to hope that she may yet do so, and thus finish the portrait she has so happily commenced. Meanwhile, we cannot more appropriately conclude the present sketch of his life and works, than by the following vivid and interesting picture of the personal appearance and dress of the great novelist: "My brother said jestingly, in reference to his short stature—he was but five feet three inches in height—that great men were almost always little; which doubtless was in order to bring as close as possible the head and the heart, that these two powers, which govern the human organization, might the better perform their functions. At home one always found him clothed in a large dressing gown of white cashmere lined with white silk, cut like that of a monk, and fastened by a silken girdle, his head covered with that Dantesque cap of black velvet which he had adopted in his garret, which he afterwards always wore, and which my mother alone made for him. According to the hour at which he went out, his dress was very slovenly or very careful. If one met him in the morning, fatigued by twelve hours of labour, rushing along to the printing office, an old hat pushed over his eyes, his hands concealed in coarse gloves, his feet shod with high-quartered shoes drawn over a wide pair of trowsers, he might be confounded with the crowd; but, if he uncovered his forehead, looked at, or spoke to you, the most

vulgar man would keep him in remembrance. His intellect, so constantly exercised, had still further developed that forehead naturally vast, which received so much knowledge! That intellect showed itself at his first words, and even in his gestures! A painter would have been able to study upon that ever-changing countenance the expression of all the feelings, joy, pain, energy, discouragement, irony, hopes, or deceptions: it reflected all the emotions of the soul. He triumphed over the vulgarity which stoutness gives, by manners and gestures impressed with native grace and dignity. His hair, of which he often varied the arrangement, was always artistic, in whatever manner he wore it. An immortal chisel has given his features to posterity. David's bust of my brother, at the age of forty-four years, has faithfully reproduced his beautiful forehead, his magnificent hair—token of physical equal to his moral force—his deep-set eyes, the fine lines of that square cut nose, of that mouth with its curved contours, where good-nature and sarcasm were mingled, that chin which finished the pure oval of his face before his stoutness had impaired its harmony. But the marble, unfortunately, has not preserved the fire of those lamps of intellect, of those eyes with brown pupils spangled with gold like those of the lynx. Those eyes asked and answered without the assistance of speech, discerned the ideas and the feelings, and threw out sparkles which seemed to proceed from an internal fire, and to give light to the day instead of receiving it!"

The friends of Balzac will recognise the truth of these lines, which those who have not known him will accuse of exaggeration.

ART. IV.—HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.

History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. London. 1857.

MINERVA is fabled to have sprung perfect, armed, and beautiful, from her father's brain,—one of the least apt of the Grecian myths; since the arts and sciences which she represents and patronizes, are, in their origin, almost uniformly imperfect, if not grotesque. From the specimens which survive of the earliest efforts of imitative or inventive art, we can well imagine how much the still earlier attempts would require some legend attached, to explain whether the thing represented were "fish, or calf, or bird on bough." Yet the work of men's hands is not more defective than that of the mind; the

first sketches and rudiments of all science are invariably distinguished by crudeness and practical inapplicability. The first theories of cosmogony, dependent on heat, on atoms, on vacua or plena, on fire, or on numbers,—all out of proportion and ill-adapted as are the causes to the effects which are to be accounted for,—are scarcely even less plausible than the incipient attempts at new generalizations, which are made in all ages; even in those when the principles of true philosophic induction might be supposed to be recognised and understood. Within the last three years, we have seen the publication of a grave and even learned work,* in which the author, striving after some new and very extensive classification of phenomena, concludes that *heat*, under the designation of the "law of the laboratory," is the one and efficient cause of the powers and motions of the universe; the purpose being skilfully accomplished by ignoring certain oppugnant facts, dialectically explaining away others, and dwelling at great length upon a few general principles, twisted and contorted, so as to apply to the theory; and, as some facts are too important to be overlooked, and too obstinate to be bent, they are classified as amongst those things which we shall understand better sometime, and which, "*therefore*," in no way militate against the general view.

Another writer, of no small scientific merit, seriously argues, that the blue colour of the sky is owing to the combustion of hydrogen in oxygen in the upper strata of the atmosphere!

That this should be an age of systematization (at least, in attempt),—that the systems should be in many cases weak and inefficient, is in no way surprising. There is a vast and ever increasing and multiplying accumulation of facts in every department of human knowledge, which must, in every thinking and orderly mind, excite a weariness of their intolerable burden—some order and method *must* be introduced; and it is scarcely possible to imagine that the first attempts at this order can be otherwise than wrong or imperfect. Yet are they worthy of the utmost respect, and eminently interesting. It is after many a shipwreck that a true chart of the ocean is formed. It is through seas of error that even the greatest minds arrive at truth. The originator of a science can by no means perfect it at once; he is not acquainted (who can be?) with *every* circumstance which may favour or oppose his views; but his crude conception is formed and fashioned by a thousand hands, not one

* Nomos. London, 1856.

of which, perhaps, could have sketched the first outline. In our admiration of the gigantic intellect of a Newton, we must not forget a Ptolemy. Without the labours and accumulation of observations, we might even say without the *theories* of previous inquirers, in which to detect error, the greatest minds would fail to form a science; and it would be almost irrational to suppose that Newton could of himself alone have attained that comprehensive view of the universe, which so changed the aspect of science. He *was* a giant, but did not refuse the greater range of vision afforded by the monuments of the greatness of his predecessors.

For these reasons, we would, under certain limitations, to be afterwards indicated, ascribe very great honour to the pioneers in any science—to those who rough-hew a path through apparently impenetrable forests of well- or ill-observed and unarranged facts,—binding them into bundles, however heterogeneous,—tying them with cords ever so brittle. All may have to be altered, but the way is in some measure pointed out; at least (and a great work it is) the possibility of success is suggested. The honour of this achievement will also be the greater, in proportion to the difficulties and complexities which beset the work; and we may readily conceive that the number of these is at its maximum, when we attempt to investigate problems connected with social life and progress.

In natural or physical science, the elements of calculation are comparatively few; and if not so, they comport themselves under certain given conditions, with a uniformity which may be equally matter for history or prediction. A planet obeys a known disturbing force with the same regularity that it fulfils the primary laws of its motions. An acid and an alkali act and react in the same manner, under similar conditions, now, as they did a thousand years back. But the case is almost indefinitely changed, when the question is concerning man and his doings. Subject to all physical laws, he is at the same time moved by another law which is not physical, and which, so far as we have yet ascertained, is not of calculable regularity —the inner, mental life—the *individual will*. The problem becomes complex in the extreme. Given—man, with his capacities and tendencies, his hopes and fears, his passions, his vices and virtues, motives, hindrances, aspirations, and ambitions; given also some sketch of his past history;—to trace the law of causation of events, to calculate his present status, and his future progress and destiny. No wonder that, till very recently, no attempts have been made to solve so apparently hopeless a problem; where the unknown quantities have been and are so much more numerous than the equations; or that

men have taken refuge in empiricism—in theories of fate or chance.

The volume before us is intended as an attempt at some such solution, or at least to clear the way for it—to indicate that a solution is possible. It is a very remarkable book, great in execution, gigantic in promise and purpose. It consists of about nine hundred pages; yet appears to be only a small part of the "General Introduction" to the body of the work, which is to treat of "Civilization in England." We propose to give, as briefly as the important nature of the subject will permit, an analysis of the earlier chapters, in which the nature and causes of civilization are discussed, with such comments as may seem to be necessary. As we shall chiefly have to appear in the character of opponents to almost all Mr. Buckle's opinions and conclusions, we wish, in the outset, to express our cordial admiration for the depth of research, and the apparently boundless stores of learning which characterize this work; for the clear and sometimes eloquent style in which his views are set forth; and for the uncompromising boldness with which an entirely new path is struck out through fields of inquiry that might well dismay a less courageous mind. At the same time, we must deprecate the arbitrary assumption of superiority over all who hold opposing views, and the contemptuous classification of the religious opinions of a great proportion of the civilized world, as "superstitions," "weaknesses," and "glaring absurdities." It is very possible, and a very pleasant supposition, that we alone know the truth; but to trample down our neighbour, and ride rough-shod over his cherished hopes and sentiments, is scarcely the likeliest means to bring him over to our views. But we will now address ourselves to the work in hand.

Mr. Buckle objects to the style in which history has hitherto been written. Vast masses of material have been collected, annals collated and sifted, antiquities examined, political economy raised to a science, statistics extensively cultivated, natural science developed, and prodigious numbers of different tribes of men visited and described by travellers, so as to enable us to compare their conditions with each other, and with those of civilized communities.

"When we add that this curiosity respecting our fellow-creatures is apparently insatiable; that it is constantly increasing; that the means of gratifying it are also increasing; and that most of the observations which have been made are still preserved;—when we put all these things together, we may form a faint idea of the immense value of that vast body of facts which we now possess,

which fact (singularly enough!) forces us to the "conclusion, that the offences of men are the result, not so much of the vices of the individual offender, as of the state of society into which that individual is thrown" (p. 27); and "can leave no doubt on our minds that suicide is merely the product of the general condition of society, and that the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances" (p. 25). To this we have only to object, that instead of being stigmatized as "offenders and felons," these men ought to be called philanthropists and public benefactors. If a given portion of society be necessarily compelled to commit murder and suicide, by "a law so irresistible, that neither the love of life nor the fear of another world can avail anything towards checking its operation" (p. 26), we can but be deeply grateful to those who will do so objectionable a business for us. Curious would be a code of laws, framed on such principles, logically carried out. Pensions to murderers, and a place in some pantheon to all suicides, would be necessary elements of such legislation. Even under the most modified view, criminals should never be punished, but rather pitied as victims; since "the moral actions of men are the product not of their volition but of their antecedents" (p. 29); and it would be wanton cruelty to punish for what was inevitable; whilst, on the other hand, no consideration of example could have any weight. Not only crimes, however, are subject to this regularity, but social arrangements. Marriages, instead of having "any connexion with personal feelings, are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people" (p. 30), and the price of grain. Statistics, having revealed this regularity of events, are emphatically pronounced to have "thrown more light upon the study of human nature than all the sciences put together" (p. 31). A curious idea is this, that a science of numbers can throw light upon human nature and its laws. After each retreating tide, the general aspect of the shore is very similar; and, perhaps, a yearly enumeration of the jelly-fishes, the crabs, the star-fishes, the shrimps, &c., which strew its surface, would not present any great numerical differences. Yet how strange and grotesque it would appear in any one to attempt, from these numbers, to infer the habits and manners of crustaceans, the present state of the medusæ as a tribe, or the physiology and probable capacities of the echinoderms. Yet something like this is proposed to be done with humanity. Count the results of its tens of thousands of conflicting passions and interests—enumerate the army of the slain, and return the number of the survivors—and you will have data whereon to found a science of humanity, to recognise

its present position, and to calculate, with certainty, its future. What a simple problem is before us under this view! With the utmost appreciation for the revelations of this most valuable science, we must confess that we cannot see how they prove the doctrine of necessary connexion, in opposition to any of the other three: chance, predestination, or free will. We cannot at all see why free will in operation in society might not produce a regularity at least as striking as those quoted. The suicides in certain years vary about twenty-five per cent. from those in other years, which certainly leaves some scope for the action of will. The other two doctrines appear to us much more likely to produce regularity of results than this vague one of necessary connexion. As to predestination, if a power could ordain for one year a certain number of crimes, surely there would be nothing extraordinary in a nearly like number being ordained the next. As to chance, that would certainly produce more absolute regularity than occurs under the law of necessary connexion. This, which appears a paradox at first, becomes perfectly clear when examined. It is only by taking large averages both of time and place, according to Mr. Buckle's own statements, that any regularity is observed. It is not in any given street, or town, or district, or day, or month, that a certain number of crimes or other events must occur; but by taking countries and years. Now, if we take the doctrine of chances, with similar allowances, we shall find an almost perfect regularity. Seven hundred white balls and three hundred black ones in an urn, shaken out one by one, will certainly fall out in the proportion of seven to three; not, perhaps, in each ten, but taking a long average, the result will assuredly be so. In twenty-one throws of the dice, we may almost reckon with certainty upon any *one* combination; if it should not occur, a longer experience will bring up the average. And so, considering crime as an element of society, its regular occurrence does not seem any more explicable by necessary connexion, than by chance, free will, or predestination. Mr. Buckle, however, considers it proved that it is so; and hence views man chiefly as the creature of external circumstances, and, we suppose, entirely irresponsible.

The physical agents, by which the "human race is most powerfully influenced," are "climate, food, soil, and the general aspects of nature." Climate chiefly influences man's power and disposition to labour; soil determines the nature and extent of the food; and these combined, determine the first accumulation and distribution of wealth in any society, whereby a class is originated, which has leisure to cultivate arts

and sciences, and so to produce civilization; for civilization is entirely the product of "the totality of human knowledge." Without knowledge there can be no civilization; without leisure there can be no knowledge; without wealth there can be no leisure; and without an overplus of food there can be no wealth. And thus civilization is strictly dependent upon food.

"If what a people consume is always exactly equal to what they possess, there will be no residue; and, therefore, no capital being accumulated, there will be no means by which the unemployed classes may be maintained. But if the produce is greater than the consumption, an overplus arises; . . . . and now it is that the existence of an intellectual class first becomes possible."—P. 39.

The direct returns of the food to the labour are influenced by the soil; whilst the climate influences the regularity and energy with which the soil can be cultivated. "There is no instance in history of any country being civilized by its own efforts, unless it has possessed one of these conditions in a very favourable form." Thus in Asia, civilization has never been developed, except on the tract of rich alluvial soil, extending from the south-east of China, to the western coasts of Asia Minor and Palestine.

"To the north of this belt there is a long line of barren country, which has invariably been peopled by rude and wandering tribes, who are kept in poverty by the ungenial nature of the soil, and who, as long as they remained on it, have never emerged from their uncivilized state."

Yet these same people, the Mongolians and Tartars, have, when transplanted to regions of the above-named belt, founded large and highly civilized monarchies. In like manner, the Arabs had to leave their original barren, sandy wastes, before they could attain to any advanced civilization. And the same causes were operative in Africa. It is only in its eastern part, where the sandy desert is watered by the Nile, and covered, by its overflow, with a rich alluvial soil, that civilization became possible. This soil—

"Yields to labour the most abundant, and, indeed, the most extraordinary returns. The consequence is, that in that spot wealth was rapidly accumulated, the cultivation of knowledge quickly followed, and this narrow strip of land became the seat of Egyptian civilization; a civilization, which, though grossly exaggerated, forms a striking contrast to the barbarism of the other nations of Africa, none of which have been able to work out their own progress, or emerge, in any degree, from the ignorance to which the penury of nature has doomed them."

Thus, in the earlier civilizations, the fertility of the soil exercised the most powerful influence; but, although prior in time, as might be expected, it is far from being the most permanent. The earliest forms of civilization were chiefly tropical, and dependent upon the nature of the soil; but in Europe, where the soil is less productive, the climate is more favourable to the development of the energy of man, followed by more successful labour; and, therefore "the civilization of Europe, which, in its earlier stage, was governed by climate, has shown a capacity of development, unknown to those civilizations which were developed by soil."

A people thus having acquired an overplus of food, which constitutes wealth,—solely stimulated by the soil and climate,—the next question which arises is, How, and by what laws, shall this wealth be distributed? Here, again, the influences are shown (on the author's views) to be entirely physical. Exactly in proportion to the natural fertility of the soil, food will be abundant, increase of population rapid, and labour cheap; and hence will arise a very unequal distribution of wealth—a great accumulation of riches amongst the higher classes, and the most abject poverty amongst the lower; resulting in irremediable slavery on the one hand, and despotism on the other. But, as the soil becomes less productive naturally, and the energies of man, invigorated by climate, are more necessary for its cultivation, the people will not multiply so quickly, food will be less abundant, and obtained by more labour; as a necessary consequence, this labour will be better rewarded, and the labouring classes will be in a higher and more independent position than in the former case. And thus is instituted the important difference between the slavery of tropical climates, and the freedom of colder ones.

Another important determining element in the same direction is found in the difference of food, both as to essential nature and quantity, which is required, under the varying physical conditions mentioned. As a rule, the inhabitants of warm latitudes require little food, and that little of a kind which is very easily procured—food abounding in oxygenized matter, rather than carbonized; such as is produced in great quantities by the soil, in many cases almost without labour, in others, entirely so. In colder climates, more highly carbonized food is required, and more in quantity; at the same time, this is not procured in the same easy manner, in many cases being derived from animal life; and the result is—

"That among nations where the coldness of the climate renders a highly carbonized diet essential, there is, for the most part, displayed, even in the infancy of society, a bolder and more adven-

turous character, than we find among those other nations, whose ordinary nutriment, being highly oxydized, is easily obtained, and, indeed, is supplied to them by the bounty of nature, gratuitously and without a struggle."

With the abundance and cheapness of food, the people multiply rapidly, the labour market is overstocked, and wages are low. "To express, therefore, the conclusion in its simplest form, we may say that there is a strong and constant tendency in hot countries for wages to be low, in cold countries for them to be high" (p. 59). And as forms of civilization depend in great measure upon the relations instituted between the various classes of society, so, in proportion, as food is cheap and abundant, civilization must be imperfect, and characterized by slavery. That this is not a strained deduction from Mr. Buckle's principles, will be evident from his comments upon the inhabitants of India. The cheapness and abundance of their staple food, rice, has been the sole originating cause of their degraded moral and physical condition. The Institutes of Menu declare that a slave must continue a slave, even though his master may give him his freedom; "for of a state which is natural to him, by whom can he be divested?"

"By whom, indeed," says Mr. Buckle, "could he be divested? I ween not where that power was, by which so vast a miracle could be worked. For in India, slavery—abject, eternal slavery—was the natural state of the great body of the people; it was the state to which they *were doomed by physical laws utterly impossible to resist*. The energy of those laws is in truth, so invincible, that wherever they have come into play, they have kept the productive classes in perpetual subjection. There is no instance on record of any tropical country, in which wealth having been extensively accumulated, the people have escaped their fate; no instance in which the heat of the climate has not caused an abundance of food, and the abundance of food caused an unequal distribution, first of wealth, and then of political and social power."—P. 73.

With this illustration of our author's views on the origin of the differences between man and man, and between state and state, we must leave this part of the subject. Faulty and imperfect as is the theory, obvious as it is that favouring influences have been mistaken for efficient causes; yet Mr. Buckle's application of these principles to the development of the ancient civilizations, abounds with matter of deep interest and instruction. The subject is much too extensive to be discussed within our limits; yet how this view fails to account for the phenomena of human progress will be evident, if we inquire why, physical laws being uniform in operation, the results have not been uniform? Why, if exuberant population

and food tend to slavery; and the reverse conditions to social prosperity and freedom, Lapland and Siberia are not farther advanced than ourselves? Why, if latitude, and climate, and soil determine progress, England should be the centre of civilization, whilst Canada* was in a state of barbarism?

The physical condition of the various races being thus determined by their food, Mr. Buckle proceeds to show that what climate and soil are to the accumulation and distribution of wealth, the aspects of nature are to the accumulation and distribution of thought. The summary of an elaborate and interesting argument is this: In tropical countries, the powers and aspects of nature are grand and overwhelming, dominating over man, convincing him of his feebleness and inefficiency, quelling reason, and forcing into excessive development the imaginative faculties, as applied to art, religion, and literature. Hence, superstition originates, and intelligent progress is impossible. In Europe, nature is on a less magnificent scale, and man is enabled to assert and develope his own powers; here—

"The tendency of natural phenomena is, on the whole, to limit the imagination, and embolden the understanding; thus inspiring man with confidence in his own resources, and facilitating the increase of his knowledge, by encouraging that bold, inquisitive, and scientific spirit, which is constantly advancing, and on which all future progress must depend."—P. 119.

"Hence it is, that looking at the history of the world as a whole, the tendency has been, in Europe, to subordinate nature to man; out of Europe to subordinate man to nature" (p. 138). The progress of European civilization is, therefore, to be traced by the progress of mind, and by the operation of mental laws.

Mental progress is twofold—moral and intellectual; a double movement, which is "essential to the very idea of civilization;" and the most important questions which can arise in any history of civilization, are those which relate to the share which these may respectively claim in its development. Mr. Buckle weighs the pretensions of each in a scale of his own construction, and concludes that man's progress in civilization is entirely due to his intellectual advance, whilst morals exercise little or no influence upon it. For this reason: the conduct of mankind in the aggregate is regulated by, and

* This is not an unfair illustration; for Mr. Buckle indignantly repels the idea of any differences between men, except such as are produced originally by physical causes. For proof of this, see note to p. 37.

conforms to, the standard of morals and knowledge, common to the age and country in which they live. But this standard is continually changing, and this standard represents the state of civilization; and this mutability "shows that the conditions on which the standard depends must themselves be very mutable; and those conditions, whatever they may be, are evidently the originators of the moral and intellectual conduct of the great average of mankind" (p. 163). Anything, then, which is not mutable, cannot be a source or cause of human progress; therefore, by this test, "we shall see at once how extremely small is the influence those motives have exercised over the progress of civilization" (p. 163). For, according to Mr. Buckle, the principles of morality have always been the same, and, therefore, can have no progressive influence.

"That the system of morals, propounded in the New Testament, contained no maxim which had not been previously enunciated, and that some of the most beautiful passages in the Apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors, is well known to every scholar; .... and to assert that Christianity communicated to man moral truths previously unknown, argues, on the part of the assertor, either gross ignorance, or else wilful fraud."—*Note to p.* 164.

Mr. Buckle prefixes to his work a list of about one thousand volumes, from which his materials have been drawn. Amongst these we do not find the Bible mentioned, so that, perhaps, we have no right to feel surprised at the errors contained in this rather intemperate statement. Let us briefly examine its value; for, although the mistakes (to call them by a mild name) are not of much weight, as affecting the primary argument, yet they will serve to show the spirit in which certain parts of this work are written.

In St. Paul's address to the Athenians, there is a quotation of five words, from either Aratus or Cleanthus: Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν—"We are also His offspring;" certainly more intended to keep alive the sympathies of the Athenians with the subject of his address, than to inculcate any great moral truth.

In the First Epistle to the Corinthians, there is another quotation of five words: "Evil communications corrupt good manners," probably from Menander's Φθείρουσιν ἤθη ἤχρῆσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί; which may fairly be said to be a heathen sentiment of morality.

In the Epistle to Titus, a quotation from Epimenides (most probably) calls the Cretians "liars, evil beasts, slow bellies;" not a great *moral* truth, however true in itself.

We cannot positively assert that these are *the only* quotations

from heathen writers, in the New Testament; but they are certainly the chief and most important,—there is not, therefore, much value to be attached to the charge of plagiarism against the Apostles.

The other part of the allegation, that Christianity taught no new lessons in morality, is almost too grotesque for serious refutation. How often did its Great Author, speaking to the Jews, quote to them their highest moralities, following them up by "But *I* say unto you." How often did they acknowledge that He spake as never man spake! What heathen writer ever taught us to *love* our enemies, or to *pray* for them that persecute us, and despitefully use us? Unless Mr. Buckle can show us where these doctrines had been inculcated, before the teaching of Christ, we may fairly retort upon him the accusation of "gross ignorance or wilful fraud."

Since the Christian era, morals have, indeed, been stationary, whilst intellect has been steadily progressive. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? The highest morality, a Divine teaching, once set forth, there was no room for progress; it was pure and perfect, and could be no more; but because perfect, must it be inoperative? There is a strange and almost inconceivable confusion of idea in this view, which overlooks entirely the *progressive recognition* of the moral law as a rule of life and conduct. Let us apply the same mode of argument to intellectual developments, and we shall see its fallacy at once. We may imagine, for the sake of illustration, that for a term of years human knowledge is not advanced in any particular; but that what is already known is diffused over the entire world, and all the savage and half-cultivated tribes of men are raised to our present state of intellectual development. Doubtless, civilization would have much advanced; and yet, according to Mr. Buckle's view, we must necessarily deny all share in this advance to intellect, since the absolute amount of knowledge is not in the least augmented. Morality is stationary—so is the multiplication table; but to immense masses of our fellow-creatures, the moral law, as a practical guide, is as little known as the differential calculus; by very few, perhaps by none, is it known and practised in perfection; and it is in proportion as its authority is recognised, and its rules obeyed, that men become civilized. Without the moral part of our nature, intellect would remain utterly inoperative, because its discoveries are in themselves essentially undiffusive. In advancing civilization, the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the security of life and property, must surely be reckoned as considerable elements; and with equal certainty these cannot be called intellectual discoveries.

How powerless mere intellect always proves itself in preserving and advancing civilization, may be seen by a glance at the empires of Greece and Rome, which declined at the very time of their greatest intellectual activity; and this, according to the unanimous testimony of historians, because of their demoralized, and, consequently, disintegrating state; in other words, because of the lack of faith and conscience, and a moral law, which alone can hold together, and give vitality to any society.

Mr. Buckle further remarks that "the intellectual principle is not only far more progressive than the moral principle, but is also far more permanent in its result." The acquisitions of the intellect are "immortal;" but the good that men do dies with them (p. 166).

"The consequence is, that although moral excellence is more amiable, and to most persons more attractive than intellectual excellence; still it must be confessed, that looking at ulterior results, it is far less active, less permanent, and less productive of real good..... These conclusions are, no doubt, very unpalatable; and what makes them peculiarly offensive is, that it is impossible to refute them."—P. 166.

The conclusion is comfortable and modest.

Mr. Buckle ingeniously traces the decline of religious persecution and of war entirely to intellectual progress, denying all share in it to morals; but ascribing the praise as to the latter altogether to the inventions of gunpowder, of political economy, and of improved means of locomotion; and he is again so satisfied with his views, that he is "quite unable to see on what ground their accuracy is to be impugned" (p. 204).

To give a complete view of Mr. Buckle's conclusions as to the relative value of morals and intellect, and whilst giving a favourable specimen of his style, to indicate how conveniently history can be warped or ignored, we shall quote at length the conclusion to his fourth chapter. Having pledged himself to prove in his future volumes (p. 204) that the advance which Europe has made from barbarism to civilization, is "entirely due to its intellectual activity," and that the changes in a civilized people are "dependent solely" upon the *amount*, the *direction*, and the *diffusion* of the knowledge of that people, he continues:—

"These are the three great movers of every civilized country; and although their operation is frequently disturbed by the vices or the virtues of powerful individuals, such moral feelings correct each other, and the average of long periods remains unaffected. Owing

to causes of which we are ignorant, the moral qualities do, no doubt, constantly vary; so that in one man, or, perhaps, even in one generation, there will be an excess of good intentions, in another, an excess of bad ones. But .... in what may be called the innate and original morals of mankind, there is, so far as we are aware, no progress. Of the different passions with which we are born, some are more prevalent at one time, some at another; but experience teaches us that, as they are always antagonistic, they are held in balance by the force of their own opposition. The activity of one motive is corrected by the activity of another; for to every vice there is a corresponding virtue. Cruelty is counteracted by benevolence; sympathy is excited by suffering; the injustice of some provokes the charity of others; new evils are met by new remedies; and even the most enormous offences that have ever been known, have left behind them no permanent impression. The desolation of countries, and the slaughter of men, are losses which never fail to be repaired; and at the distance of a few centuries every vestige of them is effaced. The gigantic crimes of Alexander or Napoleon become after a time void of effect, and the affairs of the world return to their former level. This is the ebb and flow of history, the perpetual flux, to which, by the laws of our nature, we are subject. Above all this, there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is amid its endless fluctuations, one thing, and one alone, which endures for ever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and, eventually, the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralized by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal; they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream—they are as the fabric of a vision, which leaves not a wrack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe all that we now have; they are for all ages and all times; never young and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do, even at the moment of their promulgation."—Pp. 205—6.

To enter fully into an analysis of this rhapsody in praise of intellect would require volumes; and as there are many other important branches of the inquiry yet to pass in review, we must content ourselves with a very brief comment. It is difficult in every particular to answer Mr. Buckle, because where the discrepancy of his views with certain well-known historical facts

might be shown, he is prepared with the reply, that a broad enough field of observation is not taken. Thus, finding that knowledge alone does not always satisfactorily account for the phenomena of progress, he says that "although it is perfectly true that the totality of human actions, if considered in long periods, depends on the totality of human knowledge, it must be allowed that this great principle, when applied only to one country, loses something of its original value." There are perturbations from moral sources, and influences from without, which certainly balance and equalize each other in the long run, and therefore are of no consequence in calculating the general progress of humanity. To this it is evident no reply can seriously be attempted, because any decisive instances would be esteemed on much too small a scale of time and place to prove anything. Otherwise we might assert that large empires had been destroyed, and their losses *not* repaired—that enormous crimes have had enormous influences on progress—that arts and sciences and intellectual emanations have been lost—that bad men have gravely affected whole nations, though in the order of Providence they may not have been permitted *always* to sweep them from the earth. If we are told that all these things are balanced and equalized by something elsewhere, and that a "long average" will show that these perturbations are things of no account, we may grant this; but in the fact we can only recognise that, let men rage as they will, there is a God that ruleth in the affairs of the world, and will not suffer the wickedness of man finally to triumph. Mr. Buckle may attribute this conservative influence to intellect alone; but the assertion is gratuitous—the cause inefficient. If the moral tendencies are neutralized by others, is it not equally probable, that knowledge is neutralized by ignorance, even more certainly than virtue by vice? Living also in a Christian land, and believing that from the times when our ancestors were half-clad savages, we have received *some* benefit from Christianity, we cannot acquiesce in the verdict that to "the discoveries of genius" we owe all that we now have; we should rather attribute some part of our happiness to that blessed hope of immortality which our Saviour has revealed to us—to that wisdom which cometh from above, which confounds the wisdom of the wise of this world—to those hopes without which we might indeed be of all men most miserable. Were it otherwise, woe indeed to the poor! to those who have no leisure for the cultivation of the intellect; woe to all those who place their trust not in their own might and their own power, but in Him who is to them the shadow of a great rock in a weary land! thrice woe to the weary and heavy laden, and to him

who has tried wisdom and tried knowledge, and behold, it was all vanity and vexation of spirit.

But whilst food and climate, and intellect and "natural progress" are doing so much for humanity, what of religion, what of literature, of forms of government, of intercourse with other people? Why, little or nothing! These are all small perturbing influences, which are of no account in a general view.

"The interference of foreign governments; the influence exercised by the opinions, literature, and customs of a foreign people; their invasions, perhaps even their conquests; the forcible introduction by them of new religions, new laws, and new manners,—all these things are perturbations, which in a view of universal history equalize each other."—P. 211.

In another place (p. 232) influences from without are summarily disposed of as "tampering" with natural progress.

Once for all, we must acknowledge our utter inability to comprehend this theory of "equalization," or how it can be applied to individual cases. The progress of humanity depends on the progress of nations without doubt, and individual nations are, according to Mr. Buckle's own statement, affected by the above-named influences for good or for evil. The preaching of St. Augustin, the Norman Conquest, the Reformation—these, and innumerable other events, have powerfully influenced English progress; and we are at a loss to conceive where, when, or how, these events can be equalized, or what could be understood by the phrase; unless it be that whilst we are the better for them, some other people are worse. The introduction of Christianity into Europe has certainly changed its aspect very materially, and it is difficult to imagine what could "equalize" its influence, or what the result of such equalization would be, unless it were a return to paganism. Indeed, this theory appears to us only a device to escape from the otherwise inevitable consequences of the historic test as applied to the principle of pure intellectual dynamism in nations; and it has certainly the merit of being, in its vague way, unanswerable.

Mr. Buckle acknowledges that religion, literature, and government are "subjects of vast importance, and which in the opinion of many persons are the prime movers in human affairs. That this opinion is altogether erroneous will be amply proved in the present work" (p. 232). Religion is a symptom, not a cause, of the progress of a people; when it is more than this, it is a disturbing element, which interferes with, but by no means facilitates, progress. The conversion of barbarous nations is impossible, unless they are first civilized (p. 234). Great thinkers undoubtedly do occasionally arise, who found a

new religion, or a new philosophy, "by which important effects are eventually brought about." But if this religion, or philosophy, be too much in advance of the age, it is useless, and must wait till the minds of men are ready for it.

"Thus it was that the doctrine of one God, taught to the Hebrews of old, remained for many centuries altogether inoperative." The Jews were barbarians, and therefore unfit for a pure religion; they relapsed constantly and necessarily into idolatry; and it was not until they were advanced in civilization that they "began to abstract and refine their religion," so as to accomplish for themselves what God could not accomplish for them. In short, a great mistake was made in choosing a "peculiar people," and making them the worshippers of One God!

A similar anachronism and mistake was committed in reference to the introduction of Christianity into Europe. "The Romans were, with rare exceptions, an ignorant and barbarous race," for whom "Polytheism was the natural," and therefore the better, creed. The invaders who overran Rome were also barbarians, "who brought with them those superstitions which were suited to their actual condition." Christianity was unfit for these people, and the result was, that "after the new religion seemed to have carried all before it, and had received the homage of the best part of Europe, it was soon found that nothing had been really effected" (p. 237), and no good resulted until Europe had civilized itself, and so become fitted for such a form of religion. Accordingly, Christianity only did mischief, by disturbing the natural progress of civilisation (pp. 237—240, *et seq.*). All forms of religion, indeed, are inventions of the people themselves, and are one as good as another; that which arises amongst any people is the natural one and the best for them.

"In the Dark Ages, men were credulous and ignorant; *they therefore produced* a religion which required great belief and little knowledge. In the sixteenth century their credulity and ignorance, though still considerable, were rapidly diminishing, and it was found necessary *to organize* a religion suited to their altered circumstances; a religion more favourable to free inquiry; a religion less full of miracles, saints, legends, and idols."—P. 239.

Any idea of an "external revelation" is so utterly contemptible, as scarcely to be worthy of allusion; except in terms of pity for those who are weak and superstitious enough to believe in it. The lofty contempt lavished upon any references to Providence or Divine Power is truly edifying. Speaking of Comines, the historian, whom he styles "an observer of rare sagacity," Mr. Buckle adds:—

"As to his superstition, it would be idle to give many instances of that; . . . it may, however, be observed, that though he was personally acquainted with statesmen and diplomatists, and had, therefore, the fullest opportunities of seeing how enterprises of the fairest promise are constantly ruined, merely by the incapacity of those who undertake them, he, on all important occasions, ascribes such failure, not to the real cause, but to the immediate interference of the Deity; . . . and deliberately asserts that battles are lost, not because the army is ill-supplied, nor because the campaign is ill-conceived, nor because the general is incompetent; but because the people or their prince are wicked, and Providence seeks to punish them."—P. 300.

He adds, in a note, that the last vestige of such opinions, once so prevalent, "is the expression, which is gradually falling into disuse, of 'appealing to the God of Battles.'"

In these reckless statements concerning the deficiencies and incapabilities of the Christian faith and religion, there is an utter disregard of historical truth, which it may be worth while to investigate briefly. And first as to the impossibility of influencing barbarous nations by religion previous to intellectual cultivation. "We may as well expect seed to quicken in the barren rock, as that a mild and philosophic religion should be established among ignorant and ferocious savages [before some intellectual change has taken place]. Of this innumerable experiments have been made, and always with the same result." Now to go no further than our own country: we were ignorant, ferocious, and savage enough to delight the warmest admirers of the "natural man," when the Gospel of Christ was preached first in our land; if offering up each other as burnt offerings to idols, and other customs not fit to mention, be any signs of savagery. Yet we received that Gospel, and were *by it* civilized. For we have no evidence that the early Romish missionaries gave us much intellectual culture; and at all events this was subsequent to their preaching. Of course Mr. Buckle rejects *in toto* the accounts of successful missions in the present day; these are compounds of fancy, enthusiasm, and fraud. Yet we can scarcely open a work by any enlightened traveller treating of savage life, which does not allude to the civilizing results which in some degree always follow the introduction of Christianity, even when the religion itself may not be perfectly received, as is too often the case. When men live clothed in little save vermin, and yet are so undainty in diet as to eat one another, they may fairly be supposed to represent savage life in perfection. When they wash and clothe themselves, and cease to eat their enemies, or even their relatives, they may equally fairly be supposed to have taken some steps towards civilization. And these are the results which,

amongst other authorities, Mr. Pickering relates (himself no staunch supporter of Christianity) as having in numerous instances followed the introduction of the Gospel in the islands of the South Seas. The warlike barbarians of Scythia and Germany also were converted to Christianity first by the slaves whom they had brought from the Roman provinces, who can scarcely be imagined *first* to have civilized them, since the civilization was an entirely subsequent process to the reception of the religious truth. No doubt all these things may be classed by Mr. Buckle as the minor "disturbing influences" which in the broad view of history are "balanced and equalized;" but the application of the theory is obscure.

Perhaps the testimony of Gibbon, whose well-known hostility to Christianity will exempt him from any charge of overstating the case, may be useful in showing what Christianity did for Europe, and what was the nature and *order* of its connexion with Civilization. We shall, therefore, quote a few passages from his great work, which are valuable as proving what Christianity compels even its opponents to acknowledge.

"Christianity, which opened the gates of heaven to the barbarians, *introduced* an important change in their moral and political conditions. They received at the same time the use of letters, so essential to a religion whose doctrines are contained in a sacred book; and while they studied the divine truth, their minds were insensibly enlarged by the distant view of history, of nature, of the arts, and of society." After showing how the study of the Scriptures stimulated learning, and kept up the connexion with the Augustan age of literature, he proceeds: "The emulation of mankind was encouraged by the remembrance of a more perfect state; and the flame of science was secretly kept alive, to warm and enlighten the mature age of the Western world. In the most corrupt state of Christianity, the barbarians might learn justice from the *law*, and mercy from the *Gospel;* and if the knowledge of their duty was insufficient to guide their actions, or to regulate their passions, they were sometimes restrained by conscience, and frequently punished by remorse." In all this, there is no indication of a suspicion that increasing intelligence *demanded* a new religion; but that religion was the direct agent in inducing cultivation of the intellect. The same high and unprejudiced authority tells us that "a new spirit of legislation, respectable even in its error, arose in the empire with the religion of Constantine,—and the Christian princes adapted their penal statutes to the degrees of moral and religious turpitude."

As it would appear to be Mr. Buckle's opinion, that one religion is as good as another, he may be justified in stating,

that "nothing had been done" when, in the place of the degrading superstitions of paganism, a purer form of belief and morals had been introduced. The only proof, however, which he even attempts to adduce is, that Christianity soon became corrupted; all the rest is a tissue of gratuitous assertions, contradicted in mass by all the plain, well-known facts of history. We have entered thus at length into this part of the subject, not so much with the view of confuting what requires no refutation, as to show how Mr. Buckle disregards all history and all testimony which militates against his theory of progress. His views on the subject of prayer may be gathered from the following passage:—

"Science not having yet succeeded in discovering the laws of rain, men are at present unable to foretell it for any considerable period; the inhabitant of the country is therefore driven to believe that it is the result of supernatural agency, and we still see the extraordinary spectacle of prayers offered up in our churches for dry weather or for wet weather; a superstition which, to future ages, will appear as childish as the feelings of pious awe with which our fathers regarded the presence of a comet, or the approach of an eclipse. . . . . We resort to the impious [!] contrivance of calling in the aid of the Deity to supply those deficiencies in science which are the result of our own sloth; and we are not ashamed, in our public churches, to prostitute the rites of religion, by using them as a cloak to conceal an ignorance we ought frankly to confess."—P. 345.

No, assuredly we are not ashamed to obey the precepts and follow the example of our Master; but Mr. Buckle belongs to the "*Positive*" school of religion and philosophy, and cares for none of these things. His determined hostility, however, to all other views than his own, very frequently leads him into a state of illogical wrath; as in the present instance. For if there be an all-powerful Being and a revelation of His will, which tells us to ask for those things that are needful for us, there can be no *impiety* in doing so;—if there be neither, the term "impious" is unmeaning; at the worst we can but be "childish:"—perhaps, even then, we may be no further from the Kingdom, for becoming thus like little children.

Our readers will permit us to introduce an imaginary sketch, which will embody Mr. Buckle's views on the relations of humanity to religion more compendiously than a mere abstract.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. An Address to Young Men.
By a "Positivist."

Young men, listen to the words of wisdom. You have, most of you, been taught in your childhood to use a formula, called the "Lord's Prayer," which in a very short space contains a

great deal of error, much of it unmeaning, but much also dangerous. Against this error I wish to guard you, by a brief commentary on each clause of this singular composition. The first is an invocation—*Our Father, which art in heaven!* Although the "religion of Positivism" allows us, in some sort, to worship our ancestors,* it tells us little about a Heavenly Father, or indeed a heaven. But in all past ages, humanity has been so weak as to be unable to stand alone, without some such ideal support as is here implied; and even in this enlightened age, the majority of men, amongst whom you are doubtless ranked, cannot yet be persuaded that food and intellect are alone sufficient to constitute their well-being. *Under protest,* therefore, I see no objection to your professing some belief in a superhuman power, which, indeed, has certain advantages, and is not without a kind of poetical beauty. The idea of one God is, in truth, a "magnificent conception," philosophically considered, but there are limitations under which it must be entertained. You must be quite sure that your intellect is sufficiently developed to understand it, or it will not only be "utterly inoperative," but will, because premature, only be a "perturbing influence" in the way of your natural progress. If you are not sufficiently advanced, you will find Fetichism or some form of Polytheism much better suited to your requirements. But if you do adopt this creed, you must be, above all things, especially careful to recognize this God *only* as an abstract idea, without attributes or powers; otherwise you will be acquiring superstitious feelings of dependence, and limiting your own volitions and expansions.—*Hallowed be Thy name.* If this phrase means anything, it is objectionable, since to hallow the name of an abstract powerless idea is an absurdity. *Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*—Here the hypothesis becomes complicated; there is a heaven of which we know nothing, a scene of imaginary acts, in obedience to an unknown will; for I take it for granted that no one who listens to me is weak enough to place any faith in what is called an "external revelation." If there must be a kingdom then, take care that it is a Merovingian kingdom, in which you are mayors of the palace; do your own will, and endorse its acts with any name you like: do it energetically, and if intellectually, you need not be particular (if your aim is universal progress) as to the morality, or otherwise, of your acts; for your "good or evil deeds will produce but temporary results," but your "intellectual discoveries will be immortal." *Give us this day our daily bread.*—To this I must decidedly object as

* See the Catechism of Positive Religion.

"impious;" it is "prostituting the rites of religion," to obviate "the results of our own sloth." Your food depends on the soil and your own labour; go and work,—if you cannot get it that way, die; for it is "childish" to invoke Divine power in such a cause, and totally useless. God (if there be one) has no more power to disturb the order of nature than you have.—*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.* As to your part in this proposition, you must act as seems best to you in each case; "expediency"* is the true principle of legislation, and, therefore, doubtless, of private conduct. *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.* All this is, of course, unmeaning: our own desires and passions are but the creatures of an "irresistible law" of the "necessary connexion of events;" we cannot escape from the consequences. To be sure, in the present imperfect state of society, if we commit crimes in obedience to them, and are found out, we shall be punished; most unjustly, as it appears; but the punishers are also irresistibly compelled to act as they do. It must be confessed that a perfect theory of society and law is as yet difficult to frame.—*For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.* If you like to put a Childeric or a Chilperic on a phantom throne, it will make no practical difference; but no power or glory must be ascribed to him; the power is yours, and yours only; and the glory must be given to those who have taught you to recognise and act upon these great truths. Let me, in conclusion, remind you that food and climate having originated civilization, intellect has carried it on, unassisted by any laws of morality, and in spite of all the "hindrances" caused by "religion, literature, and forms of government." The case being so,—and the proofs of it are irrefragable,—I need not further point out how absurd and illogical it is to seek aid in such progress from any other source. *Valete et plaudite.*

Mr. Buckle's ideas on the influence of literature on civilization are distinguished by as much originality as those on religion. "Literature, in itself, is but a trifling matter" (p. 245). "Knowledge must be acquired before it can be written." The benefit which Europe has received from literature" is owing, not to what the literature has originated, but to what it has preserved." It is merely a symptom, not a cause, of the progress of nations. "Individual men may, of course, take great steps, and rise to a certain height above the level of their age. But if they rise beyond a certain point, their present

* See p. 416, on the character of Burke.

usefulness is impaired; if they rise still higher, it is destroyed." Mr. Buckle afterwards, with an inconsistency which greatly characterizes his work, attributes the occurrence of one of the most important events in history, the French Revolution, to the writings of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. Having before stated that the "amount, direction, and *diffusion*" of knowledge are the sole dynamic agencies in civilization, he now denies the importance of by far the most powerful means of accomplishing its diffusion.

Whilst a belief in the efficacy of religion is weak, and in that of literature foolish, any dependence upon governments is repudiated with a scorn which is unbounded. The notion that the civilization of Europe has been at all advanced by any governments "must appear so extravagant, as to make it difficult to refute it with becoming gravity. Indeed, of all the social theories which have ever been broached, there is none so utterly untenable, and so unsound in all its parts, as this." Like literature and religion, governments are only *symptoms* of the state and progress of the people. "No great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, has ever been originated in any country by its rulers!!!" (P. 258.) Except in the preservation of order, and the punishment of crime, whatever governments have done, "they have done amiss;" "their laws in favour of industry have injured industry; their laws in favour of religion have increased hypocrisy; their laws to secure truth have encouraged perjury;" and though religion has done much to obstruct progress, governments have done infinitely more; and the sole end and aim of future governments must be "to restore things to that natural channel, from which the ignorance of preceding legislation has driven them" (p. 253). By this time we shall not be startled when we find Mr. Buckle complaining of the introduction of the art of writing, as having corrupted history; of the change of religion in Europe, because it subverted old traditions; and of the conservation (or "monopoly") of history by ecclesiastical writers, at a time when it was likely to become extinct.

At one view, the theory of civilization, as developed in this very remarkable work, is as follows: In all cases, food and soil and the aspects of nature have been the primary agents in instituting progress. When once instituted, it has assumed two distinct types—one, the Asiatic and tropical, marked by the ascendancy of nature over man—the other, European, marked by the ascendancy of man over nature.

The mental progress which marks and constitutes the latter is twofold, moral and intellectual; but moral truth being stationary, *can have no influence whatever* on any progressive

movement. Therefore, European civilization is "entirely due to intellectual activity"—Q. E. D.

Religion, literature, government, foreign influence—all these are merely disturbing causes, doing more or less harm, according to their potency, but quite incapable of effecting any good. Whatever good they may seem to do, is local and temporary, and becomes in some way "balanced and equalized." Moral feelings certainly influence the acts of every *individual*, but (as nations are not aggregates of individuals) they exercise no general influence.

When Mr. Buckle's theory is thus disentangled from the vast stores of learning in which it is involved, a perusal of it leaves a grave doubt on the mind, whether or not this ponderous volume (promising many others) has been written as a solemn joke, to test the credulity of readers of history and philosophy. If it be a joke, it is a most highly laboured one, and consequently, *as such*, eminently unsuccessful; one withal which it is "difficult to discuss with becoming gravity." If not, it evinces a lack of *causal* perception, and crudeness of analysis, which we could scarcely have supposed possible in one so deeply read.

Let us take one illustration. In the last two thousand years, our own country has experienced a vast revolution in morals, religion, intellect, literature, and government. The changes in these particulars have been (to use a favourite phrase of our author's), "taking a long average" synchronous; they have kept pace one with the other. There is no greater difference between the intellect of the nineteenth century and that of the first, than between the morals or the forms of government of the same epochs. We have no vestige of historical evidence that improved intellect *preceded* the other coetaneous changes, especially in morals and religion; we have very strong testimony, and that from writers hostile to Christianity, that, in our own country, and on the Continent, the change from paganism to Christianity was the direct stimulus to intellectual development, its source and support. Yet, in the face of all this, Mr. Buckle selects *intellect* as the first and only dynamic agency in this progress; intellect, which has been in no one sense *more progressive* than either religion or government; intellect, which, in contradistinction to morals, is eminently and essentially unsocial and undiffusive; intellect, which was at its highest point of activity when the gorgeous civilizations of Greece and Rome were compelled to succumb to the brute force of barbarism; intellect, which, disassociated from a moral law has ever proved, and ever will prove, utterly inefficient in preserving any community or state in prosperity.

Our limits have only allowed us to discuss the broad outlines of the earlier chapters of this able but mistaken work. In the subsequent chapters, the history of intellect in England and France from the middle of the sixteenth century is sketched, and ample material is produced for the refutation of the previous theories. The other volumes of the "General Introduction," are to contain an investigation of the civilizations of Germany, America, Scotland, and Spain. Until these appear, we have thought it better not to enter into any detailed historic illustrations, which will be more complete when the materials for general comparison are furnished.

ART. V.—THE STIPENDS OF NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS.

The Congregational Economist: and Advocate of Liberality and Progress. Conducted by the Rev. Joseph Parker. No. 1. April, 1858. London: Judd & Glass.

WE are in full-hearted sympathy with those great evangelistic societies which, during the month of May, have been celebrating their anniversaries in London. Perfection we know is not to be attained by imperfect men, even in their noblest works; and, therefore, we do not greatly wonder that keen-sighted criticism has discovered evils, and that ungenerous discontent has loudly proclaimed them, in the administration and general conduct of our best managed religious organizations.

No doubt a great deal too much of the money collected for foreign missions is spent at home; but how can this be avoided so long as every provincial town insists on having a missionary every year with gods in his bag, or "a native" by his side to amuse them on the platform, and a famous, eloquent, overworked minister from London, to plead with them from the pulpit? No doubt the secretaries in Moorgate Street and Bloomfield Street get a great deal of influence among the churches—influence enabling them greatly to help a young or unknown minister, or greatly to injure him—influence which may be sometimes unwisely, unkindly, or carelessly used; but how are these gentlemen to avoid possessing this unrecognised and unconstitutional power, while deacons who want a minister so frequently step into the office of the —— Society, when they happen to be in town, to ask the omniscient secretary to recom-

mend "a likely man;" and while ministers who want churches so frequently resort to the same calumniated personage for information, advice, and assistance, in reference to vacant pulpits?

And, perhaps, the speeches at the meetings are sometimes overloaded with pretentious commonplace; now and then the flattery of noble chairmen may be quite too gross; ardent orators may exaggerate the greatness of the work which has been done, or indulge in rhetorical display when they ought to be using the precious time and the great opportunity to bind the hearts of the people more firmly to God's work, and to secure for it the grave and steadfast co-operation of conscience as well as the tumultuous but transient aid of the feelings. But we are afraid that the speakers and the audience have generally too much in common, and that the real blemishes of the platform are sometimes very welcome to the great majority of the assembly. Now and then, however, the divine fire kindles, and consumes in an instant all the wood, hay, and stubble; a passing vision is caught of the true grandeur of our crusade against dominions, principalities, and powers; a holy fervour pervades the vast audience; and multitudes leave London in the middle of May with warmer hearts and more determined loyalty to Christ than they brought from the country at the end of April.

We have expressed thus fully our confidence in the great organizations of Christian zeal, because the topic for which we beg the attention of our readers for ten minutes, is often introduced by unnecessary, unwise, and injurious declamation, about the contrast between the generosity with which the Leviathan societies are supported, and the niggardliness of which too many of the churches, both of the Baptist and Congregational denominations, are guilty towards their pastors. If, indeed, our ministers could not be adequately supported without contracting the general operations of Christian benevolence, we certainly think that, since we ought to be just before we are generous, it would be the duty of the churches to limit for a time their missionary activities, and to fill the cupboards, wardrobes, and libraries, of those who "preach the Gospel" and should "live by the Gospel." But we do not believe that we are placed in this painful dilemma. Even in this liberal age an increase of liberality is possible. The steam is not yet at such high pressure that any increase of its power would produce an explosion. There are no signs yet, if the engineers may be trusted, of any such appalling catastrophe. A pound or two more on every square inch will involve us in no danger.

Mr. Parker, of Banbury, has just started a little magazine to

remind us all of our deficiencies, and to point out the best way of securing improvement. He advocates "liberality and progress;" liberality in the practical, prosaic meaning of the word, and progress in deeds as well as in principles. We fear that his sanguine temperament has somewhat underestimated the difficulties which have to be surmounted. The very principles on which the financial system of our churches is based must be revised. A complete revolution is needed in the ideas of the great mass of the people about the pecuniary necessities and claims of the ministry. The change can only come as the result of very patient and persevering labour.

We shall not in this article plunge into the thorny controversy about the possibility of harmonizing the administration of a great supplemental aid fund, with the free action of independent churches, or discuss the merits of the weekly offering scheme; our chief object being to deal with the preliminary question, whether it is desirable that the poverty of our ministers should cease.

We believe that there are very many good people, thorough going Protestants, and uncompromising noncomformists in all their other opinions, who still retain a lingering affection for the old Romish fancy about the sanctity of poverty. The hair shirt, fasting, flagellation, celibacy, are quite abandoned. Dissenters have learnt the lesson which John Owen taught so well when he said that ascetics imagine they are mortifying the sinful body when they are only mortifying the natural body; but the sanctifying power of poverty is still part of their creed. Not that they ever dream of divesting themselves of their wealth, abandoning the luxurious mansions in which many of them live, and adopting the garb of pauperism, and choosing a garret or a hovel for their home; they leave to the ministry all the discipline of pecuniary anxiety, and, while untroubled by their own perils, fear that if their pastors' houses became more comfortable their hearts would become less zealous and devout. If "the care of this world and the deceitfulness of riches" are unfriendly to the growth even of that measure of piety which is expected in the pew, it is supposed that wealth, or even comfort, must be utterly fatal to the spirituality expected in the pulpit. And hence, when we plead for an increase of ministerial salaries, we are not unfrequently met with hints about the importance of an unworldly spirit and the peril connected with the enjoyment of the luxuries of life. We "ask for bread," aye, literally for "bread," and they give us, not indeed "a stone," but something still less substantial, and quite as cold and hard-hearted—a sermon.

The most obvious, and, perhaps, the best reply to all this is,

that poverty in itself is an evil, and that although God has a right to employ it in order to purify and spiritualize the hearts of his servants, they have no right to employ it to sanctify each other. The "Father" may chastise his children in order that the "peaceable fruit of righteousness" may be seen in them; but brothers and sisters have no right to use the rod upon each other. Sickness is, perhaps, a still more effectual discipline of holy principles than poverty; but we should think it odd if churches manifested their anxiety for the spirituality of their ministers by taking care that the walls of the chapel-house were damp, and that the vestry was built over a sewer; by giving unaired beds to ministerial guests: and by ingenious devices for inflicting on an indolent or sluggish pastor, the small-pox or the scarlet-fever. The troubles of ministers will be quite heavy enough, no matter what may be the generosity of their flocks; and the deeper sources by which the heart of a faithful pastor is tried are more likely to chasten his spirit, to purify his motives, and ennoble his work, when his mind is free from the distraction of temporal anxieties.

Moreover, we seriously question the healthy influence of the pecuniary straits in which some good men live from the day of their ordination to the day of their death. The heart of a minister ought to be full of genial affection towards his people; but his generous sympathies are likely to be chilled when he passes the handsome carriage of one of his deacons or sees afar off the costly silks of "devout and honourable women," and remembers how shabby his wife's best dress is getting, and how she was obliged to stint herself in the purchasing of warm clothing last winter. Doubtless he ought to give his undivided heart to the spiritual welfare of his church; but his prayers will be often hindered and his preparation for the pulpit often disturbed, if his mind is racked with anxiety about how to avoid debt. People wonder how it is that his public devotions are a little flat and his sacramental addresses rather cold at times; that he does not throw his whole soul into his preaching, as of old; they do not know that there is a vision haunting him more terrible than Macbeth's spectral dagger—a file of unpaid bills!

How often have we heard admirable observations on the evil of a minister's dividing his attention and distracting his energies by lecturing about the country to Mechanics' Institutes; but what can be done if the lecturer, when he receives the next application from an admiring committee-man or entreating secretary, is lured by the prospect of the two or three guinea fee which will enable him to get a new coat, pay his next month's butcher's bill, send a remittance to a poor relation, or

purchase a long-coveted copy of an ancient philosopher or divine? This reviewer's craft of ours is rather friendly, we think, if exercised in moderation, to the vigour, freshness, and variety of a minister's pulpit and platform work; but we are sure the flock will not be better cared for if, night after night, the busy pen of their pastor is scratching away through the welcome and stimulating silence on the merits of a new poet, the heresies of a new theologian, the absurdities of a new India bill, or even the scholarly excellence of a new Greek Testament; and yet, we ask again, what is to be done, if, when courteous "Mr. Editor" suggests a new subject for an article "which would just suit your taste, and which I can trust to your hands with peculiar confidence," &c., &c., &c., the flattering words are radiant with the reflected lustre of the cheque which will brighten the good wife's eyes and gladden her heart by enabling her to fulfil without any qualms of conscience some secret and mysterious plans about additional furniture for the nursery or some cherished desire to visit dear old friends far away?

And then how reasonable it is for warm-hearted friends to protest when they learn that their minister, who left home for his annual holiday quite pale and weary, has been preaching every Sunday during his absence, instead of taking necessary rest! Why did he not go to the Lakes or to Scotland, or up the Rhine to Heidelberg, and on to the dark forests and glittering snowdrifts and glaciers of the glorious Alps? Why? Because by arranging to supply a vacant pulpit or to preach for his old college chum, he not only yielded to his love of work, which is a passion with some men, but had his holiday at less cost to his purse. He would have come back, however, with a cooler brain, stronger nerves, and a firmer step, if he had been able to spend all the month among the mountains, or idly floating on lake and river, or inhaling fresh life and vigour every moment while he wandered under the shadow of mighty cliffs or pulled an oar with a queer old boatman in a foaming sea.

But we have spoken of the devices by which the most happily placed ministers supplement what are regarded by hundreds as enviable salaries. Dreary, dreary is the destiny of good men who by their inadequate incomes are driven to sacrifice family quiet by receiving half-a-dozen noisy boys to instruct in the rule of three and the Latin Delectus, and whose minds are disturbed at night while seeking solace and stimulus in the pages of Sir Thomas Brown, John Howe, or a borrowed volume of Ruskin, by the remembrance of the vexatious and inexcusable stupidity, in the afternoon, of Master Charles Heavyhead over his French exercise. And more dreary still is the lot of multitudes besides, the pensioners of

charitable trusts, the recipients of the ten or fifteen pounds doled out by their associations, the representatives of insurance societies, the agents for Scotch publishers, and canvassers on behalf of new periodicals or flattering schemes for issuing, in parts, popular Biblical cyclopædias, or impressions, in folio or quarto, of the Sacred Book itself. It would be better by far that a good man who is just kept half an inch above starving point by incessant watchfulness for windfalls of this kind should put on an apron and engage himself to weigh sugar and candles over the counter of his friend and archdeacon, the principal grocer in the High Street.

We have shrunk from unveiling the scenes of suffering which we know exist in the family of many a poor minister. Have our readers ever tried deliberately to estimate what is left to buy bread and meat for a minister and his wife, with four or five children, after his black coat and the cheap materials in which she and the boys and girls are dressed have been paid for, after the house-rent and the taxes have been met, and sundry other little items attended to, which are grievous burdens to a poor household, though the wealthy never feel their pressure? If not, will they be kind enough to sit down, the first spare half-hour that falls in their way, and learn from their own calculations what must be the condition of a frightfully large number of our ministers, men who once had their high hopes and their elastic energy, but whose spirit has been crushed out of them by a protracted struggle for the bare necessaries of life. Who will dare to say that this disheartening destiny is favourable either to the intellectual vigour or spiritual earnestness demanded by the duties of the pastorate?

We venture to suggest another test of the respective advantages of comfort and of hardship in connexion with ministerial work; for the conviction of the grave injuries to be apprehended from "the deceitfulness of riches" is too deeply rooted in some minds to be easily dislodged. The test we propose is a practical one; let experience determine whether it is necessary that the ministry should be poor in order to be devout. The saintly Fenelon not only wore a mitre, but was surrounded by the pomp and splendour of the most magnificent of European courts. The unearthly piety of Jeremy Taylor shone with undimmed lustre among the coronets of English nobles. Howe was familiar with Whitehall. John Owen wrote some of the most precious and beautiful of his devotional works while Dean of Christ Church and Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. But the list might fill pages instead of a paragraph, and still be incomplete.

From the dead let us turn to the living. Who are the ministers that are regarded with most admiration, listened to with deepest delight, requested most frequently to preach on all kinds of occasions, and boasted of as the very crown and glory of their respective denominations? We never heard that our friends who are in such fear about "the deceitfulness of riches," and have such faith in the spiritualizing power of ninety or a hundred a year, regard the pastors of Bloomsbury Chapel and the Diorama with distrust, and yet these excellent gentlemen occupy "golden stalls" when compared with some of their brethren. In the sister denomination we have heard it whispered—how truly we do not pretend to say—that the eloquent and ardent minister of Surrey Chapel, presiding over a church of more than a thousand members, has an annual income of a thousand pounds; that the venerable author of the "Anxious Inquirer" drives one of the most comfortable broughams in Birmingham; and that the genial and generous pastor of Great George Street, Liverpool, lives in a style worthy of the large and wealthy congregation to which he preaches. It is passing strange that these are precisely the men who are most warmly loved and most deeply respected—and deservedly so—by the very persons who are most anxious to keep the ministry poor, in order to prevent it becoming worldly.

But were not the Apostles poor, and may it not be supposed that the condition which God chose for these illustrious men would be the best for the ministers of Christ in all ages? A plausible argument. But shall we abandon our civil liberty because apostles were persecuted; invite oppression because imprisonment strengthened rather than enfeebled their earnestness, and stoning made their Christian graces shine out with dazzling lustre? It is one thing to endure poverty through the malignity of enemies, and another to endure it through the neglect of friends. There is a paragraph in the preface to Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," which we commend to the careful meditation of those who advocate poverty for the clergy, on the ground of the apostolic precedent. Mr. Hallam, we remember, questions Hooker's right to the epithet "judicious;" for our own part we are willing for the sake of the last sentences of our extract, which we have italicised, to grant him every title of honour that the most enthusiastic of his admirers have ever claimed for him:—

"The chiefest thing," writes the grave old Churchman, "which lay-reformers yawn for is, that the clergy may through conformity in state and condition be apostolical, poor as the Apostles of Christ

were poor. In which one circumstance if they imagine so great perfection, they must think that church which hath such store of mendicant friars, a church in that respect most happy. Were it for the glory of God, and the good of his church indeed, that the clergy should be left even as bare as the Apostles, when they had neither staff nor scrip; that God, which should lay upon them the condition of his Apostles, would, I hope, endue them with the self-same affection which was in that holy Apostle, whose words concerning his own right virtuous contentment of heart, 'as well how to want as to abound," are a most fit episcopal emprese. *The Church of Christ is a body mystical. A body cannot stand unless the parts thereof be proportionable. Let it therefore be required on both parts, at the hands of the clergy, to be in meanness of state like the Apostles; at the hands of the laity to be as they were who lived under the Apostle; and in this reformation there will be, though little wisdom, yet some indifferency*" (i.e. *impartiality*).

But the fears of our friends for the imperilled spirituality of the Pastorate may be dismissed. Should the most ambitious schemes for a supplemental aid fund be realized, the most sanguine expectations of our finance reformers be fulfilled, the most daring demands yet made in behalf of the ministry, completely met, "the deceitfulness of riches" will still be a very remote danger. But it should be remembered, that "the care of this world," which also chokes the word, is as likely to be felt by the poor as by the wealthy; it may be occasioned by having too little for comfort, as well as too much; by the difficulty of getting necessaries, as well as by the temptation to enjoy superfluities.

We are convinced that very much of the evil we complain of arises from two causes:—

First, the ignorance of the church and congregation about the financial arrangements made with the minister.

Secondly, the present system of pew letting.

I. That, as a matter of fact, very little is known by the mass of the people about the way in which the minister is supported, needs, we imagine, no confirmation. It is too notorious. Indeed we think it never strikes the minds of seven-eighths of the members of our churches that the pastor needs regular pecuniary aid, and that they are the persons to provide it. Whether it is imagined that ravens still feed hungry prophets, or that spiritual men need no physical sustenance, or that in some mysterious way Providence insinuates five pound notes into the minister's pocket-book, or prevents his flesh from wasting away on his bones, and his coat from wearing into holes on his back, we cannot divine. But the probability is, that the question, How their minister lives? never occurs to them, any

more than it occurs to them to inquire into the probable income of the man in the moon. If the thought does occur sometimes, it is put aside by the very reasonable supposition that everything must be going on right or the deacons would bring the subject before the church. Now, we think that if the deacons did their duty, they would take care that every seat-holder had full and exact information every year, of the way in which the minister was being supported; and care would be taken to lay before every individual what *he* was doing for the minister's comfort. If thought were once awakened—if the subject had a fair consideration, we have such faith in the generosity of the people, that we believe there is scarcely a church from one end of England to the other which would not double its minister's salary.

II. This can only be done, however, by some change in our pew system, which should either be altogether abandoned, or largely supplemented by additional voluntary contributions for the support of the pastor. In a very able book, full of valuable suggestions, and full, too, of mischievous exaggerations and mistakes, we mean Mr. Porter's "Lecture on Independency," there are some thoughts on this subject worth remembering. He puts this matter in a very striking way:—

"If we suppose," he says, "that in most of our chapels three shillings, or three shillings and threepence per quarter is the price of a single sitting, about threepence per week is paid by each attendant, and for threepence, therefore, a man can consider himself entitled to the benefit of two services on every Sunday, besides that of any services that may be maintained in the week, in addition, perhaps, to various cares for his children, and to a share of his minister's gratuitous attendance at marriages, baptisms, funerals, and many less definite occasions."

It must surely be acknowledged that there is no proportion between the magnitude of the services rendered by the minister and the threepence a week paid by the congregation. His services, indeed, cannot receive adequate pecuniary remuneration. The worth of the stimulus to holy living, the comfort in trouble, the warning against temptation, the tranquillizing of earthly anxieties, and the brightening of celestial hopes which are supplied by the sermon, cannot be estimated in "silver and gold." But the minister ought to be placed not only above want, but beyond anxiety. What he needs for comfort, for recreation, for intellectual culture, for the education of his family should be freely and ungrudgingly provided for him. We do not wish to see wealth made an inducement to men to enter the ministry, but we think it an injustice and a shame

that poverty should be made the penalty for undertaking the noblest of human occupations. Our large churches are not free from blame, and we believe that what was said by a minister at the Congregational Union Meeting at Cheltenham, last autumn, about the sufferings of ministers with what are called moderate incomes is quite true; many a village pastor with a hundred and twenty pounds a year is far better off than his brother in the neighbouring market-town with a couple of hundred; aye, and even *he* is better off than the popular minister ten miles off, with a large and respectable church and three hundred a year. A minister's household and personal expenses and the demands on his benevolence, obviously increase with the magnitude of the town in which he lives and the importance of his congregation; and it should also be remembered that the higher his position the heavier are his labours, and the greater his need of everything by which toil is lightened and strength maintained, the more imperative does it become that he should be abreast of the literature of the day in all its various departments, and have his library shelves loaded with the learning and wisdom which are constantly issuing from the press. He must read scores of books every year in which he has little personal interest, in order that he may be thoroughly informed of the constant changes which are occurring in the outlines of modern theological thought, and be prepared as opportunity offers to protect his people from the perils of the times. These are not days in which it is safe for the men who occupy the more prominent pulpits in the land to be recluse, bookish men, strangers to the life which is surging around them. But a contracted purse is likely to induce a contracted mind. Pecuniary resources are necessary to command the influences by which all the faculties are kept in a vigorous and healthy exercise on the events of the passing hour.

We commend what we have written to the thoughtful attention of two classes of people. Let those who value their ministers ask themselves whether their gratitude exhausts itself in verbal thanks and admiration. Let those who complain of the inefficiency of the pulpit inquire whether pecuniary anxiety has made their minister cold and feeble; and instead of annoying him with complaints, let them try the effect of a generous increase of his salary. We venture to prophesy that in scores of cases this prescription would answer wonderfully.

ART. VI.—THE FREE-CHURCH ESSAYS.

Essays by Ministers of the Free Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1858.

THE Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh Essays are among the pleasantest volumes that have recently issued from the press, and we think that the members of the Free-Church have fully proved their right to stand by the side of the great universities. The subjects of the Essays lying before us are very various, and all are discussed with ability and learning. It is a disadvantage that all the writers belong to one profession, though there is far less monotony of tone in the volume than might naturally have been anticipated. But however dissimilar the original endowments of nine or ten men may be, all of whom have chosen one great and absorbing work, and however dissimilar the particular studies to which they have severally devoted their spare time and strength, the influence of their professional reading and of their professional duties must reveal itself in the tone and style of their productions. This general principle would hold true of lawyers and medical men, but it is specially true of ministers. Ministers are scarcely ever permitted to put off the black coat and the white neckerchief, and become mere men. The traditions of their office, the expectations of society, prevent it in the case of many; intense devotion to spiritual work, and profound impressions of the solemnity of ministerial and pastoral obligations prevent it in the case of some. Just now and then, indeed, above the groaning shelves in the study of a powerful popular preacher, we may catch sight of the joints of a fishing-rod, and see in the hall an unorthodox "wide-awake," bearing indubitable signs of having had many a line twisted round it; and we know a learned theological professor who testifies that his Hebrew and Syriac investigations are greatly prospered by his carrying a gun occasionally over the Scotch moors; but we fear that many good people would be horrified at the idea of having a minister whose eye and wrist were familiar with the blissful mysteries and toils of the trout-stream, or who had the reputation of being a dead shot. The church will grow wiser by-and-bye, and will not think a man's soul less true to the highest aims of Christian life, because he has a fresh and hearty enjoyment of the innocent recreations by which the blood is purified and the nerves are strengthened. And among other good results which will follow from breaking down the professional fences and proprieties which surround the pulpit, will be a fuller sympathy on the part of the ministry with

every form of human struggle and sorrow, greater freshness, variety, and independence of thought.

But we repeat, that there is less of the professional tone in these Essays than we should have expected. They are written, with one exception, by ministers of the Free-Church, who have received ordination since the disruption in 1843. The preface, by Dr. Hanna, has some very sensible observations on the healthy stimulus which the occasional publication of such a volume is likely to give to the studies of the younger ministry.

It is impossible for us to enter into anything like a discussion of the subjects of the Essays. We have been especialy interested in that by Mr. Burns on Catholicism and Sectarianism; in that by Mr. Blackie on Old Testament Light on our Social Problems; by Mr. Macgregor on the Haldanes; by Dr. Edersheim on Bohemian Reformers and German Politicians; and on the Future of India, by Mr. Smith, a missionary at Calcutta. The breadth of view and liberality of the first deserves special commendation.

The appearance of this volume affords a fair opportunity for reducing opinions which we fear are gradually gaining strength in many quarters, and are likely to have a very injurious influence. The excitement produced by the recent evangelistic labours of some unlearned preachers, both in the North and in the South, the immense congregations they collect, and the admiration awakened by their undivided consecration of all their energies to the work of the pulpit, are leading some good persons to under-estimate the importance of solid learning and general literary culture to the Christian ministry. Let them remember that though it may be all very well for an evangelist, who never preaches a dozen times to the same congregation, to burn his books and read nothing but the Bible, a minister who has *teach* the same to seven or eight hundred people every Sunday, must not be perpetually reiterating the same elementary truths, and continually employing the same familiar illustrations. The weary labours of the student may perhaps do something to unfit most men for being vehement, exciting, popular preachers; but they are absolutely essential to the devout, judicious, and successful pastor. It will be a dark day for our churches when the ministry shall be compelled to abandon theology, scholarship, philosophy, and science, and to live constantly in the eye, or rather ear of the public. Poverty of thought, and shallowness of religious life, will be the inevitable consequence. We, therefore rejoice at every influence likely to favour the scholarly and thoughtful habits of the ministry. Why should not the Independents and Baptists of England try their hand at a similar volume of Essays?

Quarterly Review of German Literature.

GERMANY, its literature and theology, must ever engage a large share in the interest and the sympathies of Protestant Churches. We can neither forget what we owe to the country of Luther, nor how important the bearing which its religious state has upon our own and other lands. But if we calmly inquire into the present state and the prospects of evangelical religion on the Continent, we confess, with sadness, that our hopes are by no means so sanguine as those of many who have spoken or written on the subject. Beneath the surface of general orthodoxy are most dangerous elements, which threaten a destruction more fearful than has yet taken place. In truth, the Churches of Germany have, since 1848, committed a series of grievous blunders. Before that period, orthodoxy was by no means a favourite with many of the governments. Accordingly, open opposition within and without the Church was tolerated. The Rationalists, and "the party of enlightenment" (as they loved to call themselves), were at that time combated only with arguments, nor were the circumstances and prospects even of a theologian affected by his peculiar creed. We grant that in practice this led to shameful abuses, and to singular inconsistencies. Still, by its own inherent power and reality, evangelical Christianity was, step by step, advancing to complete victory. But, after the eventful year of revolutions, governments came to identify the party of enlightenment with that of political progress, and every effort was made to preserve both Church and State in the old *status quo*. The aspect of affairs is now completely changed. Every divergence from the formularies of the Church exposed—at least in the great majority of the German States—to temporal consequences, which few, destitute of genuine principle, were willing to encounter. In consequence, of a sudden, everybody became "Churchly," while the Churches, instead of zealously prosecuting their former work of evangelization, and jealously guarding themselves against an amalgamation with the State, and its retrograde policy, eagerly grasped the proffered boon. Outwardly, Rationalism now seems dead, and a new era to have dawned upon the country. But really, the ground is undermined. The people have little confidence in the Church; immorality and ungodliness are not on the decrease; the enemies of the Gospel seem filled with more bitter animosity than at any previous period; the number of theological students is continuously and very largely decreasing; and the Church itself is rent into most hostile factions—Ritualism and covert Rationalism contending against an enlightened and earnest piety. When the crisis, which seems at hand, takes place, the result will, we fear, be sufficiently serious.

We have traced the religious state of Germany only in its most general outlines. It may be added, that thinking men in that country are becoming alive to the danger, and that the works before

us frequently refer to it, some in the language of alarm, some in that of advice, and some even in that of triumphant exultation. A very fair idea of the present ecclesiastical state of Germany may be gathered from Pastor Matthes' "General Ecclesiastical Chronicle for 1857,"[1] which gives an account of the various deliberative meetings of the clergy, of German home, and foreign missionary operations, of the state of religious parties and of theological literature, of the measures on religious questions taken by various governments, of the state of Dissenting bodies, and of the progress of Romanism. The meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, held last autumn in Berlin, seem to have attracted much greater attention than we could at all have anticipated. Instead of viewing them simply as an expression of fraternal union and sympathy, friend and foe combine in attaching to them a meaning which, we are sure, the British members of the Alliance at least, have never entertained. Scarcely a German tractate on ecclesiastical questions, which we have lately perused, but dwells on this point. Some rejoicingly declare that with these meetings the day of narrow ecclesiasticism is gone by; others think that the nine articles subscribed by members of the Alliance constitute the basis of a new Church; while another party lament that the idea of a "Church" is now completely dissolved into that of a union of sects. Professor Piper's "Evangelical Almanac" for 1858,[2] is scarcely so interesting as it had been in 1857. The publication contains articles by Krummacher, Hoffmann, Piper, Semisch, Schmiedt, Giesebrecht, and others, some of which are very able, others only indifferent. But the plan of the work deserves imitation, and the book is enriched by a lithograph, taken from an ancient MS. in the Library at Paris, representing the meeting of the Second Council of Constantinople in 381, where the errors of Macedonius and Apollinaris were condemned. What renders this illustration so interesting is the circumstance, that on the raised throne in the middle of the assembly, not the representative of Rome, but *an open Bible* is placed. The correctness of this picture is amply confirmed by the testimony of Cyrill of Alexandria. A very useful and practical publication is that entitled "The Evangelical Clergyman," by Pastor Löhe.[3] Originally a series of lectures addressed to missionary students, it has, very properly, been given to a larger public. Besides the reprint of an old tractate (dating from 1528) on clerical duties, it gives equally apt and judicious counsel to young ministers on the discharge of their office, and also contains a course of lectures on the psychical treatment of persons labouring under various diseases. The latter, though brief, are practical and sound. In the "councils to the clergy," we specially note admonitions to careful

[1] Allgemeine Kirchliche Chronik. Von B. Matthes. 4ter. Jahrgang. Leipsig. G. Mayer. 1858.

[2] Evangelisches Jahrbuch, für 1858. Herausgegeben von Dr. F. Piper. 9ter. Jahrgang. Berlin: Wiegandt u. Grieben. 1858.

[3] Der Evangelische Geistliche. Von W. Löhe. 2 vols. Stuttgart: Liesching. 1858.

preparation of sermons, and an advice that, as a general rule, the discourse should not extend beyond half an hour—suggestions these not uncalled for among ourselves. Mr. Lessing's tractate on "The Hope of the Christian"[4] is a calm and sober exposition of millenarian views, by a layman. A work of considerable importance is Professor Schenkel's "Christian Dogmatics,"[5] of which a first volume lies before us. The author laments that all inquiry is in danger of being stifled amidst the unthinking shouts of ecclesiastics, who of a sudden have become orthodox, and who, instead of studying the great questions of Christianity, waste their strength in party squabbles. While we partly agree in this view, we fear that Dr. Schenkel's Dogmatics will not help to clear the way, or to set aside difficulties. We gladly acknowledge his candour, learning, and the elegance of his style; but for the bright noonday of the Gospel truth his book seems to us to substitute only the dim twilight of a subjective mysticism. The *conscience* of the individual is exalted as the great organ for receiving and determining religious truth; inspiration is transformed into an unusual religious impression upon the conscience brought into immediate contact with the Divine, and which, in proportion as it has been affected, reacts on the mind and heart of the inspired writers. Such a theory, to say the least, is exceedingly vague, unsatisfactory, and dangerous. Instead of an infallible directory of faith and manners, it leaves the Bible only a collection of tractates by men enjoying different degrees of inspiration, and hence more or less liable to error, mistakes, or omissions. Instead of possessing in the Bible a fixed, objective test, we should have to submit that book itself to a varying and uncertain subjective standard of personal feelings and impressions. More unqualified is our approbation of Professor Kurtz's "Bible and Astronomy,"[6] which has just appeared in a fourth and considerably enlarged edition. This little work discusses the main questions as between natural science and the Bible, and that not only in a devout spirit, but in scientific manner, and yet in popular language.* Lastly, Dr. Oehler, who is so well known for his patristic lore, has just commenced a series of selections from the Fathers, by giving us certain tractates of Gregory of Nyssa.[7] On opposite pages the original Greek and a German translation are found, while critical notes are occasionally appended. The undertaking deserves the attention of students.

---

[4] Die Hoffnung des Christen gemäss d. biblischen Hoffnungslehre dargestellt. Von Th. Lessing. Stuttgart: Besser. 1858.

[5] Die Christliche Dogmatik vom Standpunkte des Gewissens aus dargestellt. Von Dr. Schenkel. Vol. I. Wiesbaden: Kreidel u. Neinder. 1858.

[6] Bibel und Astronomie nebst Zugaben verwandten Inhaltes. Von Dr. J. H Kurtz. Berlin: J. A. Wohlgemuth. 1858.

* We have the pleasure of informing our readers that a condensed translation with notes, of this work and of Dr. Kurtz's History, by the Rev. Dr. Edersheim, of Aberdeen, will be shortly published.—ED. EC. REV.

[7] Bibliothek d. Kirchenväter. Eine Auswahl aus deren Werken. Urschrift mit deutscher Uebersetzung. Von Dr. F. Oehler. 2 vols. Leipzig: Engelmann. 1858.

In ecclesiastical history we first note a publication by Professor Schmid, of Erlangen, on "The Theology of Semler."[8] The important bearing of that teacher on the history and development of Rationalism would have deserved an earlier, even as it merits a more comprehensive, treatise than that under review. The son of a poor pastor, the youth of Semler fell in a period when the earnestness of religion had very generally given place to maudlin cant, and piety degenerated into pietism. Under outward pressure, old Pastor Semler also yielded to this movement, but his son, though at one time impressed, yet when the fatal alternative of learning or pietism was presented to his choice, made selection of the former. In those days, ignorance, and too often hypocrisy also, were associated with pietism. Young Semler, full of ardour for learning, speedily threw himself into the opposite movement; of which, for a time, he became the leader. His principle of distinguishing between public and private creeds is well known. In virtue of it, while retaining an orthodox creed as the bond of outward ecclesiastic connexion, a man might, as his reason or folly dictated, believe anything or nothing. Semler became really the father of Rationalism, and, for a season, his fame with a certain party was unbounded. But, withal, our professor wished to remain a Christian, and, when one of his followers exceeded the bounds of prudence, and the celebrated "Wolfenbüttel Fragments" appeared, he actually had the hardihood to write against them. This was too much for friend and foe, and amid a perfect torrent of obloquy the old man lived to outlive himself. All these circumstances are well known; not so, perhaps, that, in his latter years, Semler busied himself with the study of alchemy, and firmly believed in the "*elixir vitæ*," and in his own power of producing gold! Dr. Schmid's book has scarcely answered our expectations. True, it is not so heavy or prosaic as Semler's "Autobiography;" who has managed to convert even the "most interesting scene" in the life of a young man into a piece of ridiculous clumsiness; but it sadly wants depth and breadth. We are glad to be able to announce that another part of Mr. Gindely's "History of Bohemia and Moravia,"[9] has appeared, which brings the narrative to the year 1609. The work has lost nothing of its former accuracy and thoughtfulness, although Popish and Jesuit leanings on the part of the author appear more distinctly. In the general facts of this history, the present volume adds little to our store of knowledge; but it supplies abundant details as to the state and tactics of the various parties. We have turned with eager curiosity to those passages in which Mr. Gindely discusses the question whether the demands of the Protestants, which ultimately led to the rebellion of 1618, were justly founded on the charter of religious liberty granted by the Emperor Rodolph, or not. In this respect our inferences

[8] Die Theologie Semler's. Dargelegt von Dr. H. Schmid. Nördlingen: Beck. 1858.

[9] Böhmen und Mähren im Zeitalter der Reformation. Von Anton Gindely. Vol. II., Sect. 2. Prag: Bellmann. 1858.

Brief Notices.

CHRISTIAN HOPE. By John Angell James. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1858.

MR. JAMES has laid the Church of Christ under additional obligation by the publication of the volume before us. Having already issued works on Faith and Charity, he completes "the apostolical trio of Christian graces" by the present treatise on Hope. The first chapter of the book is devoted to the consideration of hope generally, and forcibly does the author show that it is "the mainspring of human action—the lunar influence that keeps the tide of human affairs in perpetual and healthy motion." He then passes on to define Christian hope, and to point out its distinction from faith and love; then its foundation and object, and the various aspects it has in relation to the work of salvation are presented and discussed; and lastly, the necessity and means of strengthening it are considered. The writer has evidently well digested his theme and written it in such a manner as cannot fail to be attractive, and to commend the subject to his readers. The great danger in such a work is a dry abstract method of treatment. This, Mr. James has happily avoided; and while there is an absence of everything approaching the rhetorical, the style is full of vigour and life. We heartily commend the volume to the perusal of our readers, and trust that its circulation will be as wide as the established reputation of its author justly claims for it. We must not, however, omit to mention that it is dedicated to the venerable author's colleague, the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A.—a compliment as touching as it is graceful, and one as honourable to him who tenders as to him to receive it. And while it cannot but be a source of gratitude to Mr. Dale, that he so entirely possesses the confidence and esteem of the author, it will be no less gratifying to the friends of Mr. James, to know that the reverend gentleman associated with him in his pastoral duties, is one of whom he can say, "In the prospect, and which at my time of life cannot be a remote one, of laying down the ministry I have received of the Lord, it is a profound satisfaction to me to believe that the same great doctrines which are here professed will continue after my retirement or decease, in your sermons, to be the themes of the pulpit which we now jointly occupy." (Dedication, p. vi.) It is a source of satisfaction to ourselves that Mr. James has such a pleasing prospect before him towards the close of his long and eminently useful life—but we trust that, long as he has already laboured, the Great Head of the Church will yet vouchsafe to him many years of usefulness and peace.

MELIORA: a Quarterly Review of Social Science. London: Partridge & Co.

THE MORAL STATISTICS OF GLASGOW. By William Logan, Commissioner of the Scottish Temperance League.

Meliora video proboque, deteriora sequor, might be the motto of many

monument about to be erected at Worms, and we readily take this opportunity of calling attention to the kindred undertaking at Speyer. Those who are interested in hymnology will welcome Dr. Geffcken's publication on "The Hamburg Hymnbooks of the Sixteenth Century,"[12] of which abundant specimens are given. Able historical notes on the hymnology of various Protestant cities, and especially of Hamburg, render the book useful to historical readers generally. We are glad to know that the last traces of a Rationalist vandalism, which had so sadly mauled the hymns of Germany, are fast disappearing. It were unjust to conclude our notices of works on Church history for this quarter, without giving a sentence of well-merited praise to Dr. Jost's "History of Judaism and its Sects,"[13] of which a second volume has just appeared. The author continues to display painstaking industry and accuracy, combined with a rare amount of candour and fearless independence. If anything were to be wished, it might be a form less dry, and a style somewhat more picturesque. The volume before us brings the narrative down to the year 1204.

Among the exegetical treatises on our table, the first place undoubtedly belongs to Chevalier Bunsen's great work on the Bible,[14] of which a first part has just appeared. The learned author informs us that a retranslation of the Bible, and its adaptation for the use of educated laymen, has been the object of his studies and desires for forty years. We may, therefore, expect to find here the matured views of a scholar, which, however, we are sorry the limit assigned us will prevent us from examining in detail. Our readers are sufficiently aware that from many of the Chevalier's fundamental principles we entirely dissent. At the same time, we are bound to admit that, in the work under notice, they are not stated either so broadly or so offensively as in his former volume on "God in History." The part before us contains an introduction, prolegomena, chronological and synchronistic tables, and a new translation of Gen. i.—xi., with notes. Amidst much that is able and excellent, exceptions just and weighty will be taken. Not to speak of those divergences in principle to which we have already alluded, and the objections now widely, and, we believe, properly, entertained to Bunsen's "Egyptian Chronology," the views expressed in the notes to the short portion of the text given in this part are widely different from those held in common by evangelical Christians. Throughout, a misty and mystical spiritualism prevails, which substitutes what to us seem entirely foreign *ideas* for the *facts* recorded in Scripture. Thus, angels are only the "properties of

[12] Die Hamburgischen, Niedersächsischen Gesangbücher des 16ten Jahrhunderts, Kritisch bearbeitet u. herausg. Von Dr. J. Geffcken. Hamburg: Meissner. 1857.

[13] Geschichte des Judenthums u. seiner Sekten. Von Dr. J. M. Jost. Vol. II. Leipsig: Dörffling u. Franke. 1858. London & Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate.

[14] Vollständiges Bibelwerk für d. Gemeinde. In 3 Abtheilungen. Von C. C. J. Bunsen. Leipsig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

God"—an idea, an image; "the seventh day" denotes the era of man, when God rests in man; the fall only took place ideally; "the serpent" is the representation of reason separated from conscience, &c. After making these exceptions, it is but fair to bear testimony to the learning and information contained in the prolegomena, and to the elegance and occasional improvement in the translation. Chevalier Bunsen thus renders the opening sentences of Genesis: "In the beginning, when God created heaven and earth, and the earth was void and desolate, and darkness brooded over the flood, and the breath of God moved over the water, God said: Let there be light!" We had almost forgotten to mention the most curious of all interpretations we remember having seen, according to which our author converts the cherubim with the sword of flaming fire into volcanic agency—"an allusion to that contest of elements in the catastrophe in Northern Asia, which we call the flood." Truly, if the subject were not so serious, we might be tempted to exclaim: "the force of criticism could no further go." Very different is the tendency of Professor Lange's theological and homiletic work on the Bible,[16] of which the first parts have just reached a second issue. General introductions are followed by a corrected version, and the notes are divided into critical, dogmatical, and homiletic sections. In the latter, each section is arranged for the purposes of sermons or lectures, and the leading thoughts are brought out. The work is altogether very well executed; the notes are comprehensive, able, and sound; and we are sure that some such publication, or a condensed translation of this work, would prove of material benefit among ourselves. For clergy and laity there is in these pages abundant aid towards understanding and explaining the sacred text. Equally delighted have we been with Dr. Osiander's "Commentary on the Second Epistle to the Corinthians,"[16] of which learning, ingenuity, and soundness, are prominent characteristics. The work deserves a place by the side of the Commentaries of Olshausen. Lic. Elster furnishes a good translation of, and short notes on, the Book of Proverbs"[17]—serviceable for the critical student. Mr. Vaihinger's translation, rearrangement, and commentation of Ecclesiastes and the Song of Songs[18] is the work of a scholarly, conscientious, and painstaking writer. We have been specially pleased with the new arrangement and explanation of Ecclesiastes. Our fundamental views on the Song of Songs, however, are different from

[16] Theologisch. homiletisches Bibelwerk. Die heil. Schrift alten u. Neuen Test. mit Rücksicht auf d. Theol. Homil. Bedürfniss d. Pastor. Amtes. herausg. von J. P. Lange. Bielefeld: Velhagen u. Klasing. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

[16] Commentar über d. Zweiten Brief Pauli an d. Korinthier. Von Dr. O. F. Osiander. Stuttgart: R. Besser. 1858. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

[17] Commentar über d. Salomonischen Sprüche. Von E. Elster. Göttingen: Dieterich. 1858.

[18] Der Prediger u. d. Hohelied, d. Urschrift gemäss rhythmisch übersetzt u. erklärt. Von J. G. Vaihinger. Stuttgart: Belser. 1858. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

those of Mr. Vaihinger, who regards it as a piece of history, in which the Shunamite, faithful to an early love, successfully resists the allurements and entreaties of Solomon. We must not omit in this branch of literature to mention the completion by Professor Roediger of Gesenius's "Thesaurus."[19] The fasciculus before us contains indices, additions, and emendations—partly also from the pen of our own Dr. Tregelles.

In homiletics we have a few unimportant publications. Superintendent Twele's "Sermons on the Epistle to the Galatians,"[20] contain little which, in this country, at least, would entitle them to the honour of publication. Mr. Löhe has commenced a serial in which the epistles of the day are made the subjects of discourse.[21] The work promises well, and what of it has appeared, is fresh and racy. If any of our readers are interested in the questions pending between the Lutherans and the Reformed, or in the pleasant relations which may be supposed to exist, when of two ministers who preach in the same church, one is Lutheran and the other Reformed, we would recommend him to peruse Dr. Gillet's defence against his quondam colleague, Dr. Falk.[22] However, the tractate is not without its historical interest, detailing, as it does, the exact state of the Reformed Church in Silesia. Dr. Pischon, of Berlin, has given us a curious little book on baptismal names,[23] which are enumerated in their alphabetical order, explained, and illustrated by a brief sketch of the principal personages who have borne them.

In opposition to Christianity, we have happily only two books to report upon, and neither of these of a character to frighten the reader. In a series of letters, Dr. Frauenstädt,[24] while professedly advocating natural religion, really avows himself an atheist. The ease with which that writer sets aside arguments and arrives at conclusions, the confidence and self-satisfaction with which he declaims, are perfectly astounding. Of this, however, are we certain, that if atheism in Germany cannot muster better advocates, or produce more conclusive reasoning, it will prove very harmless indeed. In his "Harmony between the Results of Natural Science and the Demands of the Soul,"[25] Mr. Drossbach has favoured the world with a system which at least has the merit of novelty. Fired with

---

[19] G. Gesenii Thesaurus Philol. Crit. Linguæ Hebraeæ et Chald. Vet. Test. T. III. Fasc. Noviss. Digessit et edidit Ae. Roediger. Leipzig: Vogel. 1858.

[20] Der Brief d. Apostel Paulus an d. Galater ausgelegt in Predigten. Von E. Twele. Hannover: Rümpler. 1858.

[21] Epistel-Postille für d. Sonn-und Festtage d. Kirchenjahres. Von W. Löhe. Stuttgart: Liesching. 1858.

[22] Die Reformirten in Schlesien u. d. Union. Ein Beitrag zur neuesten Kirchengeschichte. Von Dr. Gillet. Breslau: Dülfer.

[23] Die Taufnahmen. Eine Weihnachtsgabe. Von Dr. F. A. Pischon. Berlin: G. Reimer. 1857.

[24] Briefe über d. natürliche Religion. Von Dr. J. Frauenstädt. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

[25] Die Harmonie d. Ergebnisse d. Naturforschung mit d. Forderungen d. menschlichen Gemüthes, oder d. persönliche Unsterblichkeit als Folge d. atomistischen Verfassung d. Natur. Von M. Drossbach. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

the praiseworthy desire of satisfactorily establishing the immortality of the soul, and yet convinced that with our present views of men and matters, that result can never be reached, our philosopher has fallen upon a new device. Mahomet and the mountain shall meet half-way—natural science and religion shall both be made to bend, and thus to agree. For this purpose we are introduced to the "atomistic theory"—men and matters being just a composition of ultimate atoms. Stones, plants, and men are, after all, only gases—so many kinds of atoms, and merging by regular gradation into one another. We shudder to repeat what this author says of the great and holy Creator. But how, withal, will the reader ask, does Mr. Drossbach prove the immortality of the soul? In the easiest manner possible. The self-conscious atom, or man, who at present feeds only upon unconscious atoms, lives, begets atoms which, like his food, had formerly had no consciousness, and then dies, or himself becomes an unconscious atom, *pro tempore*. But everything has its bounds, and the time will arrive when mankind shall in the course of feeding have consumed all unconscious atoms. What next? Why the race must then, in a certain sense, become anthropophagous, or set to devouring those atoms which at one time had been men or conscious atoms, and thus a new race will be begotten, which at a previous period had already existed on earth. Such is the train of argument to which we are invited—in which, in truth, it were difficult to discover traces of atoms—at least of sense.

Passing from theology to *history*, we note that the great undertaking, originally planned by Perthes—the "History of European States"—is nearing completion. Successive volumes (and if we mistake not, the series already embraces between fifty and sixty tomes) have quite sustained the reputation which it had gained from the first. The volume now before us (by Mr. Zinkeisen) continues the history of Turkey from the year 1669 to 1774.[26] The period embraced in it is, as we all know, of the greatest importance for the proper understanding of the Eastern Question, and of the relations between Russia and the Porte. We deliberately say that its execution leaves nothing to be wished for, and presents the only satisfactory account of those events, with which we are acquainted. In a very well written volume, Mr. Peschel describes "the century of of discoveries,"[27] giving a complete history of the discovery of of America, and of the two sea routes to the East. The references are copious, and prove that the author has not drawn from *second*-hand sources.

In *literature*, we are interested to find that Mr. Bodenstedt has commenced giving to the German public a translation of the works of Shakspere's contemporaries. The volume before us contains a translation of, and notes on, the works of Web-

[26] Geschichte d. Europ. Staaten Herausg. Von A. H. L. Heeren u. F. A. Ukert. Gesch. d. Osmanischen Reiches in Europa. Von J. W. Zinkeisen. Vol. V. Gotha: F. A. Perthes.

[27] Geschichte des Zeitalters der Entdeckungen. Von O. Peschel. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

ster.[28] Mr. R. Dorer has republished, with notes, the dramas and other poetical fragments of Roswitha, the celebrated nun of Gandersheim,[29] composed in the tenth century. Lastly, we call attention to the appearance of a new literary journal at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.[30] The part before us gives favourable notices of Lewes' "Goethe," and of Motley's "Dutch Republic." But in general it does not contrast very favourably with similar productions in our own country. Manifestly, periodical literature is not the *forte* of our German friends.

We close our review with brief notices of a few works on ancient history and manners. Mr. Knötel, whose views on Egyptian chronology and history, diverge from those of Bunsen, Lepsius, and Böckle, has been made the object of unsparing attack by a young and clever philologian, Mr. Gutschmid. In a "System of Egyptian Chronology,"[31] Mr. Knötel now replies. In turn, Mr. Gutschmid himself has been severely handled by the Chevalier Bunsen; and writes a tractate against him, entitled "Contributions to the Ancient History of the East."[32] The subject of these publications is of great practical importance to the student of ancient and of Bible history, and should attract greater attention amongst scholars in this country. A well-known writer, Dr. Gladisch,[33] furnishes a tractate, to prove that the philosophy of Empedocles simply carries out the ancient Egyptian views concerning the world. But the most astounding antiquarian work which we have perused—at least, for a long time—is that by Dr. Krause, entitled "Plotina,"[34] and treating of the various modes of dressing the hair among the ancients. We confess that it not unfrequently reminded us of Carlyle's "Philosophy of Clothes." An amazing amount of erudition is brought to bear on the subject—and throughout the book, with much of pedantry, runs a quiet vein of satire, not unfrequently recalling the celebrated "Professor Teufelsdröckh." The work is accompanied by a large number of illustrations. It will, we doubt not, be gladly received by *savants*, as a literary curiosity; and in the present state of society may afford useful hints and information in Paris, and even in London. If we are to have extravagances in head-gear and dress, by all means let them at least be classical!

---

[28] Shakspere's Zeitgenossen u. ihre Werke. Von F. Bodenstedt. Vol. I. John Webster. Berlin: Decker. 1858.

[29] Roswitha, die Nonne aus Gandersheim. Von E. Dorer. Aarau: H. R. Sauerländer. 1857.

[30] Kritische Monatshefte zur Förderung d. Wahrheit bei Literar. Besprechungen. Herausg. Von einen Vereine Deutscher Gelehrten. Frankfort: Meidinger & Co.

[31] System d. Ägyptischen Chronologie übersichtlich entwickelt nebst e. Kurzen Abrisse d. ält. Ägypt. Gesch. Von A. Knötel. Leipzig: Dyk. 1858.

[32] Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Alten Orients. Von A. v. Gutschmid. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner. 1857.

[33] Empedokles u. die Ägypter. Eine Historische Untersuchung von Aug. Gladisch. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1858.

[34] Plotina, oder d. Kostüme d. Haupthaares bei d. Völkern d. Alten Welt, dargestellt u. durch 200 Figuren auf 5 Tafeln veranschaulicht. Von Dr. J. H. Krause. Leipzig: Dyk. London & Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

Brief Notices.

CHRISTIAN HOPE. By John Angell James. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1858.

MR. JAMES has laid the Church of Christ under additional obligation by the publication of the volume before us. Having already issued works on Faith and Charity, he completes "the apostolical trio of Christian graces" by the present treatise on Hope. The first chapter of the book is devoted to the consideration of hope generally, and forcibly does the author show that it is "the mainspring of human action—the lunar influence that keeps the tide of human affairs in perpetual and healthy motion." He then passes on to define Christian hope, and to point out its distinction from faith and love; then its foundation and object, and the various aspects it has in relation to the work of salvation are presented and discussed; and lastly, the necessity and means of strengthening it are considered. The writer has evidently well digested his theme, and written it in such a manner as cannot fail to be attractive, and to commend the subject to his readers. The great danger in such a work is a dry abstract method of treatment. This, Mr. James has happily avoided; and while there is an absence of everything approaching the rhetorical, the style is full of vigour and life. We heartily commend the volume to the perusal of our readers, and trust that its circulation will be as wide as the established reputation of its author justly claims for it. We must not, however, omit to mention that it is dedicated to the venerable author's colleague, the Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A.—a compliment as touching as it is graceful, and one as honourable to him who tenders as to him to receive it. And while it cannot but be a source of gratitude to Mr. Dale, that he so entirely possesses the confidence and esteem of the author, it will be no less gratifying to the friends of Mr. James, to know that the reverend gentleman associated with him in his pastoral duties, is one of whom he can say, "In the prospect, and which at my time of life cannot be a remote one, of laying down the ministry I have received of the Lord, it is a profound satisfaction to me to believe that the same great doctrines which are here professed will continue after my retirement or decease, in your sermons, to be the themes of the pulpit which we now jointly occupy." (Dedication, p. vi.) It is a source of satisfaction to ourselves that Mr. James has such a pleasing prospect before him towards the close of his long and eminently useful life—but we trust that, long as he has already laboured, the Great Head of the Church will yet vouchsafe to him many years of usefulness and peace.

MELIORA: a Quarterly Review of Social Science. London: Partridge & Co.

THE MORAL STATISTICS OF GLASGOW. By William Logan, Commissioner of the Scottish Temperance League.

Meliora video proboque, deteriora sequor, might be the motto of many

a periodical contributor; but if we may judge from the promises of the prospectus, and from the contributions forming this number, "Meliora" is rightly named, and is likely to be, according to its promise, "a first class review." From the specimens before us, we have no reason to doubt that the writers not only see and approve the better things, but are willing and able so to present them as to win the approval of all who may be happy enough to attend to them. Such a work, however, demands something more than talent and industry to commend the subject to those who are not already quite awake to its importance. Scientific exhibitions of truth require instructed minds to appreciate them, but well-coloured pictures of social condition secure the attention of all classes. We would, therefore, advise that a large admixture of lively narrative and personal matter should enter into this review of social science; or, like other works that get a good name, it will be approved without being read, and so with abundance of the most useful intelligence in its pages, prove but of small profit either to the public or the proprietors. Every article in this number is good in its way; but, after all, there seems to be a feeling that stories are the attraction to readers in general, and so we have here in the midst of statistics, "A Glimpse of Family History," by way of relief from percentage reasonings. Reviews are often enough lightly written, but they often prove heavy enough in the reading; and we think this review wisely departs from its reviewing in the first number—at least its readers will not complain of the departure—for certainly the story entitled, "Keeping Up Appearances," is as teaching, and telling, and touching, as anything in No. I. of "Meliora."

As this advocate of social amelioration seems to come out under the auspices of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of Intemperance, we place Mr. Logan's pamphlet with it, since that pamphlet well shows how intemperance frustrates the best efforts to ameliorate society, by causing disease, derangement, and pauperism, with crime, and prostitution, and every other form of profanation.

THE EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES. By the Rev. James White. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1858.

UNFORTUNATELY good and readable manuals on universal history are so rare among us, that we ought to hail the appearance of even inferior contributions towards so desirable an object. Somehow, history has in our schools been degraded into dry chronology, or into a wearisome succession of unconnected facts, till popular prejudice has, practically, almost banished it from our class-rooms. These remarks are not, however, meant in any way to depreciate Mr. White's work, which we have perused with considerable satisfaction and pleasure. In strict critical language, we can neither designate it as a *history* of the eighteen Christian centuries, nor as a series of essays on the subject. The book is not sufficiently full and connected to lay claim to the first title, nor so loose as to merit the second appellation. It is rather a summary of leading facts, which may well serve

as an introduction to a more full and detailed history. We know not of a better work to place in the hands of young persons, or more suited to give the reader a general acquaintanceship with the great outlines of past events. Written in elegant language, furnished with all the attractions of a pictorial style, the reader is in it carried down the stream of time. His accomplished guide at the helm points out, on either bank, castles, battle-fields, cities, churches, and memorable places, and narrates in graphic language what has occurred, and what men have thought and done. With a "handy book" like this, we shall no longer have any excuse for historical ignorance. Of course in such a rapid survey we neither expect fulness of details nor originality of research. Still events which to us appear of great importance—especially in the history of Germany—are occasionally omitted, or too briefly indicated. Nor can we always admit the historical accuracy of every statement. Thus we are not disposed to estimate the *ambition* of Gregory VII. at so high a figure as Mr. White does. Much more emphatically must we object to the statement of our author, that the principles of the Albigenses (or *Cathari*), "when stript of the malicious additions of enemies, were not different from the creed of Protestantism at the present time." It is now well ascertained that the Albigenses had very little in common even with the *precursors* of the Reformation. In truth, their principles were little different from those of the ancient Manicheans; their "perfect" men were quite other than the converts of Protestantism; and the characteristic feature of their religion, the "*Consolamentum*," has no analogy in Protestantism. Similarly, we would have placed the wanderings of the *Flagellants* rather in the fourteenth than in the fifteenth century, as an examination of their history will show. We might also object to the unqualified statement, "There would seem no close connexion between Bohemia and England, yet in a very short time the doctrines of Wickliffe penetrated to Prague." The Bohemian Reformation was not *wholly* of British origin, and there *was* a close connexion between Bohemia and England, owing partly to the marriage of "Good Queen Ann," the sister of the Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, with Richard II., and partly to the intercourse between the universities of Oxford and of Prague. But, with the exception of the error about the Cathari, these are but slight blemishes in a really able and thoroughly useful work, which a revision will readily remove. We cordially congratulate the author on a production which, as it must have cost him a good deal of study, promises to be eminently successful, and our readers on the possession of a work which they should make haste to procure. If Mr. White will allow us another suggestion, we would recommend him to add an *index*, to make the style a little less pictorial, and to omit a too frequent reference to the *popularity* of the Mediæval Church. If we have appeared minute in our exceptions, our error has arisen from our appreciation of the volume, and from our desire to see it a manual in common use.

HALLELUJAH: or, Britain's Second Remembrancer. In Praiseful and Penitential Hymns, Spiritual Songs, and Moral Odes, &c. Composed in a threefold volume by George Wither. With an Introduction by Edward Farr. London: John Russell Smith, Soho Square. 1857.

GEORGE WITHER, though now but little known, was a conspicuous character in this country in the time of the Charleses and Cromwell. He rendered himself notorious by his satires, in which he lashed the vices of the court and ecclesiastical dignitaries; by "The Scourge," and "Abuses, Whipt and Stript," for which he suffered imprisonment. He was a patriot, a pious man, and a Puritan, and laboured, in conjunction with such men as Herbert and Sandys, to restore sacred poetry to its proper rank in the literature of this land. His earlier poetry seems to have possessed considerable merit. His "Shepherds Hunting," written in prison, says Campbell, contains the very finest touches that ever came from his hasty and irregular pen. The same writer observes his works are occasionally marked with originality of thought, while some of his earlier pieces display the native amenity of a poet's imagination. The editor of this work says truly that there is a natural love of truth and simplicity which has put life and an enduring freshness into all that he has written. The work whose title we have given has long been out of print. It is now presented afresh to the public after slumbering in obscurity two hundred years. We cannot say, with the present editor, that "The Hallelujah; or, Britain's Second Remembrancer," is poetry of a high order, at the same time, we think pieces may be selected from the volume worthy of insertion in our books of sacred and devotional song. We might quote the first and the last of these hymns in justification of this statement.

Monthly Review of Public Events.

WE have had a month of intense excitement, worthy of a far more elaborate and extended review than our space permits us to bestow upon it. The great event, of course, has been the struggle in the Commons, occasioned by the publication of the ELLENBOROUGH Despatch. Even the Upper House was aroused from its dignified quietude to unwonted vivacity, when Lord SHAFTESBURY brought forward what was virtually a vote of censure on the government; while in the Lower House, the heat and fierceness of the debate on MR. CARDWELL'S motion far surpassed anything that has been known since '46. The battle is over now, but its importance will justify an explanation of what we believe to be the real merits of the great controversy.

Lord CANNING sent to Sir J. OUTRAM the draft of a proclamation confiscating the estates of all the landholders of Oude, who had

taken any part in the mutiny, but offering mercy and a restitution of their rights to all who should make a speedy tender of allegiance to the British government. Sir J. OUTRAM objected to the severity of the proclamation, partly on grounds of policy, alleging that it would alienate from us a very powerful class which we should rather endeavour to conciliate; and, partly, on grounds of justice, maintaining that the talookdars of Oude had some reason to complain of the injustice inflicted in the course of our land settlement, when we annexed the country, and that the annexation itself was so recent that they had a right to be considered as engaged in a legitimate war rather than a rebellion. The Governor-General acknowledged the force of Sir J. OUTRAM's criticisms, and permitted him somewhat to modify the severity of the original document, but determined to abide by its main principles. Mr. VERNON SMITH received a private letter from Lord CANNING, in which his lordship anticipated that objections were likely to be raised at home against the proclamation, and promised to explain and justify it. Mr. SMITH did not hand the letter to the President of the Board of Control. When, however, Lord ELLENBOROUGH read the proclamation, he thought he had found a grand opportunity for exercising the high prerogatives of his newly acquired office: he had once rejoiced in the glory of being himself the great potentate and ruler of the East; he was now something loftier still, the monitor and master of that exalted functionary. He wrote, as his lordship well knows how to write, a high-toned and eloquent condemnation, not only of Lord CANNING but of Lord DALHOUSIE too; virtually justified the Oude rebellion as a national and patriotic movement, and impeached our title to that kingdom. By a concatenation of what are called "accidents," this despatch was laid on the table of the House of Commons, published in every English newspaper, circulated through Europe, and transmitted to the insurgent population of India. The representative of English rule in the East, in a moment of peril and unparalleled difficulty was thus publicly insulted and rebuked by an English minister; and before our empire had quite recovered from a violent assault, our very title to dominion was questioned, not by a revolted rajah, or a mutinous sepoy, but by the President of the Board of Control.

The publication of the despatch was atoned for almost immediately by the resignation of Lord ELLENBOROUGH; his colleagues, while regretting that the offensive paper should have been published approved its principles. We can scarcely imagine that any reasonable person will defend an act which even the ministry acknowledges to be unfortunate; but many right-minded men have expressed themselves very strongly on the severity of the proclamation. We can, in a very few words, express our own estimate of it.

The system of land-tenure which we found in India is altogether unlike anything with which we are familiar in Europe, and to judge Lord CANNING fairly we should remember its peculiarities. Three parties claim, and justly claim, an interest in the soil; the actual cultivators, organized usually into village communities, the

zemindars, who, having been originally mere farmers of revenue, have struggled into the possession of proprietary rights, and the government. Injustice is inflicted by the ignoring of the claims either of the state, or of the so-called "land-holders," or of the actual tenants and cultivators. The last must not be dislodged without sufficient cause, or too heavily burdened; the share of the zemindars must not be confiscated, except for high crimes and misdemeanour; nor can the land-tax, which is of the nature of a rent rather than a tax, be alienated from the government. Now in Oude, the second of these parties had, almost to a man, rebelled against us, either by personally engaging in the war, or by helping the rebel army with provisions or treasure. The farmers had not revolted, but the zemindars or warlike chiefs of Oude had, with scarcely half-a-dozen exceptions, joined our foe. Lord CANNING determined, therefore, not to appropriate all the land to the government, as some have recklessly asserted, but, leaving the actual cultivators in the enjoyment of all their rights, to "confiscate" the revenues of the rebellious middlemen, offering, however, to reinstate, in their old position, all who should promptly return to their allegiance. He was not guilty of plundering a nation; but determined to seize the revenues of some 500 or 600 men, whose tyranny and rapacity had of old inflicted terrible evils on the mass of the people, and who were in actual rebellion against the lawful government; he promised restitution only to those who should speedily tender their submission. This is the head and front of his offending. We have stood by Lord CANNING throughout the mutiny, and we stand by him still.

The regret, which our love of justice excites, that the ministry have escaped the punishment they deserve, is somewhat lessened by the consideration, that had they been removed, the only possible government would have been one from which it seems vain to hope that the spirit of clique-ism will ever be exorcised; and, till that can be done, we have no wish to see Lord PALMERSTON in office. However, we would despair of no man; and though statesmen are not the aptest pupils, perhaps it is not too late for his lordship to learn some valuable lessons in the school of political adversity.

Sir J. TRELAWNEY's Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates is still victorious in the Commons, and every attempt at compromise meets with a humiliating defeat. The Jew clause in the Oaths Bill has been lost in the Lords, by a majority of 119 to 80. In securing Baron ROTHSCHILD's appointment in the Committee of the House of Commons, to consider what action is to be taken, in consequence of the defiant attitude of the Peers, Mr. DUNCOMBE exhibited his ancient wit and ingenuity.

We had intended to say something about the BISHOP OF EXETER's Commission for inquiry into the religious destitution which the Establishment has failed to relieve, about the meetings of the great religious societies, the progress of the American revival (a subject to which we intend shortly to devote an article), and the Royal Academy Exhibition; but impatient printers, and decreasing space compel us to forbear.

Books Received.

Angel's (An) Message. Being a Series of Angelic and Holy Communications received by a Lady. John Wesley & Co.
Anti-Slavery Advocate (The), for May. Wm. Tweedie.
Apostolic Missions; or, Sacred History Amplified and Combined with the Apostolic Epistles, &c. Groombridge & Sons.
Aspect of Paris. By Edward Copping. Longmans & Co.
Atlantic Monthly Magazine (The), for May. Trübner & Co.
Baptist Magazine, for May. Pewtress & Co.
Bible Class Magazine, for May. Sunday School Union.
Biblical Liturgy. Nos. II. and III. Ward & Co.
Bibliotheca Sacra. Vol. XV., April. Trübner & Co.
British Controversialist (The). Part I. Houlston & Wright.
Carey's Translation of the Book of Job. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
Child's Own Magazine (The), for May. Sunday School Union.
Christ and Missions. By the Rev. W. Clarkson. John Snow.
Christian Hope. By John Angell James. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Chronology for Schools. By F. H. Jaquemet. Longmans & Co.
Commentary Wholly Biblical. Part XIX. Samuel Bagster & Sons.
Congregational Economist, for May. No. II. Judd & Glass.
Congregational Pulpit, for May. Judd & Glass.
Cruelest (The) Wrong of All. Smith, Elder, & Co.
Cruise (The) of the Betsey: with Rambles of a Geologist. By Hugh Miller. Constable & Co.
Divine (The) Authority of Holy Scripture: a Sermon. By R. W. Ferguson, B.A. J. Hatchard.
Eden Family (The). By Jeremiah Dodsworth. Partridge & Co.
Education (The) of the Human Race. From the German of Gotthold E. Lessing. Smith & Elder.
Evangelical Meditations. By the late Rev. Alexander Vinet, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Evangelical Christendom: its State and Prospects, for May. The Evangelical Alliance.
Extraits Choisés; or, Selections from Modern French Writers. Longmans & Co.
French Finance and Financiers under Louis XV. By James Murray. Longmans & Co.
Geological Difficulties of the Age Theory. By Andrew Taylor. Edinburgh: R. Lendrum & Co.
Gnomon of the New Testament. Vols. II., IV., and V. By John Albert Bengel. Edinburgh T. & T. Clark.
Greek (The) Testament Roots. By G. K. Gillespie. Walton & Maberley.
Historical (A) and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament. Genesis—Hebrew and English Ditto, English Edition. By M. M. Kalisch, Phil. Doc., M.A. Longmans & Co.
Hermeneutical Manual. By Patrick Fairburn, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Hamilton & Adams.
Humboldt's Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. Vol. IV., Part I. Longmans & Co.
Hymns of the Church Militant. James Nisbet & Co.
Introduction (An) to Grammar on its True Basis. By B. H. Smart. Longmans & Co.
Jamaica: its Curse and Cure. By Alexander Renton. Kingston, Jamaica: Ford & Gall.
Jewish Chronicle (The). Nos. 176, 177, 178, 179. Office: 7, Bevis Marks.
Leaves from a Minister's Portfolio. By the Rev. D. Fraser, A.M. James Nisbet & Co.
Lectures (Three) on Medicine and Medical Education. By W. T. Gairdner, M.D. Simpkin & Marshall.
Lectures (Three) on the Early History of the Society of Friends in Bristol and Somersetshire. A. W. Bennett.
Leisure Hour (The). Parts 74, 75, 76, 77. Religious Tract Society.
Liberator (The), for May. Houlston & Wright.
Library of Biblical Literature. No. XLVI.—The Science of the Ancients. Sunday School Union.
Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti. By C. W. Russell, D.D. Longmans & Co.
London University Magazine, for May. No. XXXV. A. Hall, Virtue, & Co.
Love Made Perfect: illustrated in the Life and Diary of Mrs. Elizabeth Pickford. Hamilton & Co.
Macaulay's History of England, from the Accession of James II. Vol. VI. Longmans & Co.
Mather on the Present State and Prospects of Christian Missions in India. John Snow.
Memorial of an Only Daughter. By her Mother. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.
Money Bag (The). No. I.—Literature, Politics, Finance. Daniel F. Oakey.
Notes on the Scripture Lessons for June, 1858. Sunday School Union.
Not Your Own: a Sermon. By the Rev. E. Mellor, M.A. John Snow.
Philosophy (The) of Teaching; or, Psychology in relation to Intellectual Culture. R. Griffin & Co.
Pilgrim (The) at Home. By Sheridan Wilson. Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt.
Presbyterian (The) and Protestant Dissenter in the Army and Navy. John Snow.
Professor Wilson's Works. Poems. Vol. XII. William Blackwood & Sons.
Pulpit Observer (The). No. I., April. Judd & Glass.
Puseley's Hand-Book to Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. Effingham Wilson.
Revival of Religion: What it is, and how to be Obtained and Manifested. By John Brown, D.D. Hamilton & Adams.
Sacrifice (The) of Christ. By Charles Williams. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
Sermon of One Syllable. By Rev. H. N. Bousfield. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Sunday (The) at Home. Parts XLVI., XLVII., XLVIII. Religious Tract Society.
Thy Word is Truth: an Apology for Christianity. By Rev. John Cumming, D.D. A. Hall & Co.
Twelve (The) Minor Prophets. Translated from the Original Hebrew by E. Henderson. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.
Union Magazine for Sunday School Teachers, for May. Sunday School Union.
Voice (The) of Christian Life in Song. James Nisbet & Co.
Zwingli; or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

INDEX

TO VOLUME III.—NEW SERIES.

PAGE

Acts of the Apostles, The, Explained, by Dr. Alexander 289
Adeline 389
Agar, Mrs., The Knights of the Cross 294
Aguilar, Grace, Home Influence 134
Aguilar, Grace, Home Scenes and Heart Studies 135
Aguilar, Grace, Shema Yisrael 135
Aguilar, Grace, The Days of Bruce 135
Aguilar, Grace, The Jewish Faith 135
Aguilar, Grace, The Mother's Recompense 134
Aguilar, Grace, The Vale of Cedars 135
Aguilar, Grace, The Women of Israel 134
Aguilar, Grace, Woman's Friendship 134
Alcohol, its Place and Power, by J. Miller.. 388
Alexander, Dr., The Acts of the Apostles Explained 289
Alexander, Dr., The Book for Every Land. 466
American Literature, Quarterly Review of 185, 469
Anastasia 477
Annotations on D'Aubigne's Sketch of the Early British Church, by M. Webb 193
Armstrong, Dr., A Memoir of, by the Rev. T. T. Carter 97
Arnold, Matthew, Merope 488
Atkinson, T. W., Oriental and Western Siberia 217

Baird, Dr. W., A Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences 479
Banim, John, The Life of, by P. J. Murray 286
Bennett, Rev. W., A Pastoral Letter to the Parishioners of Frome 512
Bergier, J. B., The Life and Writings of St. Chrysostom 21
Book for Every Land, The, by Dr. Alexander 466
Books Received 100, 299, 396, 492, 588
Bowring, E. A., The Most Holy Book of Psalms 481
Brazil and the Brazilians, by the Rev. D. P. Kidder and Rev. J. C. Fletcher 155
Breen, H. H., Modern English Literature.. 192
British Animals, A History of 118
British Association for the Advancement of Science, Report of 165
Brock, Rev. W., A Biographical Sketch of Sir H. Havelock 371
Brough, J., Common Things on the Bringing Up of Girls 387
Bruys Histoire du Fanatisme de Nostre Temps 493
Buckle, H. T., History of Civilization in England 534

Camisards, Histoire des 493
Camisards, Les, Ernest Alby 493
Captivity of Two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus 482
Carter, Rev. T. T., A Memoir of Dr. Armstrong 97
Cavallier, Memoirs of the Wars of the Cevennes 493

PAGE

Cevennen, Geschichte des Aufruhrs in den, by J. C. K. Hofmann 493
Cevennes, Histoire des Troubles, des Cevennes, A. Court 493
Cevennes, Memoirs of the Wars of, Cavallier 493
Christianity without Judaism, by Rev. B. Powell 289
Chrysostom, The Life and Writings of, by J. B. Bergier 21
Church Music, Reflections on, by Carl Engel 393
Church Psalter and Hymn Book, by Rev. W. Mercer 286
Civilization in England, History of, by H. T. Buckle 534
Collette, C. H., Invocation of Saints 288
Congregational Economist, The, Rev. J. Parker 560
Coquerel, Ath., The Relation of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism to the Fine Arts 1
Court, A., Histoire des Troubles des Cevennes 493
Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences, by W. Baird 479

Debit and Credit, by Gustav Freitag 234
Debt, The Duty of Abstaining from, by Rev. G. Ewing 387
Dent, C., Thoughts and Sketches in Verse 284

Eastern Church, The Orthodox Doctrine of the Apostolic 301
Edwards, H. S., Captivity of Two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus 482
Eighteen Christian Centuries, The, by Rev. J. White 583
Ellis, W. A., Layman's Contribution to the Knowledge and Practice of Religion in Common Life 415
Engel Carl, Reflections on Church Music... 393
Essays by Ministers of the Free Church of Scotland 540
Ewing, Rev. G., The Duty of Abstaining from Debt 387

Farina, A Legend of Cologne, by G. Meredith 457
Ferguson, Dr., The Penalties of Greatness 293
Fine Arts in their Relation to Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, by Ath. Coquerel 1
Fléchier, Lettres Choisies de 493
Fosteriana 476
Fountain Sealed, The 95
Free Church Essays, The 570
Freitag, Gustav, Debit and Credit 234
French Literature, Quarterly Review of 88, 381

Geldart, T., Glimpses of our Island Home 192
Geological Society, Quarterly Journal of 165
Geologist, The 191
Geology, Atheisms of 61

PAGE

German Literature, Quarterly Review of 269, 572
Gilfillan, Rev. G., On the Poetical Works of E. Waller and Sir J. Denham 487
Gilfillan, Rev. G., The Poetical Works of Sir W. Scott 487
Gully, Dr., The Water Cure in Chronic Disease 198

Heirs of the Farmstead, The 391
Home Island, Our 295
Hood, Rev. E. P., Havelock, the Broad Stone of Honour 371
Hunt, J., A Treatise on the Cure of Stammering 266
Hutton, J., A Hundred Years Ago 78

India, The Future Government of 443
Intuitive Morals, An Essay on 253

James, Rev. J. A., Christian Hope 582
Jewish Chronicle and Hebrew Observer ... 135
Johnstone, A., A Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice 389
Jones, Rev. A., The Proper Names of the Old Testament 290
Jurieu, Pastoral Letters 493

Kidder, Rev. D. P., Brazil and the Brazilians 155

Logan, W., The Moral Statistics of Glasgow 582

Martineau, H., Suggestions for the Future Government of India 443
Meliora 582
Mercer, Rev. W., Church Psalter and Hymn Book 286
Meredith, G., Farina, a Legend of Cologne 457
Middleton, C. S., Shelley and his Writings 319
Miller, Hugh, The Testimony of the Rocks 61
Miller, J., Alcohol, its Place and Power... 388
Monthly Review of Public Events ... 97, 194, 296, 393, 489, 585
Murray, P. J., The Life of John Banin..... 286
Musings of a Pilgrim at Jacob's Well 288
Muston, Dr., The Israel of the Alps 385

Newman, F. W., Theism, Doctrinal and Practical 253
Nicholson, Rev. S., Memoir of..... 481
Normanby, Marquis of, A Year of Revolution in Paris, 1848 101

Owen, Rev. W., The Good Soldier, a Memoir of Sir H. Havelock 371

Pastoral Letter, A 512
Phillippo, J. M. 280
Philosophical Magazine 165
Plotinus and the Neo-Platonicienne 433
Powell, Rev. B., Christianity without Judaism 289
Pratt, J. H., Scripture and Science not at Variance 461
Psalms, A New Metrical Translation of the 285

Reade, J. E., The Poetical Works of 397
Redding, C., Fifty Years' Recollections..... 378
Royal Astronomical Society, Monthly Notices of 165

Sheepfold and the Common, The..... 390
Shelley and Byron, Recollections of the Last Days of, by E. J. Trelawny 319

PAGE

Shema, Yisrael, by Grace Aguilar 135
Siberia, Oriental and Western, by T. W. Atkinson 217
Sisters, The Four..... 489
Sleeman, Sir W. H., A Journey through the Kingdom of Oude 352
Smiles, S., The Life of George Stephenson 48
Smith, H. L., Lithographs of the Church of the First Born..... 291
Spas of Germany and Belgium, A Three Weeks' Scamper Through, by Erasmus Wilson 485
Spurgeon, Rev. C., The Saint and his Saviour 295
Stammering, A Treatise on the Cure of, by J. Hunt..... 266
Stars and the Angels, The..... 392
Stephenson, George, The Life of, by Smiles 48
Stier, The Words of the Lord Jesus 293
Stipends of Nonconformist Ministers, The 560
St. John, B., Montaigne the Essayist..... 243
Sunday Sunshine..... 482
Surville, Mme. L., Balzac sa vie et ses Œuvres 532

Temperature of the Seasons, its Influence on Inorganic Objects, and on Plants and Animals 118
Tempsky, G. F. von., Travels in Mexico ... 361
Theism, Doctrinal and Practical, by F. W. Newman 253
Thomas, Rev. D., The Homilist 190
Thoughts and Sketches in Verse, by C. Dent 284
Timbs, J., Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated..... 191
Tom Brown's School Days 422
Trelawny, E. J., Recollections of the Last Days of Shelly and Byron 319

United States and Cuba, by J. M. Phillippo 280
Urling, G. F., Vocal Gymnastics 266

Vale of Cedars, The, by Grace Aguilar..... 135
Villars, De, Vie du Maréchal le Duc de Villars 495
Vocal Gymnastics, by G. F. Urling 266

Water Cure, The, in Chronic Disease, by Dr. Gully 198
Water Cure, The, by Dr. J. Wilson 198
Water Cure, The Metropolis of the 196
Webb, M., Annotations on D'Aubigne's Sketch of the Early British Church 193
West, Rev. D., The Life and Journals of, by Rev. T. West 95
West, Rev. T., The Life and Journals of Rev. D. West 95
White, Rev. J., The Eighteen Christian Centuries 563
Wilson, Dr. J., The Water Cure..... 198
Wilson, Erasmus, Spas of Germany and Belgium..... 485
Winslow, Dr. O., Hidden Life..... 295
Winslow, Dr. O., Morning Thoughts..... 288
Wither, G., Hallelujah 385
Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice, A, by A. Johnstone 389
Woman's Friendship, by Grace Aguilar 134
Women of Israel, The, by Grace Aguilar... 134
Words of the Lord Jesus, The, by R. Stier 293

Year Nine, The 390

Zoology, The Philosophy of 118

J. HADDON, PRINTER, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.

DR. CORNWELL'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

GEOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS. 1s. (*Just published*).

A SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. Twenty-fourth Edition. 3s. 6d.; with Maps, 5s. 6d.
A SCHOOL ATLAS. Plain, 2s. 6d.; coloured, 4s.
THE YOUNG COMPOSER: Progressive Exercises in English Composition. Twentieth Edition. 1s. 6d.
A KEY TO THE YOUNG COMPOSER. 3s.
ALLEN'S SELECT ENGLISH POETRY. Ninth Edition. 4s.
ALLEN'S EUTROPIUS, with DICTIONARY. 3s.
ALLEN and CORNWELL'S GRAMMAR. Twenty-sixth Edition. Red, 2s.; cloth, 1s. 9d.
GRAMMAR for BEGINNERS. Thirtieth Edition. Cloth, 1s.; sewed, 9d.
THE SCIENCE of ARITHMETIC; a Systematic Course of Numerical Reasoning and Computation. By JAMES CORNWELL, Ph.D., and JOSHUA G. FITCH, M.A. Third Edition, corrected and enlarged. 4s. 6d.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.; HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co.
Edinburgh: OLIVER & BOYD; W. P. KENNEDY.

Just published, Second Edition, with additions, 8vo., cloth, price 3s. 6d.

SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE NOT AT VARIANCE; with Remarks on the Historical Character, Plenary Inspiration, and Surpassing Importance of the Earlier Chapters of Genesis. By JOHN H. PRATT, M.A., Archdeacon of Calcutta; Author of the "Mathematical Principles of Mechanical Philosophy."

London: THOMAS HATCHARD, Piccadilly. Calcutta: R. C. LEPAGE & Co.

This day, in demy 8vo., price 9s.

DRY STICKS. Fagoted by WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Edinburgh: JAMES NICHOL. London: JAMES NISBET & Co.

CHRISTMAS-BOOK FOR THE YOUNG.

New Edition, this day, price 7s. 6d., cloth gilt.

NAOMI; or, THE LAST DAYS OF JERUSALEM. By Mrs. J. B. WEBB. With Designs by Gilbert, and View and Plan of Jerusalem.

"One of the most interesting works we have read for some time. The sentiments are appropriate, the style is graceful, and the tale is well contrived. . . . We are not, then, surprised at the popularity it has attained—it deserves it; and we cordially wish it further success.—*Metropolitan.*

"It is in truth an admirable little volume, and well worthy of a yet more extensive patronage than it has already received."—*Maidstone Journal.*

"The plot is easy, natural, and well sustained. The narrative is gracefully written. . . . Seldom have we read a tale better adapted for its purpose, or more beautifully told."—*Monthly Review.*

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row. 11

ELEGANT GIFT-BOOK.

Just published, Third Edition, price 6s.

QUIET HOURS. By the Rev. JOHN PULSFORD.

"This will be a very welcome book to many quiet, thoughtful, spiritual people; and, in these noisy days, we cannot do our readers a better service than to recommend to them devotional books of a really healthy character. There is a peculiarity and quaintness in Mr. Pulsford's manner of thought which will only make his book the more acceptable to very many minds."—*Eclectic Review.*

"The reader will find in this volume little of the formal theology to which he may be accustomed, but he will find that the humble recognition of the great verities of the Christian faith underlies the whole of the author's thinking. It is refreshing to meet with the work of a real thinker, such as we have before us. And, especially, it is delightful to find a man of this cast of mind so truly spiritual and real."—*Scottish Congregational Magazine.*

Edinburgh: THOS. C. JACK. London: HAMILTON & Co. 4

FIFTH EDITION!

Now ready, complete in Six Vols. (2,720 pp.) 8vo., elegantly bound in cloth, price 21s., or separate Vols., 3s. 6d. each.

THE FIRST SERIES OF THE

BRITISH CONTROVERSIALIST.

Volume I. contains—The commencement of two important Series of Papers on "The Art of Reasoning" and "The Art of Public Speaking," and Debates on the following subjects: War and Christianity—The Union of Church and State—Is Beauty a Quality Inherent in Objects?—Phrenology—The Execution of Charles I.—The Moderate Use of Alcoholic Drinks—The Poet *versus* the Legislator—Hereditary Monarchy—Universal Suffrage—Indirect Taxation—Capital Punishments. Essays on Mutual Instruction and Debating Societies, &c., &c.

Volume II. contains—The completion of the Articles on "Reasoning" and "Speaking," and Debates on the Divine Trinity—Sectarianism—The Roman Catholic Hierarchy—Secular Education—Is Language of Divine Origin?—The Character of Cromwell—Mesmerism—Vegetarianism—The Working Classes and Machinery—Essays on Poetry, &c.—Valuable Advice in answer to many Educational Questions.

Volume III. contains—Two Series of Articles on "Rhetoric" and "European Philosophy." Also Debates on the British Stage—Origin of the British Church—Homœopathy—Woman Mentally—The Jews and Parliament—The Currency—Communism—The Confessional—The Effects of the Crusades—Protection and Native Produce and Industry. Essays on History—Education—Poetry—Public Speaking—A Right Selection of Branches of Study—Learning Languages; and much Valuable Information in answer to Questions.

Volume IV. contains—The conclusion of the Articles on "Rhetoric" and Debates on the Strict Observance of a Sabbath—The Baptism of Infants—Education and Crime—Milton and Shakspere—The Character of the Duke of Wellington—The Grant to Maynooth—Transportation—France *versus* England—The Laws of Primogeniture. Essays on Poetry—Means of Mental Improvement—Studies for Law Students—The Right Use of Books—Books and Reading, &c. Notices of Books. Improving Exercises in Grammar, Mathematics, and Logic, &c.

Volume V. contains—Debates on Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism—The Spiritual World—The Character of Napoleon Bonaparte—Justice to Scotland—The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge as National Institutions—The Maine Liquor Law—Slavery. Articles on European Philosophy, and a valuable Series of Popular Papers entitled Aids to Self-Culture—The Art of Reading, &c. Essays on Building Societies, their Origin, Constitution, and Uses. The Section entitled the "Young Student and Writer's Assistant" contains a valuable Series of Exercises in Grammar, Mathematics, Geography, Logic, Rhetoric, and Shorthand. The Societies' Section contains an Essay on Interesting Exercises for Mutual Improvement Societies, &c.

Volume VI. contains—Debates on the Doctrine of Eternal Punishments—Plurality of Worlds—Instinct and Reason—Monachism—The War with Russia—The Ballot—Secularism—Mahomet an Impostor—Unanimity of Juries. Prize Essays on the Study of History, and Essays on European Philosophy—The Art of Reading—The Art of Writing—Arithmetic—The Essentials of English Grammar and Composition—Shelley—Moore—Byron—Benjamin Franklin—Gerald Massey—Young Men's Associations—Extemporaneous Speaking—True Object of History.

"Contains a large amount of sound and very useful information."—*Eclectic Review.*

London: HOULSTON and WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row. 8

Cloth, price 8s. 6d., post free.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: a Biography. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

"The great extent of Mr. Hood's reading, his thorough intimacy with all the highest forms of our literature, has enabled him to bring to the illustration of Wordsworth's mental character, and to the exposition of his style and principles of poetry, an affluence of knowledge rarely to be met with. His page literally blazes with poetry, rich and eloquent dissertation, imagery and illusion varied and beautiful.—*Evangelical Magazine*, December, 1856.

London: A. W. BENNETT (Successor to W. & F. G. CASH), 5, Bishopsgate Without.

WORKS OF DELTA.

18mo., cloth extra, price 2s. 6d.

"THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH:" a Supplement to "The Comforter," or Joy in the Holy Ghost.

CONTENTS.—Introduction. Chap. I. The Complaint.—Chap. II. The Unction of the Holy One.—Chap. III. Criticism and Controversy.—Chap. IV. Objective Truth and Inner Life.—Chap. V. The Church and the World.

Second Edition, with additional Notes, cloth extra, 1s. 6d.

"THE COMFORTER;" or, Joy in the Holy Ghost. A Word for the Restless.

CONTENTS.—Chap. I. Preliminary Conversations on the Gift of "The Comforter." Chap. II. Scriptural Distinctions; or, The Two Dispensations.—Chap. III. "The Communion of the Holy Ghost;" Its Nature and Blessedness.—Note. On the Forgiveness of Sins by Man.

"It is the work of a deep and independent thinker, and contains much that is true and beautiful."—*Excelsior.*

18mo., 144 pages, cloth extra, price 1s. 6d.

THE SYMBOLS OF THE APOCALYPSE, Explained from their Use in other Scriptures. For Bible Classes and Families.

The object of this little book is to promote the intelligent reading of the Apocalypse, apart from, and independent of, any particular scheme of interpretation. No book in the Bible has a more fascinating interest for the young. It is our own fault if it is *less useful* than any other portion.

Foolscap 8vo., 5s., extra boards.

THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN, Simply Analyzed and Briefly Expounded.

"We should be unjust not to acknowledge the great ability of this work, and it value as an aid to our interpretation of the Apocalypse."—*Watchman.*

Just published, Second Edition, 2s., cloth extra.

HOURS OF DEVOTION: A Meditation for every Day in the Month. Translated and Abridged from the German of Dr. A. THOLUCK, by ANN and CATHARINE H. DUNN.

London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., Paternoster Row; and JAMES NISBET & Co., Berners Street. 1

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

This day, price 7s. 6d., in post 8vo., cloth gilt.

THE YEAR NINE. A Tale of the Tyrol. By the Author of "Mary Powell." With Frontispiece.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row. 10

On January 1st, Vol. I. (to be completed in 3 vols.), price 6s.

APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES. THINGS THAT WERE. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E. A new, revised, re-arranged, and almost re-written Edition.

Vol. II. will contain THINGS THAT ARE.
Vol. III. „ THINGS THAT WILL BE HEREAFTER.

These volumes will form a library edition of a work of unprecedented popularity, replete with interest, and strikingly illustrative of a much neglected portion of the Word of God.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row, London. 6

Price Fourpence, Unstamped; and Fivepence, Stamped.

THE BRITISH STANDARD:

A WEEKLY FIRST-CLASS JOURNAL,

THE SAME SIZE AS "THE TIMES," PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

Giving all the News of the Week up to the Latest Hour.

EDITED BY JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS FOR 1858.

The First Volume being now completed, the Editor desires, first, to express most hearty thanks to his zealous friends, in all parts of the Kingdom, for the prompt, vigorous, and continued support which they have rendered him in the starting and establishment of the BRITISH STANDARD; secondly, to ask, from one and all of them, not only the continuance of their personal support, but a repetition of the efficient services they so nobly rendered him a year ago, when he stood forth "to lift up as Standard for the People."

The BRITISH STANDARD owes its distinguished position solely to the unbought, generous, and steadfast support of its vast, enlightened, and liberal Constituency. From the first hour till now, the valiant legion has never wavered. Its Bearer has walked loyally, fearlessly on; his supporters marching boldly along with him, cheering him at every step of his progress by their approving plaudits, without the dissonance of a single murmur.

At the close of 1856 the Publisher for weeks received upwards of ONE HUNDRED LETTERS A-DAY with Orders! Let there be a repetition of such zeal, and the triumph of truth will be secure!

This fresh aid the Editor very earnestly asks of his friends in furtherance of his great work. They have already given practical proof that they think it of importance to possess a Journal catholic in spirit, and thoroughly independent in character, persevering, enlightened, indomitable, Christian, and patriotic. It only remains, therefore, that they continue their good offices in powerfully sustaining it. Hired canvassers, a thousand strong, are not worth a hundred earnest, intelligent, and voluntary agents.

Next to Subscription is Advertisement. By advertising in the BRITISH STANDARD, and recommending it to others as a most important medium of communication with the public, friends will be yielding it special service. Advertisements are the "sinews of war" to Public Journals!

The BRITISH STANDARD aspires to serve and benefit the Universal Church, Protestant and Evangelical, in these lands, rather than a Sect or Denomination; at the same time, as circumstances may require, it will aid each, and endeavour to correct each where correction is necessary, applying to the sayings and doings, the pretensions and assumptions, of all, the unerring tests of Eternal Truth. Every thing excellent, whether among Churchmen or Dissenters, will find in the BRITISH STANDARD a friend and an advocate; nor will evil, of whatever kind, wherever found, go unchecked and unbranded. The BRITISH STANDARD will look at things in which all the Churches—or, rather, all the sections of the ONE Church—agree, rather than at those in which they differ; and the great object after which it will strenuously endeavour, will be the furtherance and the defence of the "Common Salvation."

May be obtained by order of all Booksellers and Newsvendors in the Kingdom; and of the Publisher, at the OFFICE, 5, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON. The cost per Quarter, prepaid, Stamped Edition, is 5s. 5d.; or if prepaid for a Year, a Guinea. Post-office Orders should be made payable to Mr. DANIEL PRATT, at the Post-office, Fleet Street.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY JOHN F. SHAW, SOUTHAMPTON ROW AND PATERNOSTER ROW.

Uniform with "Mornings with Jesus."

EVENINGS WITH JESUS. A Series of Devotional Readings, for the Closet and Family. By the late Rev. WILLIAM JAY. Second Thousand. Fcp. 8vo., 6s., cloth.

MORNINGS WITH JESUS. A Series of Devotional Readings, for the Closet and the Family. By the late Rev. WILLIAM JAY, of Bath. Third Thousand, in fcp. 8vo., cloth, 5s. 6d.

Uniform with "Morning Thoughts."

EVENING THOUGHTS; or, Daily Walking with God. A portion for each evening in the year. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. January to June.

MORNING THOUGHTS; or, Daily Walking with God. A portion for each day in the year. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.
Second Series, July to December, imp. 32mo., 2s. 6d., cloth.
First Series, January to June, imp. 32mo., 2s. 6d., cloth.

GIFT-BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Royal 64mo., price 1s., cloth; 1s. 6d., roan tuck.

THE BOY'S OWN TEXT-BOOK. Containing a Text from the Old Testament, and a corresponding one from the New, for every day in the year. Selected by a Lady.

THE GIRLS' OWN TEXT-BOOK. By the same Compiler. Royal 64mo., 1s., cloth.; 1s. 6d., tuck.

With a Portrait, in one Vol., fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d., cloth.

HIDDEN LIFE: Memorials of John Whitmore Winslow, Undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin. By his Father, OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D.

FAMILY PRAYERS FOR A MONTH.

THE ARK IN THE HOUSE; or, a Series of Family Prayers for a Month, with Prayers for Special Occasions. By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER. Fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

"This is one of the best collections of Family Prayers which we have yet seen."
—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

A new and cheaper Edition, 3s. 6d., cloth.

BENEDICTIONS; or, the Blessed Life. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Fifth Thousand.

Now ready, demy 8vo., price 10s. 6d., cloth; also, a smaller Edition, without the side notes, price 8s., cloth.

PRIZE WORK ON THE SABBATH.

THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN; or, the Origin, History, and Principles of the Lord's Day. By the Rev. MICAIAH HILL.
The prize of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS offered by the Council of the EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE was awarded by the Adjudicators to the Author.

Second Series, fcp. 8vo., with Illustrations, 4s. 6d., cloth, gilt edges.

MY PARISH; or, the Country Parson's Visits to his Poor. Tales founded on Fact. By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER, A.M.

First Series, fcp. 8vo., 4s. 6d., cloth, gilt edges.

JOHN F. SHAW, SOUTHAMPTON ROW AND PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE HALLELUJAH;

OR,

DEVOTIONAL PSALMODY,

COMPOSED, EDITED, AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. J. J. WAITE, & HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., contains **395** Choice and Standard Tunes, including 33 Short Metres; 66 Common Metres; 53 Long Metres; 243 Peculiar Metres; 63 Chants; 4 Sanctuses; 2 Doxologies; an Anthem; an Ode, and 2 Renderings of the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

THE HALLELUJAH provides for 136 various Metres found in the hymnals of the Bishop of London, Bickersteth, Burder, the Baptists, Campbell, Congregational Ministers of Leeds, Congregational Union, Christian Knowledge Society, Churches of Islington and Marylebone, Countess of Huntingdon, Doddridge, Elliott, Free Church of Scotland, La Trobe, Montgomery, Newton, Raffles, Reed, Russell, United Brethren, United Presbyterian Churches, Wardlaw, Watts, Wesley, and many others.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., may be had separately, or bound together, at the following prices:—

	Either of the four parts separately.	All four Parts bound together.
	s. d.	*£ s. d.*
Imperial Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, super-fine thick paper, handsome cloth boards, gilt—Drawing-Room copy	5 0	1 0 0
Super-Royal Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, inferior paper and binding	3 0	0 12 0
Demy Octavo, Vocal Score, Figured	2 0	0 8 0
———— Treble, Alto, Tenor, or Bass Vocal Parts, Figured .	1 0	0 4 0

Congregations, Psalmody Classes, and Sunday Schools, ordering twenty copies and upwards, will be allowed a reduction of 25 per cent. provided their application be addressed to the Rev. J. J. WAITE, 3, Moorfield Place, Hereford.

N.B. The Congregations of any town or district desirous of improving their Psalmody, and engaging to raise a class of 200 or upwards, may receive a course of Lectures and Exercises from the Rev. J. J. WAITE, on terms which provide simply for a supply of books and the payment of local and travelling expenses.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Just published, price 6d.

THE PROTESTANT DISSENTERS' ALMANACK and POLITICAL ANNUAL, for 1858.

"The oldest, largest, and best of the Dissenting Almanacks."

London: KENT & Co., Paternoster Row; and all Booksellers. 9

DEVOTIONAL RETIREMENT; or, Scriptural Admonitions for the closet, for every day in the year. By THOMAS WALLACE, Author of "A Guide to the Christian Ministry," &c., &c. Small 8vo., cloth gilt.

London and Glasgow: RICHARD GRIFFIN & Co.

THE HOMILIST, Vol. VI., is now ready. Edited by Rev. DAVID THOMAS.

*** The Publishers will be happy to send to any Minister or Student, carriage free, the first 6 Vols. of "The Homilist" for 30s. (Published at 37s.)

"Any congregation would do a minister more service, and confer a more valuable gift, by presenting him with the volumes of the 'Homilist,' rather than any one of the huge Commentaries which are sometimes given as expressions of esteem and affection."—*Montrose Standard.*

"It is impossible to speak too highly of this volume in some respects . . . The Editor is well known in the religious world as a man of genius, gifted with powers of eloquence almost unsurpassed by any modern preacher. . . . Every number is worth the price of an entire volume, because of its eminent instructiveness and suggestiveness."—*Congregational Pulpit.*

London: WARD & Co., Paternoster Row.

HAIR DYE.—BATCHELOR'S INSTANTANEOUS COLUMBIAN, in the New York original packets, at R. HOVENDEN'S Warehouses, 57 and 58, Crown Street, Finsbury Square, E.C., and 5, Great Marlborough Street, W. Price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s., black or brown. CHURCHER'S TOILET CREAM may be had as above, price 1s. 16

THE HOME SCHOOL, DOVER.—The Rev. MARTIN REED, who has studied several years in France and Germany, is able to offer all the requirements of a liberal and polite education, combined with the comfort and kindly influences of home.

Particular attention is directed to the individuality and to the probable destination of pupils.

Instruction is given in Chemistry and practical Science.

A large Library, Gymnasium, &c., are provided.

The School is select in character, and limited as to number. 19

Sydenham.—Perry-hill House Seminary.

Principal—Mrs. J. W. TODD.

This Establishment offers a thorough education in English, French, German, Italian, Music, Painting, &c. The more advanced Classes are conducted on the Collegiate System, and are exercised in Latin, Mathematics, Natural and Moral Science, and in the higher departments of Composition, in different languages, and on various questions in Biblical and Modern Literature. The entire course of instruction is graduated, and adapted to the diversified capabilities of the pupils. No efforts are spared to render their studies matters of attraction; and the object constantly sought is the development and culture of their respective mental energies, and the formation of their characters on the basis of intelligent religious conviction, without reference to any sectarian peculiarity. The domestic arrangements are such as to secure the supervision and comfort of a Christian Home. The mansion is most healthfully and pleasantly situate, and in a position to command all the advantages supplied by the Palace of Art.

References—The Parents of Pupils:—Mrs. C. L. Balfour and Dr. Burns, Paddington; the Revs. Dr. Redford, Worcester; Dr. Thomas, Pontypool; T. Winter, Bristol; W. Walters, Halifax; J. J. Brown, Birmingham; S. Manning and A. M. Stalker, Frome; W. Barnes, Trowbridge; F. Trestrail, C. J. Middleditch, S. J. Davis, and D. Pratt, Esq., London; Thomas Mann, Esq., Somerset House, and Sydenham. 17

Now Publishing, in Parts at 2s., and in Divisions, cloth, at 7s. 6d., Illustrated by a Series of Portraits, copied from Original and Authentic Sources by the First Artists of the Day.

THE

IMPERIAL DICTIONARY

OF

UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHY:

A SERIES OF

ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN,

OF ALL AGES AND ALL NATIONS.

BY

WRITERS OF EMINENCE IN THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

CONDUCTED BY

PROFESSOR JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D.,
PROFESSOR J. P. NICHOL, LL.D.,
JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, Esq., LL.D.,
EDWIN LANKESTER, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.
PROFESSOR FRANCIS BOWEN, LL.D.,
Editor of "North American Review."

P. E. DOVE, Esq., GENERAL EDITOR.
J. BROWN, Esq., CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONGST THE CONTRIBUTORS:—

REV. W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., Professor of Divinity, Edinburgh.
REV. JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D., President of Baptist College, Regent's Park, London.
JOHN ANSTER, LL.D., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin.
JOHN HUTTON BALFOUR, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Botany, Edinburgh University.
EDWIN BEEDELL, Esq., Author of "Mercantile and Maritime Guide," &c.
JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Esq., Professor of Greek, Edinburgh University.
SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., Principal of the United College, St. Andrews.
W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., F.R.S., University Hall, London.
GEORGE L. CRAIK, A.M., Professor of History and English Literature, Queen's College, Belfast.
REV. SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D. Late of the Independent College, Manchester.
REV. JOSHUA FREDERICK DENHAM, M.A., F.R.S., Rector of St Mary-le-Strand, London.
REV. J. W. DORAN, LL.D., Rector of Beeston, St. Lawrence, near Norwich.
REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, D.D., Professor of Divinity, Free Church College, Glasgow.
REV. WILLIAM FLEMING, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Glasgow University.
WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Chemistry, Edinburgh University.
FELIX JOHN HAMEL, Esq., Solicitor for Her Majesty's Customs, London,
REV. T. JACKSON, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Stoke Newington, London.
SIR ROBERT KANE, M.D., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., President of Queen's College, Cork.
REV. PETER LORIMER, D.D., Professor of Theology and Hebrew, Presbyterian College, London.
G. A. MACFARREN, Esq., Professor of Composition and Harmony, Royal Academy of Music, London.
REV. NORMAN M'LEOD, Glasgow.
JOSEPH MAZZINI, Esq., London.
REV. JAMES M'COSH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Queen's College, Belfast.
RAFFAELE MONTI, Esq., Sculptor, London.
FRANCIS PULSZKY, Esq., F.H.A., &c., London.
W. J. MACQUORN RANKINE, LL.D., Professor of Engineering and Mechanics, Glasgow University.
EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D., F.R.S., Member of the Royal Academy of Music, Stockholm; Musical Examiner in the Royal College of Preceptors, London, &c., &c.
WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, LL.D., "The Times" Crimean Correspondent.
R. SIEGFRIED, Ph.D., Lecturer in Sanscrit, Trinity College, Dublin.
JAMES SUMMERS, Esq., Professor of Chinese, King's College, London.
PRINCIPAL TULLOCH, St. Andrews.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE,

LONDON, 22, PATERNOSTER ROW. GLASGOW, 45 & 47, HOWARD STREET. EDINBURGH, 29, SOUTH BRIDGE.

LIVERPOOL, 54, SEEL STREET. LEEDS, 22, COBOURG STREET. ABERDEEN, 50, CASTLE STREET. NEWCASTLE, 27, CARLIOL STREET. BRISTOL, 18, PRITCHARD STREET. BOSTON, U.S., 12, TREMONT STREET. NEW YORK, 290, BROADWAY.

COMMEMORATIVE POEMS FOR OCCASIONAL USE.

This day, fcp. 8vo., cloth, 5s.

THE ANNIVERSARIES: Poems in Commemoration of Great Men and Great Events. Arranged according to the Cycle of the Year. By THOMAS H. GILL.

"To imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility. . . . To celebrate the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He works and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations."—MILTON.

Cambridge: MACMILLAN & Co. 2

In 8vo., Fifth Edition, price 10s. 6d.

THE METHOD OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT, PHYSICAL AND MORAL. By JAMES M'COSH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's University for Ireland.

"The manly, sensible, penetrating, independent power of dealing with the human mind."—*Westminster Review.*

Edinburgh: SUTHERLAND & KNOX. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co. 10

THE BEST PRESENTS.

THE BEST FAMILY BIBLE.

COBBIN'S DOMESTIC BIBLE. New and Superior Edition. The Holy Bible, with 700 illustrative Engravings, a series of coloured Maps, copious Notes, practical Reflections, improved Readings, 140,000 References, &c. Cloth, 30s.; calf extra, 36s.; morocco, 42s.

THE BEST EDITION OF THE BEST COMMENTARY.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY. Pictorial Edition—Unabridged—750 Woodcuts—Maps. Epistles revised by eminent living Divines. Notes, Memoir, &c. Three vols., 4to., cloth, 53s.; half-calf, 70s.; calf extra, 77s. 6d.

"By far the most economical, correct, compact, and beautiful edition of Henry ever published."—*British Banner.*

PORTABLE ILLUSTRATED BIBLES.

THE ORIENTAL BIBLE (Illustrated). The Authorized Version, with many thousand References and Readings, nine superior steel Maps, carefully coloured; 160 illustrative Engravings of Scenery, Manners, and Customs, and copious Notes on the Oriental Metaphors and Allusions, History and Geography of the Bible; beautifully printed, with rules, on the finest paper, In morocco bindings, from 16s. to 24s.

THE GRAPHIC BIBLE (Illustrated). The Authorized Version, with 50,000 References and Readings, nine coloured Maps, and upwards of 130 illustrative Engravings, accompanied by explanatory Notes. In morocco bindings, from 14s. 6d. to 20s.

THE REFERENCE PEW BIBLE. The Authorized Version, with 50,000 References, and Historical and Descriptive Notes at the end of each Book. French morocco, 10s.; Turkey morocco, 11s. 6d. to 14s.—A convenient size, and very legible.

*** Bible, Tract, and General Catalogues post-free for one stamp.

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, Paternoster Row.

HOLY SCRIPTURE: Descriptions and Designations of, in lofty and majestic language, selected from the Prose Works of JOHN MILTON. Printed in three sizes: One page, demy 8vo, ½d.; 4to., 1d.; and folio, 2d.

*** The largest size is intended for framing, and would adorn the parlour, study, or vestry. The other two are suitable for placing in Bibles, and likewise for framing. —Beautiful presents for Sunday-school scholars.

London: WARD & Co., and W. MACKENZIE, Paternoster Row. 1

AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

Post 8vo., in cloth, price 6s. 6d

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE: an Autobiography.—This is one of the most remarkable lives that has been published for many a day; full of incident, and abounding in anecdote.

For notices of the Press, see "Athenæum," "Morning Post," "Daily News," "Morning Advertiser," "Critic," &c.

London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., Paternoster Row. 12

Now ready, price 6s.

THE TWO LIGHTS; or, Search after Truth. By the Author of "Struggles for Life."—"'The Two Lights,' forms a most appropriate *sequel* to the '*Struggles for Life.*' The latter work exhibited the royal dignity of Evangelical faith beneath the tatters and sores of an individual life. The new work boldly generalizes the particular facts and lessons of its predecessor. . . . It will be widely read—and read with gratitude and admiration."—*Eclectic Review.*

London: A. W. BENNETT (successor to W. & F. G. CASH), 5, Bishopsgate Without. 11

Now ready, in one handsome vol., cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.

A MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH FRY. By her Daughter, Mrs. FRANCIS CRESSWELL. Abridged from the larger Memoir, with alterations and additions.

"I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me."—MATT. XXV. 36.

London: PIPER, STEPHENSON, & Co., Paternoster Row. 13

FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, AND FAMILIES.

QUESTIONS TO CROSSLEY'S COMPREHENSIVE CLASS BOOK, (price 1s. 6d.,) and DAILY LESSON BOOK, No. 4. (price 2s. 6d.)

Real teaching must involve the pupils seeking facts for themselves, and then reducing them to writing, which is admirably secured by these Questions.

A boon to the teacher, and all but mind to the pupil. This invaluable set of questions embraces the circle of a student's requirements. Better every way than many lectures. Must deeply impress on the mind the facts of the best general class book extant.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.; HAMILTON & Co.; and all Booksellers and School Depôts. 3

Price Sixpence.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE for March, will contain the first part of a MEMOIR of the late GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B., from the pen of his BROTHER-IN-LAW, J. C. MARSHMAN, Esq., written expressly at the request of the Proprietors. And in the April number, the conclusion of the Memoir will be accompanied by a first-class PORTRAIT of the late General, *in line engraving* by Cochran.

London: Published by PEWTRESS & Co., Ave Maria Lane; and HEATON & SON, Warwick Lane. 4

WORKS PUBLISHED BY WARD AND CO.,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

Just published, in post 8vo., price 2s., cloth.

THE PEN, THE PALM, AND THE PULPIT; or, Tyndale, Hooper, and Whitfield. By the Rev. J. STOUGHTON.

Also, in crown 8vo., 7s. 6d., cloth.

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS. By the Rev. ROBERT FERGUSON, LL.D., F.R.S.L.

In a few days will be published, price 2s. 6d., cloth, Part I., containing 100 Tunes.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST: a Companion to the New Congregational, the New Baptist, and the Leeds Hymn Books; providing Tunes, Chants, and Chorales for the Metrical Hymns and Passages of Scripture contained in those books. Edited by the Rev. HENRY ALLON and H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc.

Also, in crown 8vo., price 3s. 6d., cloth.

CHAPELTOWN; or, The Fellow-Students. By an English Congregational Minister.

"This volume will charm the reader. It represents and faithfully pourtrays the various aspects of Congregationalism, and several of the most noted styles of preaching. The lessons it teaches are full of deep significance, and throughout the whole narrative there runs a vein of real poetry—a tinge of pathos which glorifies the most prosaic topics and things."—*British Banner.*

"It illustrates in a powerful manner some of the annoyances to which the Dissenting Minister is exposed. This sketch is eminently calculated to correct the evils which the writer deplores."—*Weekly Record.*

"The writer displays much talent for description; has observed the lights and shades of human character, and has exhibited his thoughts in a pleasing and devout manner."—*Clerical Journal.*

"The author seems to us to have found the direction in which his talent lies, and we would cordially invite him to pursue the path he has chosen. And this story of 'Chapeltown' deserves to be read on its own account, for it brings wholesome counsel to both ministers and churches."—*Freeman.*

"A little work on the various trials and dangers of young ministers, internal and external. Also, of some of those circumstances which deform and injure our churches. . . . We can recommend the work. It is written in a pleasing style; generally the sketches are drawn with ability and fidelity, and the admonitions are judicious and practical."—*Patriot.*

Just published, price 3d.

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST—THE POWER OF GOD. A Sermon preached on Lord's-day morning, December the 6th, 1857, in the Northgate Street Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's. By the Rev. W. BEALEY. Being his first sermon as pastor of the church.

*** Published by request.

[OVER.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY WARD & CO.,—*Continued.*

A MISSIONARY'S VIEW OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Price 1s. 6d., post free.

THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY OF 1857. Its Causes, Features, and Results. By Rev. James Kennedy, M.A., Benares.

Extract of a Letter from John Marshman, Esq. :—

"It contains the most lucid, the most impartial, and, therefore, the most credible account of the causes of this great concussion which has yet appeared; and is calculated, more than any other, to dispel those false impressions which have been created in the public mind on this occasion."

Now ready, price 1s.

COMMON SENSE ON COMMON SUBJECTS:—Health, Exercise, Food, Ventilation, Cleanliness, Importance of Physical Education, &c. By R. G. Blunt.

THE HOMILIST, for JANUARY, 1858, price 1s. (commencing Vol. VII.), contains :—

1. The True Ministry.
2. The Glory of True Gentleness, as illustrated in Christ.
3. The Form of Godliness.
4. Law and Faith—Divine Moral Forces.
5. The End better than the Beginning.
6. The History of Human Wickedness.
7. Phases of Man's External Universe:—
   1. As read by the Scoffing Sceptic.

Now ready, price 6s. 6d., cloth.

THE HOMILIST, Vol. VI., consisting of Nos. 33 to 38.—1857.

"It is a veritable treasury of originality, eloquence, evangelical sentiment, and enlightened, though earnest piety, while its pulpit suggestions are rich in their practical adaptation to the current uses of ministerial life. . . As a whole, this publication is entitled to extensive support, and we commend it as a mine of rich, original, and suggestive disquisition."—*Londonderry Standard.*

"It is impossible to speak too highly of this volume in some respects. . . . The Editor is well known in the religious world as a man of genius, gifted with powers of eloquence almost unsurpassed by any modern preacher. . . . Every number is worth the price of an entire volume, because of its eminent instructiveness and suggestiveness."—*Congregational Pulpit.*

"Should the pulpit generally be raised to the standard which the 'Homilist' has set up, it will be clothed with a power as great as it has ever wielded in any age of the Church. We have fresh, living thought, spoken in the language of common life, with a wholeness and healthiness of tone, an absence of cant, a fervent truthfulness, and a deep reverence, which must greatly move thoughtful and earnest minds."—*Commonwealth.*

"Any congregation would do a minister more service, and confer a more valuable gift, by presenting him with the volumes of the 'Homilist,' rather than any one of the huge Commentaries which are sometimes given as expressions of esteem and affection."—*Montrose Standard.*

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH MUSIC.—The Compilers think it advisable to announce that they propose to issue a SUPPLEMENT of Psalm Tunes, providing for many additional metres, as soon after the publication of the "New Congregational Hymn Book," as the care needful in selecting and arranging materials will allow.

LONDON: WARD & CO, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE HALLELUJAH;

OR,

DEVOTIONAL PSALMODY,

COMPOSED, EDITED, AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. J. J. WAITE, & HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., contains 395 Choice and Standard Tunes, including 33 Short Metres; 66 Common Metres; 53 Long Metres; 243 Peculiar Metres; 63 Chants; 4 Sanctuses; 2 Doxologies; an Anthem; an Ode, and 2 Renderings of the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

THE HALLELUJAH provides for 136 various Metres found in the hymnals of the Bishop of London, Bickersteth, Burder, the Baptists, Campbell, Congregational Ministers of Leeds, Congregational Union, Christian Knowledge Society, Churches of Islington and Marylebone, Countess of Huntingdon, Doddridge, Elliott, Free Church of Scotland, La Trobe, Montgomery, Newton, Raffles, Reed, Russell, United Brethren, United Presbyterian Churches, Wardlaw, Watts, Wesley, and many others.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., may be had separately, or bound together, at the following prices:—

	Either of the four parts separately.	All four Parts bound together.
	s. d.	£ s. d.
Imperial Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, super-fine thick paper, handsome cloth boards, gilt—Drawing-Room copy	5 0	1 0 0
Super-Royal Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, inferior paper and binding	3 0	0 12 0
Demy Octavo, Vocal Score, Figured	2 0	0 8 0
——— Treble, Alto, Tenor, or Bass Vocal Parts, Figured .	1 6	0 4 0

Congregations, Psalmody Classes, and Sunday Schools, ordering twenty copies and upwards, will be allowed a reduction of 25 per cent. provided their application be addressed to the Rev. J. J. WAITE, 3, Moorfield Place, Hereford.

N.B. The Congregations of any town or district desirous of improving their Psalmody, and engaging to raise a class of 200 or upwards, may receive a course of Lectures and Exercises from the Rev. J. J. WAITE, on terms which provide simply for a supply of books and the payment of local and travelling expenses.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Price Fourpence, Unstamped; and Fivepence, Stamped.

THE BRITISH STANDARD:

A WEEKLY FIRST-CLASS JOURNAL,

THE SAME SIZE AS "THE TIMES," PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

Giving all the News of the Week up to the Latest Hour.

EDITED BY JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS FOR 1858.

The First Volume being now completed, the Editor desires, first, to express most hearty thanks to his zealous friends, in all parts of the Kingdom, for the prompt, vigorous, and continued support which they have rendered him in the starting and establishment of the BRITISH STANDARD; secondly, to ask, from one and all of them, not only the continuance of their personal support, but a repetition of the efficient services they so nobly rendered him a year ago, when he stood forth "to lift up a Standard for the People."

The BRITISH STANDARD owes its distinguished position solely to the unbought, generous, and steadfast support of its vast, enlightened, and liberal Constituency. From the first hour till now, the valiant legion has never wavered. Its Bearer has walked loyally, fearlessly on; his supporters marching boldly along with him, cheering him at every step of his progress by their approving plaudits, without the dissonance of a single murmur.

At the close of 1856 the Publisher for weeks received upwards of ONE HUNDRED LETTERS A-DAY with Orders! Let there be a repetition of such zeal, and the triumph of truth will be secure!

This fresh aid the Editor very earnestly asks of his friends in furtherance of his great work. They have already given practical proof that they think it of importance to possess a Journal catholic in spirit, and thoroughly independent in character, persevering, enlightened, indomitable, Christian, and patriotic. It only remains, therefore, that they continue their good offices in powerfully sustaining it. Hired canvassers, a thousand strong, are not worth a hundred earnest, intelligent, and voluntary agents.

Next to Subscription is Advertisement. By advertising in the BRITISH STANDARD, and recommending it to others as a most important medium of communication with the public, friends will be yielding it special service. Advertisements are the "sinews of war" to Public Journals!

The BRITISH STANDARD aspires to serve and benefit the Universal Church, Protestant and Evangelical, in these lands, rather than a Sect or Denomination; at the same time, as circumstances may require, it will aid each, and endeavour to correct each where correction is necessary, applying to the sayings and doings, the pretensions and assumptions, of all, the unerring tests of Eternal Truth. Every thing excellent, whether among Churchmen or Dissenters, will find in the BRITISH STANDARD a friend and an advocate; nor will evil, of whatever kind, wherever found, go unchecked and unbranded. The BRITISH STANDARD will look at things in which all the Churches—or, rather, all the sections of the ONE Church—agree, rather than at those in which they differ; and the great object after which it will strenuously endeavour, will be the furtherance and the defence of the "Common Salvation."

May be obtained by order of all Booksellers and Newsvendors in the Kingdom; and of the Publisher, at the OFFICE, 5, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON. The cost per Quarter, prepaid, Stamped Edition, is 5s. 5d.; or if prepaid for a Year, a Guinea. Post-office Orders should be made payable to Mr. DANIEL PRATT, at the Post-office, Fleet Street.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK FOR THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

Now ready, 32mo., cloth lettered, price One Shilling.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

Public, Private, and Social Worship.

THIS NEW COLLECTION CONTAINS

ONE THOUSAND PSALMS AND HYMNS

ARRANGED UNDER

A COMPREHENSIVE YET SIMPLE CLASSIFICATION,

AND EMBRACES ALL THAT IS ESSENTIAL TO A HYMN-BOOK FOR THE SANCTUARY, THE CLOSET, THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE, AND THE SOCIAL GATHERING.

The Profits arising from the Sale will be given to Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries.

A Specimen Copy will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of Twelve Postage Stamps.

Extracts from Reviews and Letters.

"The arrangement is particularly excellent, and the range of topics extensive. . . . The editors have laboriously collected the best materials for praise-worship which our language yet affords. So far as we have examined the work, it may be truly said that every hymn carries us up to the very throne of God, and leaves us there."—*Freeman.*

"We very cordially welcome this volume, and we are bound to say that the selection of hymns is, on the whole, very judicious and comprehensive. It combines nearly all those of 'Watts's Psalms and Hymns,' which, by general consent, are used in public worship, with additions from Montgomery and Conder, and many other authors. The arrangement of the hymns is excellent, and the subjects are sufficiently varied to fit the volume in an eminent degree for public, social, and private worship."—*Eclectic Review.*

"After a careful perusal of the volume of Psalms and Hymns, prepared for the use of the Baptist Denomination, and published by Mr. Green, I can conscientiously and with great pleasure recommend it for the simplicity of its arrangement, the variety of its metre, the general excellence of its versification, and the devout spirit which it everywhere breathes. It is a marvel of cheapness and its adoption by the churches will contribute alike to their convenience and edification.

"*Rochdale*, Sept. 26, 1857. WILLIAM F. BURCHELL."

"It is without an exception the best Hymn-Book with which I am acquainted; its intrinsic excellence so commends it to me, that I wish for it a most extensive sale."

"I like it exceedingly. The plan of incorporating the hymns taken from Dr. Watts with the other hymns under their respective heads is preferable, in my opinion, to that of appending them as a supplement. The getting up is very creditable and the price marvellously cheap."

"I am quite delighted with it. It supplies a great want. We shall introduce it as soon as we can. You have conferred a boon upon the churches."

"The more I examine the book, the more fully do its excellences appear. I have seen most of our English hymn-books, and can sincerely say I consider this the best by far. I trust it will be universally received by the denomination."

"I much admire the arrangement. It is also a gem of cheapness."

"I will bring the book before my people at an early opportunity; and shall be happy if they adopt it, as I much approve of the collection."

"I like the collection of hymns very much, and think the arrangement good, and shall be glad to get rid of 'Psalms,' 'First Book,' 'Second Book,' 'Third Book,' and 'Selection.'"

"It is superior to any of the old books both for private devotion and for public worship. I shall endeavour to get it introduced."

"I like it so well that I intend to attempt its introduction here."

"I will urge the adoption of the book wherever I can. It *must* find acceptance; though possibly it will be a year or two before its employment is general."

"I have carefully looked through it, and most heartily approve it. It has been long much needed; and now, no doubt, will be hailed by all who have given their attention to hymnology with a glad welcome. I shall hope to introduce it in my own congregation."

"I cannot but express my cordial approbation of the manner in which you have fulfilled your task. The selection seems to me to be very admirable, and the book itself is a marvel of cheapness."

"So far as I can judge it appears to be a most excellent compilation, and I should hope would soon take the place of the two books now in use."

*** The above are extracted from the very numerous letters the Publisher has received from Ministers throughout the country, all expressing thankful acknowledgments for the publication of a volume so greatly needed by the churches.

BENJAMIN L. GREEN, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

This Hymn Book has already been adopted by several churches, and assurances have been given that it will be introduced into many more when the large-type editions are ready. The following are from some of the ministers in whose congregations the books are now used:—

"The Baptist Hymn-Book lately published by Mr. B. L. Green, is highly approved by the church and congregation at Trinity Chapel, Bradford. The uninitiated are no longer puzzled with first, second, and third *books*—first, second, and third *parts*—old editions and new editions, &c. &c. The hymns are readily found, and are, almost without exception, very excellent.
"*Bradford*, Oct. 12, 1867. H. J. Betts."

"I am happy to inform you that the New Hymn-Book gives great satisfaction in my congregation, and will do so still more when your larger type edition is in readiness. I have more than once carefully read through the entire volume, and I can most sincerely say that I never met with any collection of hymns more calculated for the heart and voice than this.
"*Lee*, Oct. 28, 1867. Yours faithfully, Benj. H. Mabbett."

"The gentlemen to whom the work has been delegated seem to have spared no labour, and they have been most happy in their choice. Many a weary spirit will be refreshed by its service. So gratified am I and the friends at 'Sydenham Chapel,' with the entire production that we have adopted the 'Psalms and Hymns' as the book of our congregational praise to God, and we feel that we cannot adequately thank you for placing it before us at a price within the means of the poorest. Faithfully yours,
"*Perry Hill House, Sydenham.* J. W. Tune."

EDITIONS IN LARGER TYPE, AND CONTAINING COMPLETE INDEXES OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUBJECTS, FIRST LINES OF VERSES, together with the Names of Authors, and of Tunes, are now in the Press and will shortly be Published.

The whole of these Editions have been prepared from New Type, and the utmost degree of care has been taken with the typographical execution.

SPECIMEN of the 32mo. Edition.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

4 And those who find Thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

C.M.

279 *He is altogether lovely.*—Song Sol. 5, 16.

1 INFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

PRICES.	d.	s.	d.
32mo. Edition.			
Cloth, lettered	0	1	0
Embossed Roan, gilt edges	0	2	0
Best Morocco, gilt edges	0	4	0
Morocco extra, gilt edges	0	5	0
18mo. Edition.			
Cloth, lettered	0	2	0
[illegible]	0	3	0

SPECIMEN of the Demy 18mo. Edition, Nearly Ready.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST. 152, 153

152 L.M.

Christ both died, and rose, and revived.—Rom. 14. 9.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, "God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

ADVANTAGES OF THIS BOOK.

1. Its comprehensiveness.—It includes the best compositions of most authors. There are nearly 300 from Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns.
2. Its superior arrangement.—The whole of the 1600 Hymns are carefully classified on a simple plan.
3. Its adaptation.—It contains a great variety of Hymns [illegible] every phase of [illegible]
4. [illegible]

SPECIMEN of the Double-Column Edition to be shortly published.

C.M.

853 *Let Thy saints shout for joy.*—Ps. 132, 9.

1 THY presence and Thy glories, Lord,
Fill all the realms of space:
O come, and at Thy people's prayer,
Now consecrate this place.

2 Sacred to Thine eternal Name,
Behold these walls we raise:
Let heralds here Thy truth proclaim,
And saints show forth Thy praise.

6 May thousands in the realms of day
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
There I was born again.

C.M.

854 *Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith.*—Eph. 6, 23.

1 DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

DR. CORNWELL'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

I.

GEOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS.

By JAMES CORNWELL, Ph. D.

Just published, price 1s.

II.

A SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY.

By JAMES CORNWELL, Ph. D.

Twenty-fourth Edition, the Statistical Information brought down to the present time, price 3s. 6d.; or, with Thirty Maps on Steel, 5s. 6d.

"We are qualified by ample trial of the books in our own classes to speak to their great efficiency and value. We have never known so much interest evinced, or so much progress made in the study of Geography, as since we have employed these as our school-books."—*Educational Times.*

"Without exception, the best book of its class we have seen.—*Atlas.*

III.

A SCHOOL ATLAS.

Price 3s. 6d., or 4s. coloured.

Consisting of Thirty Maps on Steel, containing every name found in the School Geography, and a List of several Hundred Places, with their Latitude and Longitude, and the Accentuation and Pronunciation of all difficult names. The Maps of England and Scotland enlarged.

IV.

ALLEN AND CORNWELL'S SCHOOL GRAMMAR.

Twenty-sixth Edition, price 2s. red, 1s. 9d. cloth.

With very copious Exercises, and a Systematic View of the Formation and Derivation of Words, together with Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Greek Roots, which explain the Etymology of above 7,000 English Words.

"Written by those who are profoundly acquainted with the sources of our language, and who have brought this acquaintance to bear on its grammatical structure. This grammar will make its way in schools."—*Church of England Quarterly.*

V.

GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS.

Thirtieth Edition, price 1s. cloth; 9d. sewed.

"We have never seen a more desirable elementary work."—*Court Journal.*

VI.

THE YOUNG COMPOSER;

OR, PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

By JAMES CORNWELL, Ph. D.

Twentieth Edition, price 1s. 6d.

"An invaluable little work for beginners. If they go through it steadily, they will not only learn how to write, but how to think."—*Literary Gazette.*

"Dr. Cornwell has executed this work with great ability. We have seen no other of the kind so clear, so well arranged, so comprehensive, so thoroughly adapted to the practical business of tuition; or, in short, so fully entitled to be named 'Progressive Exercises in English Composition.'"—*Scotsman.*

VII.

A KEY TO THE YOUNG COMPOSER.

With Suggestions as to the Mode of Using the Book. Price 3s.

VIII.

SELECT ENGLISH POETRY.

Edited by the late Dr. ALLEN. Ninth Edition, much improved, price 4s.

"We can confidently recommend it for young persons in general, as calculated to promote the cultivation of poetical taste and an acquaintance with the different styles of many of our English poets."—*English Journal of Education.*

IX.

DR. ALLEN'S EUTROPIUS:

With a Complete Dictionary. New Edition, price 2s., cloth.

X.

THE SCIENCE OF ARITHMETIC.

By JAMES CORNWELL, Ph. D., and JOSHUA G. FITCH, M.A.

Third Edition, Corrected and Enlarged, price 4s. 6d.

"This is, without exception, the most complete and satisfactory elucidation of the principles, and the best guide to the practice of Arithmetic which has fallen under our notice."—*Morning Chronicle.*

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.; HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co.
Edinburgh: OLIVER & BOYD; W. P. KENNEDY.

[redacted]

WORKS PUBLISHED BY WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE HOMILIST, for MARCH (No. 40), price 1s., post free, contains :—

1. Man's Moral Mission in the World.
2. The Satanic and the Divine.
3. The Unpardonable State.
4. The Morality of Language.
5. Philosophy of Conversion.
6. Christ the Man of Sorrows.
7. The Soul.
8. Forgiveness.
9. The Christian Plan.
10. Christian Worship.
11. The Meeting at Appii Forum.
12. Monuments—George Payne, Ralph Wardlaw, John Pye Smith—Reviews, &c.

Price 6s. 6d. cloth.

THE HOMILIST, Vol. VI. Edited by the Rev. DAVID THOMAS. Vol. I., 4s. 6d.; Vols. II. to VI., price 6s. 6d. each.

"This work sustains its well-earned reputation. Without endorsing all the opinions it expresses, we can conscientiously say that it contains a vast deal of vigorous and suggestive thought. "The book has no finish," observes the editor. We like it all the better for that. We have abundance of books *finished* in more senses than one. We are glad of something now and then rough and scarcely smelted, upon which we may do all the smith's work ourselves. Good may be accomplished in many more ways than one, and the modes of treatment adopted in this volume are such as to meet the wants of not a few."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

In post 8vo., price 2s. cloth.

THE PEN, THE PALM, AND THE PULPIT; or, Tyndale, Hooper, and Whitfield; being the Memorial Paper read at the Autumnal Meeting of the Congregational Union, at Cheltenham. By the Rev. J. STOUGHTON. With Additions.

In One Vol., crown 8vo., price 7s. 6d. cloth.

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS. By the Rev. ROBERT FERGUSON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.L.

"A gem of literary brilliance. None but an enthusiastic admirer of human greatness could have written it."—*Christian Times.*

"From this book whole passages of pure yet polished English may be quoted as models of the richest vernacular, to which Macaulay presents but a distant second, whilst antithetical point and forcible originality suddenly surprise us with their startling vigour, and the mind feels itself as powerfully interested by the sentiment as the ear is charmed by the diction."—*John Bull.*

"The tendency of the work is admirable. The essay on Cromwell is a masterly dissertation, doing somewhat like justice to one of the mightiest spirits that ever rose among the British people."—*British Standard.*

"A book which, to the thoughtful reader, will be invested with more than the charms of romance."—*United Methodist Magazine.*

CHAPELTOWN; or, the Fellow-Students. By an ENGLISH CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER. In crown 8vo., price 3s. 6d., cloth.

"This volume will charm the reader. It represents, and faithfully pourtrays, the various aspects of Congregationalism, and several of the most noted styles of preaching. The lessons it teaches are full of deep significance, and throughout the whole narrative there runs a vein of real poetry—a tinge of pathos, which glorifies the most prosaic topics and things."—*British Banner.*

London: WARD & Co., Paternoster Row.

KIRBY AND SPENCE'S ENTOMOLOGY.

SIXTH THOUSAND OF THE SEVENTH AND CHEAPER EDITION.

Just published, in One closely printed Volume of 600 pages, crown 8vo., price 5s., cloth.

INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects: Comprising an Account of Noxious and Useful Insects; of their Metamorphoses, Food, Stratagems, Societies, Motions, Hybernation, Instinct, &c. By WILLIAM KIRBY, M.A., F.R.S., F.L.S., Rector of Barham; and WILLIAM SPENCE, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S. *Seventh Edition* (6th Thousand), with an *Appendix* relative to the Origin and Progress of the Work.

"No work in the English language, we believe, has done more than Kirby and Spence's learned and popular Introduction to spread the taste for Natural History at home. . . The book is, indeed, a marvel of cheapness,—considerably more than 600 closely-printed octavo pages for five shillings. . . To our readers, old and young,—parents, children, teachers, respectively,—we say, 'buy and read;' enjoy, verify, and enlarge, by the use of your own eyes and faculties, the curious details in rural economy, animal biography, and mental philosophy, amassed with so much study and personal observation, and digested with equal taste and judgment by the learned authors."—*Natural History Review.*

"It is almost impossible to read this engaging volume without becoming enamoured of the study of the little creatures whose habits and instincts it describes; and the rapidity with which the new edition is now being sown broadcast over the land, may reasonably be expected to produce before long an abundant crop of incipient Entomologists. But it is not young people merely who are taken captive by this book. We have lately met with two instances in which it has exerted a similar influence over persons in advanced life, and devoted to pursuits which might be supposed little calculated to leave room for any enthusiasm on behalf of insects. In one case a learned friend of ours who had just been exploring, and with good results, the fusty Syriac MSS. of the British Museum, was so delighted with the book, on dipping into a copy which accidentally fell in his way, that he straightway purchased one for himself, read it with avidity, and has since become a most industrious collector. The other instance was that of one of our most popular metropolitan clergymen, who, having had occasion to refer to the book for the elucidation of some passage of Scripture relating to insects, was so deeply interested in what he read that he publically recommended the work from the pulpit, with a warmth of commendation which somewhat surprised his hearers."—*Titan*, Nov. 1857.

London: LONGMAN, BROWN, & Co., Paternoster Row. 7

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND CO.

ARE NOW PUBLISHING:—

JAMES MONTGOMERY. A Memoir, Political and Poetical. By J. W. KING, Author of "Life of Gavazzi," &c. Crown 8vo. cloth, with Portrait, 5s. [*This day.*

MEMORIALS OF GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B. Crown 8vo. cloth, 1s. [*This day.*

LECTURES BY HUGH STOWELL BROWN. Contents: I. Poor Richard's Almanac.—II. Napoleon's Book of Fate.—III. Five Shillings and Costs.—IV. Cleanliness is next to Godliness.—V. Taking Care of No. 1.—VI. Turning over a New Leaf.—VII. The Devil's Meal is all Bran.—VIII. The Street.—IX. All Right. Crown 8vo., 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. (Also in Penny Nos.) [*This day.*

DICK HASLUCK, THE MERCHANT'S CLERK: a Narrative of our Times. By W. J. SMITH, Esq. Crown 8vo., 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. [*This day*

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., Paternoster Row. 11

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

The Baptist Magazine for March, price 6d., will contain the first part of a memoir of the late Sir H. Havelock, from the pen of his BROTHER-IN-LAW, J. C. MARSHMAN, Esq., written expressly at the request of the proprietors.

The April number will contain the second part of the memoir, together with an admirable *Steel Engraved Portrait* by Cochran, from the only original painting in existence. Original Articles, Reviews, Intelligence, &c.

Early orders are requested to prevent disappointment.

London: PEWTRESS AND Co., Ave Maria Lane; J. HEATON AND SON, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK FOR THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

Now ready, 32mo., cloth lettered, price One Shilling.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

Public, Private, and Social Worship.

THIS NEW COLLECTION CONTAINS

ONE THOUSAND PSALMS AND HYMNS

ARRANGED UNDER

A COMPREHENSIVE YET SIMPLE CLASSIFICATION,

AND EMBRACES ALL THAT IS ESSENTIAL TO A HYMN-BOOK FOR THE SANCTUARY, THE CLOSET, THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE, AND THE SOCIAL GATHERING.

The Profits arising from the Sale will be given to Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries.

A Specimen Copy will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of Twelve Postage Stamps.

Extracts from Reviews and Letters

"The arrangement is particularly excellent, and the range of topics extensive. . . . The editors have laboriously collected the best materials for praise-worship which our language yet affords. So far as we have examined the work, it may be truly said that every hymn carries us up to the very throne of God, and leaves us there."—*Freeman.*

"We very cordially welcome this volume, and we are bound to say that the selection of hymns is, on the whole, very judicious and comprehensive. It combines nearly all those of 'Watts's Psalms and Hymns,' which, by general consent, are used in public worship, with additions from Montgomery and Conder, and many other authors. The arrangement of the hymns is excellent, and the subjects are sufficiently varied to fit the volume in an eminent degree for public, social, and private worship."—*Eclectic Review.*

"After a careful perusal of the volume of Psalms and Hymns, prepared for the use of the Baptist Denomination, and published by Mr. Green, I can conscientiously and with great pleasure recommend it for the simplicity of its arrangement, the variety of its metre, the general excellence of its versification, and the devout spirit which it everywhere breathes. It is a marvel of cheapness, and its adoption by the churches will contribute alike to their convenience and edification.

"*Rochdale*, Sept. 26, 1857. WILLIAM F. BURCHELL."

"It is without an exception the best Hymn-Book with which I am acquainted; its intrinsic excellence so commends it to me, that I wish for it a most extensive sale."

"I like it exceedingly. The plan of incorporating the hymns taken from Dr. Watts with the other hymns under their respective heads is preferable, in my opinion, to that of appending them as a supplement. The getting up is very creditable and the price marvellously cheap."

"I am quite delighted with it. It supplies a great want. We shall introduce it as soon as we can. You have conferred a boon upon the churches."

"The more I examine the book, the more fully do its excellences appear. I have seen most of our English hymn-books, and can sincerely say I consider this the best by far. I trust it will be universally received by the denomination."

"I much admire the arrangement. It is also a gem of cheapness."

"I will bring the book before my people at an early opportunity; and shall be happy if they adopt it, as I much approve of the collection."

"I like the collection of hymns very much, and think the arrangement good, and shall be glad to get rid of 'Psalms,' 'First Book,' 'Second Book,' 'Third Book,' and 'Selection'"

"It is superior to any of the old books both for private devotion and for public worship. I shall endeavour to get it introduced."

"I like it so well that I intend to attempt its introduction here."

"I will urge the adoption of the book wherever I can. It must find acceptance; though possibly it will be a year or two before its employment is general."

"I have carefully looked through it, and most heartily approve it. It has been long much needed; and now, no doubt, will be hailed by all who have given their attention to hymnology with a glad welcome. I shall hope to introduce it in my own congregation."

"I cannot but express my cordial approbation of the manner in which you have fulfilled your task. The selection seems to me to be very admirable, and the book itself is a marvel of cheapness."

"So far as I can judge it appears to be a most excellent compilation, and I should hope would soon take the place of the two books now in use."

*** The above are extracted from the very numerous letters the Publisher has received from Ministers throughout the country, all expressing thankful acknowledgments for the publication of a volume so greatly needed by the churches.

This Hymn Book has already been adopted by several churches, and assurances been given that it will be introduced into many more when the large-type edi[illegible] ready. The following are from some of the ministers in whose congregations the [illegible] now used :—

"The Baptist Hymn-Book lately published by Mr. B. L. Green, is highly approved [illegible] church and congregation at Trinity Chapel, Bradford. The uninitiated are no longer per[illegible] with first, second, and third *books*—first, second, and third *parts*—old editions and new e[illegible] &c. &c. The hymns are readily found, and are, almost without exception, very excellent.
"*Bradford*, Oct. 12, 1857. H. J. [illegible]

"I am happy to inform you that the New Hymn-Book gives great satisfaction in my c[illegible]gation, and will do so still more when your larger type edition is in readiness. I have [illegible] more than once carefully read through the entire volume, and I can most sincerely say [illegible] never met with any collection of hymns more calculated for the heart and voice than this.
"*Lee*, Oct. 23, 1867. Yours faithfully, Robt. H. Martin

"The gentlemen to whom the work has been delegated seem to have spared no labour, [illegible] they have been most happy in their choice. Many a weary spirit will be refreshed by [illegible] service. So gratified am I and the friends at 'Sydenham Chapel,' with the entire produ[illegible] that we have adopted the 'Psalms and Hymns' as the book of our congregational praise [illegible] God, and we feel that we cannot adequately thank you for placing it before us at a price w[illegible] the means of the poorest. Faithfully yours,
"*Perry Hill House, Sydenham.* J. W. Tom[illegible]

EDITIONS IN LARGER TYPE, AND CONTAINING COMPLETE INDE[illegible] OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUBJECTS, FIRST LINES OF VERSES, to[illegible] with the Names of Authors, and of Tunes, are now in the Press and will short[illegible] Published.

The whole of these Editions have been prepared from New Type, and the utmost degre[illegible] care has been taken with the typographical execution.

SPECIMEN of the 32mo. Edition.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

4 And those who find Thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

C.M.
279 *He is altogether lovely.*—Song Sol. 5. 16.

1 INFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

PRICES.

32mo. Edition.	s.	d.
Cloth, lettered	1	0
Embossed Roan, gilt edges	2	0
Best Morocco, gilt edges	4	0
Morocco extra, gilt edges	5	0

18mo. Edition.		
Cloth lettered	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

SPECIMEN of the Demy 18mo. Edition, Nearly Ready.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST. 152, 158

152 L.M.
Christ both died, and rose, and revived.—Rom. 14. 9.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, "God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

SPECIMEN of the Double-Column Edition to be shortly published.

853 C.M.
Let Thy saints shout for joy.—Ps. 132, 9.

1 THY presence and Thy glories, Lord,
Fill all the realms of space;
O come, and at Thy people's prayer,
Now consecrate this place.

2 Sacred to Thine eternal Name,
Behold these walls we raise;
Let heralds here Thy truth proclaim,
And saints show forth Thy praise.

6 May thousands in the realms of day
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
There I was born again.

854 C.M.
Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith.—Eph. 6, 23.

1 DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

ADVANTAGES OF THIS BOOK.

1. Its comprehensiveness.—It includes the best compositions of most authors. There are nearly 800 from Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns.
2. Its superior arrangement. The whole of the 1000 Hymns are carefully classified on a simple plan.
3. Its [illegible]

BENJAMIN L. GREEN, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, LOND[illegible]

THE HALLELUJAH;

OR,

DEVOTIONAL PSALMODY,

COMPOSED, EDITED, AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. J. J. WAITE, & HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., contains 395 Choice and Standard Tunes, including 33 Short Metres; 66 Common Metres; 53 Long Metres; 243 Peculiar Metres; 63 Chants; 4 Sanctuses; 2 Doxologies; an Anthem; an Ode, and 2 Renderings of the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

THE HALLELUJAH provides for 136 various Metres found in the hymnals of the Bishop of London, Bickersteth, Burder, the Baptists, Campbell, Congregational Ministers of Leeds, Congregational Union, Christian Knowledge Society, Churches of Islington and Marylebone, Countess of Huntingdon, Doddridge, Elliott, Free Church of Scotland, La Trobe, Montgomery, Newton, Raffles, Reed, Russell, United Brethren, United Presbyterian Churches, Wardlaw, Watts, Wesley, and many others.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., may be had separately, or bound together, at the following prices:—

	Either of the four parts separately.		All four Parts bound together.		
	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Imperial Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, super-fine thick paper, handsome cloth boards, gilt—Drawing-Room copy	5	0	1	0	0
Super-Royal Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, inferior paper and binding	3	0	0	12	0
Demy Octavo, Vocal Score, Figured	2	0	0	8	0
——— Treble, Alto, Tenor, or Bass Vocal Parts, Figured	1	0	0	4	0

Congregations, Psalmody Classes, and Sunday Schools, ordering twenty copies and upwards, will be allowed a reduction of 25 per cent. provided their application be addressed to the Rev. J. J. WAITE, 3, Moorfield Place, Hereford.

N.B. The Congregations of any town or district desirous of improving their Psalmody, and engaging to raise a class of 200 or upwards, may receive a course of Lectures and Exercises from the Rev. J. J. WAITE, on terms which provide simply for a supply of books and the payment of local and travelling expenses.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRIDEAUX'S CONNEXION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

New Edition, 2 Vols., 8vo., cloth, price 14s.

AN HISTORICAL CONNEXION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS, comprising the History of the Jews and Neighbouring Nations from the Decline of the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel to the Time of Christ. By HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX, D.D., Dean of Norwich. To which is added an Account of the Rabbinic Authorities, by the Rev. A. M'CAUL, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. New Edition Revised, with Notes, Analysis, and Introductory Review, by J. TALBOYS WHEELER, Author of "The Geography of Herodotus," &c.

*** To be followed by SHUCKFORD'S CONNEXION OF SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY, 2 Vols.; and RUSSELL'S CONNEXION OF SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY, 2 Vols.—Completing the entire Histories from the Creation to the time of Christ.

London: WILLIAM TEGG & Co., 85, Queen Street, Cheapside.

Now ready, price 6s.

THE TWO LIGHTS; or, Search after Truth. By the Author of "Struggles for Life."—"'The Two Lights,' forms a most appropriate sequel to the '*Struggles for Life*.' The latter work exhibited the royal dignity of Evangelical faith beneath the tatters and sores of an individual life. The new work boldly generalizes the particular facts and lessons of its predecessor. . . . It will be widely read—and read with gratitude and admiration."—*Eclectic Review*.

London: A. W. BENNETT (successor to W. & F. G. CASH), 5, Bishopsgate Without. 13

AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

Post 8vo., in cloth, price 6s. 6d.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE: an Autobiography.—This is one of the most remarkable lives that has been published for many a day; full of incident, and abounding in anecdote.

For notices of the Press, see "Athenæum," "Morning Post," "Daily News," "Morning Advertiser," "Critic," &c.

London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., Paternoster Row. 14

Now ready, in one handsome vol., cloth extra, price 8s. 6d.

A MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH FRY. By her Daughter, Mrs. FRANCIS CRESSWELL. Abridged from the larger Memoir, with alterations and additions.

"I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me."—MATT. XXV. 36

London: PIPER, STEPHENSON, & Co., Paternoster Row. 15

WHITE AND BUFF MARCELLA JACKETS. The prettiest shape, in this very elegant article ever produced, and most becoming to the figure, price 12s. 9d. For country orders, size of waist and round the shoulders is required.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET. 1

HAIR DYE.—BATCHELOR'S INSTANTANEOUS COLUMBIAN, in the New York original packets, at R. HOVENDEN'S Warehouses, 57 and 58, Crown Street, Finsbury Square, E.C., and 5, Great Marlborough Street, W. Price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s., Black or Brown.—CHURCHER'S TOILET CREAM may be had as above, price 1s. 16

DO THE SCRIPTURES TEACH THAT THERE WILL BE A RESURECTION, in which the Materials of the Present Body will form part of the Future one?

See Debate in the June Number of the BRITISH CONTROVERSIALIST, price 4d.

HOULSTON & WRIGHT, 65, Paternoster Row. 5

This day is published, in post 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

SERMONS by the REV. JOHN CAIRD, M.A., Minister of the Park Church, Glasgow, Author of "Religion in Common Life."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London. 7

This day, in fcap. cloth, price 5s.,

THY WORD IS TRUTH: an Apology for Christianity. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E., Minister of the Scotch National Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden; Author of "Apocalyptic Sketches," "Sabbath Evening Readings," &c.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co., 25, Paternoster Row. 13

THE SMALLEST COMMENTARY.

STEBBING'S BIBLE.—The Authorised Version, with Copious Notes, practical and explanatory, by the Rev. HENRY STEBBING, D.D., Rector of St. Mary, Somerset, and St. Mary Mounthaw, London. Roan, 4s.; Morocco, 6s.

A new and revised Edition, forming a very small, yet legible Pocket Commentary.

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., Paternoster Row. 12

This day, crown 8vo., price 4s. cloth.

LOVE MADE PERFECT: illustrated in the Life and Diary of Mrs. ELIZABETH PICKFORD, late of Salisbury. Edited by the Rev. PETER MCOWAN.

London: HAMILTON, ADAMS & Co., and JOHN MASON. 3

MUSIC FOR SCHOOLS AND THE COLONIES, &c. The 184th Edition. HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE, 4s. Hamilton's Modern Instructions for Singing, 10th Edition, 5s. Hamilton's Dictionary of 3,500 Musical Terms, 54th Edition, 1s. Clarke's Catechism of the Rudiments of Music, 50th Edition, 1s. N.B.—Gratis and postage free, a Catalogue of New School Music. Also, a List of new and second-hand Pianofortes.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-street, W., and of all Musicsellers and Booksellers.

CLARE'S PSALMODY. 12 Books, 3s. each; or in 4 vols., bound in cloth, 9s. each. Warren's Psalmody, 4 vols. 2s. each; or in 1 vol., half-bound in morocco, 8s. Beale and Wrighton's New Psalmody, 6s.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-street, W.; and of all Musicsellers. 8

This day is published, price 6s.

THE ESSENTIAL COHERENCE OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. By the Rev. THOMAS THOMASON PERROWNE, M.A, Fellow, Assistant Tutor, and Hebrew and Theological Lecturer of Corpus Christi College.

Ιησους Χριστος χθες και σημερον ο αυτος, και εις τους αιωνας.
Heb. xiii. 8.

Cambridge: DEIGHTON, BELL & Co. London: BELL & DALDY. 4

SELECTION OF HYM

OF

CONGREGATIONS.

[redacted]

[redacted] in 1857, [redacted]
[redacted] publication, [redacted]

[redacted] RETAIL PRICES.

NONPAREIL 32mo.

Purple sheep, lettered	[redacted]
Fine paper, embossed sheep, [redacted]	
Fine paper, embossed roan, gilt [redacted]	
Fine paper, purple calf, gilt [redacted]	
Fine paper, morocco, gilt edges	[redacted]
Fine paper, morocco, extra	[redacted]

RUBY fcp. 8vo.

Cloth, sprinkled edges	[redacted]
Roan, gilt edges	[redacted]
Morocco, bound-tooled	[redacted]

[redacted] ENLARGED.

NONPAREIL 32mo.

Purple sheep, lettered	[redacted]
Fine paper, embossed sheep, [redacted]	
Fine paper, embossed roan, gilt [redacted]	
Fine paper, morocco, gilt edges	[redacted]

RUBY fcp. 8vo.

Cloth, sprinkled edges	[redacted]
Roan, gilt edges	[redacted]
Morocco, bound-tooled	[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] the same Books are sold for Ready Mo[redacted] [redacted], the neat amount of which [redacted] [redacted] can only can be made.

[redacted] TO THE SELECTION,

[redacted]

[redacted], being printed upon beautifully fi[redacted] [redacted] otherwise bulky [redacted]

MINION 32mo.

Sheep, lettered, sprinkled edges	[redacted]
Embossed roan, gilt edges	[redacted]
Roan, gilt edges	[redacted]
Morocco, extra	[redacted]

[redacted] only half an inch in Thickness.

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS.

	s.	d.
PICA, 12mo. sheep, or emb. roan spkd.	4	0
" embossed roan, gilt edges.	4	6
" purple calf, gilt edges .	6	6
" morocco, gt. ed. 7s. 6d.; ex.	9	0
SMALL PICA, 18mo. coloured sheep. .	3	0
" " embd. roan, gilt ed.	3	6
" " purple calf, gilt ed.	5	0
" " morocco, 5s.; extra	6	6
LONG PRIMER, 24mo. coloured sheep.	2	0
" " em. roan, gt. ed.	2	6
" " purple calf, gt. ed	4	0
" " moroc. 4s. 6d. ex.	5	6
BOURGEOIS, 32mo. col. sheep lettered .	1	4
" " embd. roan, gilt ed.	1	8
MINION, 32mo. cloth, sprinkled edges.	1	0
" embd. roan, gilt edges.	1	6
" coloured calf, do. .	2	8
" morocco, gilt ed. 3s.; ex.	4	0
NONPAREIL, 32mo. emb. roan, spkd. ed.	1	0
" " " gilt edges .	1	3
PEARL, 48mo. cloth, sprinkled edges .	0	8
" coloured sheep, spkd ed.	0	9
" embossed roan, gilt edg.	1	0
" morocco, gilt ed. 2s.; ex.	3	0
IN DOUBLE COLUMNS.		
RUBY, fcp. 8vo. cloth, sprinkled edges	2	0
" blocked roan, gilt ed.	2	6
" morocco, blind tooled	4	0

BIBLE, WATTS, AND SELECTION,

IN ONE VOLUME.

	Polyglott Bible.	Analytical Bible
Foolscap 8vo. embossed roan, gilt edges	10 0	12 0
" Turkey morocco, blind tooled	13 6	15 0

THE PSALMIST:

A COLLECTION OF FOUR HUNDRED TUNES.

Under the Superintendence of VINCENT NOVELLO, Esq.; consisting of Adaptations from the Works of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Romberg, Bach, Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Croft, Calcott, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., as well as Original Compositions, by

T. ADAMS, Esq., Organist of St. Dunstan's.
T. ATTWOOD, Esq., late Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.
SIR H. R. BISHOP, Organist to Her Majesty.
T. COOKE, Esq., Organist to the Bavarian Embassy.
H. J. GAUNTLETT, Esq.; Mus. Doc.
J. GOSS, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's Cath.
W. HAWES, Esq., Almoner of St. Paul's Cathedral.
E. HAWKINS, Esq., late of the Chapel Royal.
W. HORSLEY, Esq., Organist at the Charter House.
E. TAYLOR, Esq., Gresham Professor of Music.
J. TURLE, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey.
S. WEBBE, SEN.
S. WEBBE, JUN.
S. WESLEY, &c., &c.

	s.	d.
With Accompaniment, complete, in cloth . . . . . price	16	0
——— half bound, morocco cloth sides	18	0
——— in Four Parts, 100 Tunes; each Part, in cloth	4	0
The Vocal Score, comprising the entire Work, strongly bound	6	0
The Separate Parts, viz., the Treble, the Alto, the Tenor, and the Bass, in four vols. small 8vo., bound in cloth, each	2	6
——— roan embossed, gilt edges	3	0
The Psalmist Hymn Book, limp cloth	0	8

RIPPON'S TUNES.

Printed from Engraved Plates, price 8s. half-bound.

Country Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the Money, or order for payment in London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE TRUSTEES, BY

E. HADDON, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.

Works Published by WARD & Co., Paternoster Row.

MARLBOROUGH CHAPEL PULPIT.

Monthly, price 2d.

No. I.

THE RIVER OF GOD. By J. GAGE PIGG, B.A.

No. II.

SLIGHT SERVICES; or, A Cup of Water.

Just Published, price 3d.

THE COMING OF THE LORD; a Dialogue between Two Brothers.

People's edition, price 2s. 6d.; or in cloth, boards, 3s.

THE MEN, MANNERS, AND RELIGION OF THE COMMONWEALTH; or, The Piedmontese Envoy. A tale by PROTHESIA S. ELTON, author of "The Philanthropist," "Spirit of Sectarianism," &c.

"Only let such works as the Piedmontese Envoy be widely circulated, and there will be an antidote to the poisonous influence of the Puseyite tales."—*Patriot.*

"The Piedmontese Envoy is a fascinating and instructive work; graphical, philosophical, and truthful."—*Rev. Dr. Hague.*

THE HOMILIST FOR MAY (No. 41), Price 1s., Post Free, contains:—

1. Paul driven up and down Adria; or the Voyage of Life.
2. The Revealment of the Gospel.
3. The Parchment and the Cloak; or Man's Needs. By Rev. A. J. Morris.
4. The Ages.
5. The Ever-growing Argument for Evangelism.
6. Christ our Life. By Rev. W. Wheeler.
7. The Spring.
8. Divine Goodness in Human History. &c., &c.

"Were we to say all we think of the *Homilist*, we might lay ourselves open to the charge of excess and exaggeration. We know of no publication marked by a larger amount of originality and power. Every page abounds in bold masculine thought. It is impossible to describe the relief one experiences in turning from the humdrum, dry-as-dust 'skeletons' and 'outlines' with which many preachers are so painfully and profitlessly familiar, and dipping into these refreshing pages. The intention of the *Homilist* is not to supply sermons for indolent or incompetent preachers, but stimulus and tonic for the true-hearted, hard-working, and genuine teacher. It does not deal in the 'ready-made,' but in the 'raw material.'"—*Wesleyan Times.*

*** The HOMILIST, No. 42, will be published July 1.

Now ready, Parts II. and III. together, price 3s., cloth, or complete (3 parts in 1), price 4s. 6d., cloth.

THE BIBLICAL LITURGY

FOR EVANGELICAL CHURCHES, compiled by the Rev. DAVID THOMAS. This volume contains Supplementary Services for Marriage, Baptism, and Burial.

*** Sent post free, on application either to the Author or Publisher.

THE HALLELUJAH;

OR,

DEVOTIONAL PSALMODY,

COMPOSED, EDITED, AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. J. J. WAITE, & HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., contains 395 Choice and Standard Tunes, including 33 Short Metres; 66 Common Metres; 53 Long Metres; 243 Peculiar Metres; 63 Chants; 4 Sanctuses; 2 Doxologies; an Anthem; an Ode, and 2 Renderings of the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

THE HALLELUJAH provides for 186 various Metres found in the hymnals of the Bishop of London, Bickersteth, Burder, the Baptists, Campbell, Congregational Ministers of Leeds, Congregational Union, Christian Knowledge Society, Churches of Islington and Marylebone, Countess of Huntingdon, Doddridge, Elliott, Free Church of Scotland, La Trobe, Montgomery, Newton, Raffles, Reed, Russell, United Brethren, United Presbyterian Churches, Wardlaw, Watts, Wesley, and many others.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., may be had separately, or bound together, at the following prices:—

	Either of the four parts separately.	All four Parts bound together.
	s. d.	£ s. d.
Imperial Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, super-fine thick paper, handsome cloth boards, gilt—Drawing-Room copy	5 0	1 0 0
Super-Royal Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, inferior paper and binding	3 0	0 12 0
Demy Octavo, Vocal Score, Figured	2 0	0 8 0
——— Treble, Alto, Tenor, or Bass Vocal Parts, Figured .	1 0	0 4 0

Congregations, Psalmody Classes, and Sunday Schools, ordering twenty copies and upwards, will be allowed a reduction of 25 per cent. provided their application be addressed to the Rev. J. J. WAITE, 3, Moorfield Place, Hereford.

N.B. The Congregations of any town or district desirous of improving their Psalmody, and engaging to raise a class of 200 or upwards, may receive a course of Lectures and Exercises from the Rev. J. J. WAITE, on terms which provide simply for a supply of books and the payment of local and travelling expenses.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK FOR THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

New ready, 32mo., cloth lettered, price One Shilling.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

Public, Private, and Social Worship.

THIS NEW COLLECTION CONTAINS

ONE THOUSAND PSALMS AND HYMNS

ARRANGED UNDER

A COMPREHENSIVE YET SIMPLE CLASSIFICATION,

AND EMBRACES ALL THAT IS ESSENTIAL TO A HYMN-BOOK FOR THE SANCTUARY, THE CLOSET, THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE, AND THE SOCIAL GATHERING.

The Profits arising from the Sale will be given to Widows and Orphans of Baptist Ministers and Missionaries.

A Specimen Copy will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of Twelve Postage Stamps.

Extracts from Reviews and Letters.

"The arrangement is particularly excellent, and the range of topics extensive. . . . The editors have laboriously collected the best materials for praise-worship which our language yet affords. So far as we have examined the work, it may be truly said that every hymn carries us up to the very throne of God, and leaves us there."—*Freeman.*

"We very cordially welcome this volume, and we are bound to say that the selection of hymns is, on the whole, very judicious and comprehensive. It combines nearly all those of 'Watts's Psalms and Hymns,' which, by general consent, are used in public worship, with additions from Montgomery and Conder, and many other authors. The arrangement of the hymns is excellent, and the subjects are sufficiently varied to fit the volume in an eminent degree for public, social, and private worship."—*Eclectic Review.*

"After a careful perusal of the volume of Psalms and Hymns, prepared for the use of the Baptist Denomination, and published by Mr. Green, I can conscientiously and with great pleasure recommend it for the simplicity of its arrangement, the variety of its metre, the general excellence of its versification, and the devout spirit which it everywhere breathes. It is a marvel of cheapness and its adoption by the churches will contribute alike to their convenience and edification.

"*Rochdale*, Sept. 26, 1857. WILLIAM F. BURCHELL."

"It is without an exception the best Hymn-Book with which I am acquainted; its intrinsic excellence so commends it to me, that I wish for it a most extensive sale."

"I like it exceedingly. The plan of incorporating the hymns taken from Dr. Watts with the other hymns under their respective heads is preferable, in my opinion, to that of appending them as a supplement. The getting up is very creditable and the price marvellously cheap."

"I am quite delighted with it. It supplies a great want. We shall introduce it as soon as we can. You have conferred a boon upon the churches."

"The more I examine the book, the more fully do its excellences appear. I have seen most of our English hymn-books, and can sincerely say I consider this the best by far. I trust it will be universally received by the denomination."

"I much admire the arrangement. It is also a gem of cheapness."

"I will bring the book before my people at an early opportunity; and shall be happy if they adopt it, as I much approve of the collection."

"I like the collection of hymns very much, and think the arrangement good, and shall be glad to get rid of 'Psalms,' 'First Book,' 'Second Book,' 'Third Book,' and 'Selection.'"

"It is superior to any of the old books both for private devotion and for public worship. I shall endeavour to get it introduced."

"I like it so well that I intend to attempt its introduction here."

"I will urge the adoption of the book wherever I can. It *must* find acceptance; though possibly it will be a year or two before its employment is general."

"I have carefully looked through it, and most heartily approve it. It has been long much needed; and now, no doubt, will be hailed by all who have given their attention to hymnology with a glad welcome. I shall hope to introduce it in my own congregation."

"I cannot but express my cordial approbation of the manner in which you have fulfilled your task. The selection seems to me to be very admirable, and the book itself is a marvel of cheapness."

"So far as I can judge it appears to be a most excellent compilation, and I should hope would soon take the place of the two books now in use."

*** The above are extracted from the very numerous letters the Publisher has received from Ministers throughout the country, all expressing thankful acknowledgments for the publication of a volume so greatly needed by the churches.

BENJAMIN GREEN, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

This Hymn Book has already been adopted by several churches, and assurances have been given that it will be introduced into many more when the large-type edition is ready. The following are from some of the ministers in whose congregations the book is now used:—

"The Baptist Hymn-Book lately published by Mr. B. L. Green, is highly approved by the church and congregation at Trinity Chapel, Bradford. The uninitiated are no longer perplexed with first, second, and third books—first, second, and third parts—old editions and new editions, &c. &c. The hymns are readily found, and are, almost without exception, very excellent.
"*Bradford*, Oct. 12, 1867. H. J. BETTS."

"I am happy to inform you that the New Hymn-Book gives great satisfaction in my congregation, and will do so still more when your larger type edition is in readiness. I have myself more than once carefully read through the entire volume, and I can most sincerely say that I never met with any collection of hymns more calculated for the heart and voice than this.
"*Lee*, Oct. 28, 1867. Yours faithfully, ROBT. H. MARTEN."

"The gentlemen to whom the work has been delegated seem to have spared no labour, whilst they have been most happy in their choice. Many a weary spirit will be refreshed by their service. So gratified am I—and the friends at 'Sydenham Chapel,' with the entire production, that we have adopted the 'Psalms and Hymns' as the book of our congregational praise unto God, and we feel that we cannot adequately thank you for placing it before us at a price within the means of the poorest. Faithfully yours,
"*Perry Hill House, Sydenham.* J. W. TODD."

EDITIONS IN LARGER TYPE, AND CONTAINING COMPLETE INDEXES OF SCRIPTURE TEXTS, SUBJECTS, FIRST LINES OF VERSES, together with the Names of Authors, and of Tunes, are now in the Press and will shortly be Published.

The whole of these Editions have been prepared from New Type, and the utmost degree of care has been taken with the typographical execution.

SPECIMEN of the 32mo. Edition.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

6 And those who find Thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

8 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

C.M.

279 *He is altogether lovely.*—Song Sol. 5, 16.

1 INFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

PRICES.	s.	d.
32mo. Edition.		
Cloth, lettered	1	0
Embossed Roan, gilt edges	2	0
Best Morocco, gilt edges	4	0
Morocco extra, gilt edges	5	0
18mo. Edition.		
Cloth, lettered	3	0
Embossed Roan, gilt edges	4	6
Best Morocco, gilt edges	7	0
Morocco extra, gilt edges	8	6

SPECIMEN of the Demy 18mo. Edition, Nearly Ready.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST. 152, 153

152 L.M.

Christ both died, and rose, and revived.—Rom. 14. 9.

1 WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, "God is love."
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

SPECIMEN of the Double-Column Edition to be shortly published.

C.M.

853 *Let Thy saints shout for joy.*—Ps. 132, 9.

1 THY presence and Thy glories, Lord,
Fill all the realms of space;
O come, and at Thy people's prayer,
Now consecrate this place.

2 Sacred to Thine eternal Name,
Behold these walls we raise;
Let heralds here Thy truth proclaim,
And saints show forth Thy praise.

6 May thousands in the realms of day
Who shall with Jesus reign,
Point here, and each rejoicing say,
There I was born again.

C.M.

854 *Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith.*—Eph. 6, 23.

1 DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

ADVANTAGES OF THE BOOK.

1. Its comprehensiveness.—It includes the best compositions of most authors. There are nearly 300 from Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns.
2. Its superior arrangement.—The whole of the 1000 Hymns are carefully classified on a simple plan.
3. Its adaptation.—It contains a great variety of Hymns adapted to every phase of Christian experience, and is equally suitable for private, family, or public use.
4. Its cheapness.—Our poorest members and Sabbath scholars may now possess the Hymn-Book used in the congregation.

THE NEW FRENCH MUSLINS JUST OUT

Many of the Patterns surpass any others introduced into this country. Flour Muslins from 6s. 6d. Mourning Muslins, the best and largest selection in the Kingdom, last year's patterns, selling at ridiculous prices for such goods. Patterns sent post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

READY-MADE MUSLIN DRESSES, 4s. 9d.

Plain Double Skirt and Flounced with Jacket complete; neat pretty patterns. They are cut out by one of the first cutters in Paris, and completed there by superior French artists. A fresh arrival every Wednesday from Paris. Patterns post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

A GEM.

OUR NEW GUINEA FRENCH MANTLE

A DRAWING SENT POST FREE.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

Agents for the Ladies' Handkerchiefs, embroidered with Christian names by the Nuns of Pau, with the new Dietech needle, price 1s. 0½d.; by Post, Fourteen Stamps. 5s. 9d. the half dozen; by Post, 6s. 3d.

FRENCH CAMBRIC DRESSES.

Our new Patterns are exceedingly choice and are not to be had elsewhere; they are made up for morning wear, in Paris. So pretty a Morning Dress is rarely seen. Patterns post free. For Country Orders, the size of waist and round the shoulders is required. The price made up is 12s. 9d.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

A PERFECT LADY'S DRESS,

for Spring, at a singularly low price, a simple check; the material is cashmere, with rich ducape side trimmings in French Blue, Nut-Brown, Black, Violet, French Grey and the New Green, edged with velvet; the skirt is made and lined throughout, the material for bodice included. Price 14s. 9d. The additional charge for making the bodice is 1s. A drawing of the Dress sent post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

WHITE & BUFF MARCELLA JACKETS.

The prettiest shape in this very elegant article ever produced, and most becoming to the figure. The Half-Guinea Cloth Jackets—a very pretty shape—just from Paris to be had in all the fashionable colours. For Country Orders, size of waist and round the shoulders is required. A drawing sent post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

MEMOIR OF HAVELOCK.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE FOR MARCH AND APRIL

Contains a Complete Memoir of the late

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B.

Written Expressly for this Periodical by his Brother-in-law,

JOHN C. MARSHMAN, ESQ.

With April Number, will be given an admirable

PORTRAIT,

Engraved by Cochran, from the only *original* painting in existence, which is still in the possession of his family.

EARLY ORDERS ARE REQUESTED, TO PREVENT DISAPPOINTMENT.

London: PEWTRESS & Co., Ave Maria Lane; HEATON & SON, Warwick Lane.

Now ready, price 6s.

THE TWO LIGHTS; or, Search after Truth. By the Author of "Struggles for Life."—"'The Two Lights,' forms a most appropriate *sequel* to the '*Struggles for Life.*' The latter work exhibited the royal dignity of Evangelical faith beneath the tatters and sores of an individual life. The new work boldly generalizes the particular facts and lessons of its predecessor. . . . It will be widely read—and read with gratitude and admiration."—*Eclectic Review.*

London: A. W. BENNETT (successor to W. & F. G. CASH), 5, Bishopsgate Without. 7

AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

Post 8vo., in cloth, price 6s. 6d.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE: an Autobiography.—This is one of the most remarkable lives that has been published for many a day; full of incident, and abounding in anecdote.

For notices of the Press, see "Athenæum," "Morning Post," "Daily News," "Morning Advertiser," "Critic," &c.

London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., Paternoster Row. 8

Dedicated, by permission, to His Grace the Archbishop of York.

THE PSALMS: A NEW METRICAL TRANSLATION: Accentuated for Chanting. Post 8vo., price 5s. 6d.

London: SAMUEL BAGSTER & SONS, 15, Paternoster Row. 14

THE ENGLISH HEXAPLA: consisting of Six English Versions of the New Testament, printed side by side in parallel columns, beneath the Greek Original Text. Large 4to., price £2 2s.

London: SAMUEL BAGSTER & SONS, 15, Paternoster Row.

Catalogues of Bibles and Biblical Aids, by post, free. 12

Just Ready.

ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHT SCRIPTURE PICTURES, bound up with BAGSTER'S Polyglot Bibles. The whole Series are from entirely New Designs, and are beautifully engraved on Steel.

Catalogues, gratis, by post, free, of Polyglot Bibles, Church Services, Book of Common Prayer, in Ancient and Modern Languages, Aids to the Study of the Old and New Testament, Concordances, Grammars, Lexicons, &c.

London: SAMUEL BAGSTER & SONS, 15, Paternoster Row. 13

STIER ON THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS.

Now ready, the 7th and 8th Vols., completing the Work, price 10s. 6d. each Vol.

DR. STIER'S COMMENTARY ON THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS.

The publishers are happy to announce the completion (with indices) of this commentary, characterized by Archdeacon Hare as one of the most precious of books for the spiritual interpretation of the Gospel.

Edinburgh: T. & T. CLARK. London: HAMILTON & Co.

This day, Vol. II., price 6s.

APOCALYPTIC SKETCHES.—Things that Are. A new, revised, re-arranged, and almost re-written Edition. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.

Vol. III. will contain Things that Will Be Hereafter.

These volumes will form a library edition of a work of unprecedented popularity, replete with interest, and strikingly illustrative of a much neglected portion of the Word of God.

London: ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row. 9

Now ready, in royal 8vo., with Map and 50 Illustrations, including numerous beautifully Coloured Plates from the Author's Original Drawings, and a Map, £2 2s. elegantly bound.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA: a Narrative of Seven Years' Travels in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, and Central Asia. By T. WITLAM ATKINSON.

"A book of rare interest."—*Guardian.*

London: HURST & BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street. 11

Shortly will be published, in 1 Vol., post 8vo., 7s. 6d.

SERMONS. By the Rev. JOHN CAIRD, M.A., Author of "Religion in Common Life," a Sermon preached in Crathie Church, October 14, 1855, before Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert.

Edinburgh & London: WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS. 15

NEWEST VOCAL MUSIC.—Dinna ye hear! Anne Fricker. 2s. 6d.; I'm waiting for to-morrow, A. Foster, 2s. 6d.; A Psalm of Life, W. T. Wrighton, 2s.; The Young Recruit, Kucken, 2s.; The Swiss Girl, G. Linley, 2s. 6d.; The Mountain Daisy, G. Linley, 2s.; 'Tis the Moonlight Sleeping, Wrighton, 2s. 6d.; Go, lovely Rose, H. Kneller, 2s.; Dinna forget, Laddie, Petzer, 2s.; The Bridge, Miss M. Lindsay, 2s. 6d.; Maud, Serenade, Miss M. Lindsay, 2s. 6d.; Handel's Messiah, complete, 1s. 4d.; Bonny Eloise, J. Thomas, 2s. 6d.; Thou art with me, J. Thomas, 2s.; Home they brought her Warrior, Miss M. Lindsay, 2s.; Dear Mary, Frank Romer, 2s.; My Fairy Bride, Frank Romer, 2s.; Last Night I woke, Frank Romer, 2s.; Tapping at the Window, Minasi, 2s. 6d.; Wait till I put on my Bonnet, Minasi, 2s. 6d.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street; and all Musicsellers.

Now ready, price 3s. 6d.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.—Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, in Feb., 1858. To which is added a Sermon preached at Great St. Mary's on the Evening of Ash-Wednesday. By HENRY ALFORD, B.D., Dean of Canterbury.

Cambridge: DEIGHTON, BELL, & Co. London: BELL & DALDY. 3

Now in course of Publication.

CAMBRIDGE GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.—Carefully reprinted from the Best Editions. This series is intended to supply for the use of Schools and Students cheap and accurate editions of the Classics, which shall be superior in mechanical execution to the small German editions now current in this country, and more convenient in form.

The volumes will be well printed at the Cambridge University Press, in a 16mo size, and will be issued at short intervals.

Now ready, neatly bound in limp cloth.

ÆSCHYLUS, ex novissima recensione F. A. PALEY, A.M. Price 3s.

HORATIUS, ex recensione A. J. MACLEANE, A.M. Price 2s. 6d.

EURIPIDES, ex recensione F. A. PALEY, A.M. Vol. I. In the Press.

HERODOTUS, ex recensione J. W. BLAKESLEY, S. T. B. In the Press.

THUCYDIDES, ex recensione J. W. DONALDSON, S. T. P. In the Press. 4

Cambridge: DEIGHTON, BELL & Co. London: WHITTAKER & Co., and BELL & DALDY.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND CO.

ARE NOW PUBLISHING:—

New Quarterly.—No. I., April, One Shilling.

MELIORA.—CONTENTS: I. Meliora.—II. Symbolism of the Human Form.—III. The East India Company and the Opium Trade.—IV. The Morals of Business.—V. The Place of Temperance in Science.—VI. The Vices of the Streets.—VII. Reformatory Schools.—VIII. Keeping up Appearances.—IX. Record of Social Politics.—X. Review of Current Literature.

GEMS FROM SPURGEON. Extracts from his Sermons, published and unpublished. With Portrait. Royal 16mo., cloth, 1s. 6d. [*This day.*

THE THREE CURACIES. My First Curacy: How I got it.—My Second Curacy: How I lost it.—My Third Curacy: Why I left it. By a CHAPLAIN. Fcap. 8vo., 1s., Cloth, 1s. 6d. [*This day.*

AN EARNEST EXHORTATION TO CHRISTIAN UNITY. Addressed to the Members of all Religious Denominations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s. [*In the Press.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY. A Memoir, Political and Poetical. By J. W. KING, Author of "Life of Gavazzi," &c. Crown 8vo., cloth, with Portrait, 5s. [*This day.*

"We avow our admiration of the volume as one of no ordinary value."—*British Standard.*

MEMORIALS OF GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. Third Thousand. [*This day.*

LAUDISM, PUSEYISM, ROMANISM, & PAPAL CLEMENCY; the Perils of the Church of England from the 16th to the 19th Centuries. A Letter to the Bishop of London. By W. PEACE. Fcap. 8vo., 6d. [*This day.*

Bible, Tract, and General Catalogues, post free for one stamp.

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., Paternoster Row. 6

In post 8vo., price 7s. 6d., cloth.

THE WORLD OF MIND,

AN ELEMENTARY BOOK.

BY ISAAC TAYLOR.

In post 8vo., price 7s. 6d., cloth.

AGES OF CHRISTENDOM.

BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON.

(BEING THE CONGREGATIONAL LECTURE FOR 1855.)

"We are disposed to think that it is a volume which will be more read than any one of the series to which it belongs. . . . . We know not where to find, within so brief a space, so intelligent a clue to the labyrinth of Church history before the Reformation."—*British Quarterly Review.*

In fcp. 8vo., price 5s. 6d., cloth antique, red edges.

THE FOREIGN SACRED LYRE.

METRICAL VERSIONS OF RELIGIOUS POETRY, FROM THE GERMAN, FRENCH AND ITALIAN; TOGETHER WITH THE ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY JOHN SHEPPARD,

Author of "THOUGHTS ON DEVOTION," &c., &c.

"Few men could have been found more competent to the task he set himself than the translator of these lyric poems. The English dress in which they are all clothed is distinguished by its elegance, purity, and taste."—*Evangelical Christendom.*

London: JACKSON & WALFORD, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

CHEAP EDITION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL LECTURES.

The Publishers, having at present a limited supply of the First Issue, can now offer COMPLETE SETS of the FIFTEEN VOLUMES at the Original Subscription Price, viz., £2 5s.; or either Issue may be had separately,—the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd at 12s. each, and the 4th at 9s.

FIRST ISSUE.
WARDLAW'S CHRISTIAN ETHICS.
VAUGHAN on the CAUSES of the CORRUPTION of CHRISTIANITY.
GILBERT on the CHRISTIAN ATONEMENT.
HENDERSON on DIVINE INSPIRATION.

SECOND ISSUE.
REDFORD'S HOLY SCRIPTURE VERIFIED.
ALEXANDER on the CONNEXION of the OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS.
SCOTT on the EXISTENCE of EVIL SPIRITS.
HAMILTON on REWARDS and PUNISHMENTS.

THIRD ISSUE.
HALLEY on the SACRAMENTS.—PART I.
PAYNE on ORIGINAL SIN.
DAVIDSON on the ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY of the NEW TESTAMENT.
STOWELL on the WORK of the SPIRIT.

FOURTH ISSUE.
PYE SMITH'S SCRIPTURE and GEOLOGY.
BENNETT'S THEOLOGY of the EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
HALLEY on the SACRAMENTS.—PART II.

Separate Volumes, price 5s. each.

London: JACKSON & WALFORD, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Just published, with Frontispiece, square 18mo., price 6d. sewed.

A CHILD'S WALK through the YEAR. With Preface by Mrs. GILBERT.

Second Edition, square 18mo., price 3d. sewed.

SEVEN BLESSINGS for LITTLE CHILDREN. By Mrs. GILBERT.

London: JACKSON & WALFORD, 18, St. Paul's Churchyard.

THE HALLELUJAH;

OR,

DEVOTIONAL PSALMODY,

COMPOSED, EDITED, AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. J. J. WAITE, & HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., contains 395 Choice and Standard Tunes, including 33 Short Metres; 66 Common Metres; 53 Long Metres; 243 Peculiar Metres; 63 Chants; 4 Sanctuses; 2 Doxologies; an Anthem; an Ode, and 2 Renderings of the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

THE HALLELUJAH provides for 136 various Metres found in the hymnals of the Bishop of London, Bickersteth, Burder, the Baptists, Campbell, Congregational Ministers of Leeds, Congregational Union, Christian Knowledge Society, Churches of Islington and Marylebone, Countess of Huntingdon, Doddridge, Elliott, Free Church of Scotland, La Trobe, Montgomery, Newton, Raffles, Reed, Russell, United Brethren, United Presbyterian Churches, Wardlaw, Watts, Wealey, and many others.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., may be had separately, or bound together, at the following prices:—

	Either of the four parts separately.	All four Parts bound together.
	s. d.	*£ s. d.*
Imperial Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, superfine thick paper, handsome cloth boards, gilt—Drawing-Room copy	5 0	1 0 0
Super-Royal Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, inferior paper and binding	3 0	0 12 0
Demy Octavo, Vocal Score, Figured	2 0	0 8 0
——— Treble, Alto, Tenor, or Bass Vocal Parts, Figured	1 0	0 4 0

Congregations, Psalmody Classes, and Sunday Schools, ordering twenty copies and upwards, will be allowed a reduction of 25 per cent. provided their application be addressed to the Rev. J. J. WAITE, 3, Moorfield Place, Hereford.

N.B. The Congregations of any town or district desirous of improving their Psalmody, and engaging to raise a class of 200 or upwards, may receive a course of Lectures and Exercises from the Rev. J. J. WAITE, on terms which provide simply for a supply of books and the payment of local and travelling expenses.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE NONCONFORMIST,

A FIRST-CLASS LONDON WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

ESTABLISHED IN 1841.

EDITED BY EDWARD MIALL, ESQ.

Published every Wednesday Afternoon. Price, Unstamped, Fivepence. Stamped, Sixpence.

THE NONCONFORMIST has aimed, from its commencement, at explaining and enforcing all the prominent ecclesiastical and political questions of the day, by treating them in the light of New Testament principles. To make the Church a self-supporting and self-governing spiritual body, and the State an efficient guardian of all individual and national rights founded in equity, is the great end to which its columns are devoted. This end it has uniformly pursued, without regard to either sectarian or party objects. Its high character for honesty, fearlessness, and ability is proved by the spontaneous testimony borne to it, both by its friends and its opponents. It has contributed largely to the improved state of public opinion in relation to all matters affecting Religious Liberty, as well as to the more adequate representation of that opinion in the House of Commons. The breadth of its views, the catholicity of its spirit, and its conscientious adherence to its principles through evil as well as through good report, has secured for it such a measure of the respect of the public as to invest it with influence superior to that of any organ of its class.

During the present year, particularly, THE NONCONFORMIST will be likely to take a high position among its contemporaries. Its Indian correspondence has hitherto stood second to none published, and the views it advocates in relation to the religious interests of India are now being endorsed by the highest political authorities. On the question of Parliamentary Reform it has won the sympathy of a large and rapidly increasing circle. During the time, therefore, that these two great topics of national interest are under discussion, this Journal will probably command even greater attention than it has yet enjoyed.

THE NONCONFORMIST has just commenced its eighteenth annual volume. It has been enlarged three times since its first appearance in 1841, and is now one of the largest sized newspapers published, containing twenty-four pages, or seventy-two columns of closely printed matter. Great pains are taken to make it an interesting Family Newspaper. Its ordinary contents are:—Articles on the leading Ecclesiastical, Political, and Social topics of the week—the pith of the Week's News, arranged in a lucid manner, and made suitable for Family Reading—a careful digest of Parliamentary Intelligence—Reports of Religious, Educational, and Philanthropic Meetings, Correspondence, Domestic, Indian, and Colonial—Summary of Trade and Commercial News—Gossip and Gleanings—Reviews of New Books—Literary Extracts, &c.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Stamped Copies are supplied, through the Post Office, direct from the Publishing Office, or by any News Agent, on the following terms:—6s. 6d. per quarter; 13s. per half-year; or £1 6s., per annum, in advance.

Unstamped Copies may be had at all the Railway Stations and of the Local Booksellers and News Agents; but an unstamped copy sent by post must have a penny postage stamp affixed each time of transmission.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for THE NONCONFORMIST, with Post-office Orders (postage stamps not accepted), payable at the General Post Office, should be addressed to MR. CORNELIUS RUFUS NELSON, 25, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

THE NONCONFORMIST is registered for transmission abroad.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The terms for Advertising in THE NONCONFORMIST are as follows:—

One Line . . A Shilling. | Each additional Line . . Sixpence.

There are, on an average, eight words in a line.

Advertisers of all classes will find THE NONCONFORMIST a valuable Medium for their Announcements.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY C. R. NELSON, 25, BOUVERIE STREET

A MANCHESTER BOOK.

Dedicated to Lord Brougham, and the Association for Promoting Social Science.

Just published, illustrated with Wood-Cuts.

Cloth, neat, 2s. 6d., extra and gilt edges, 3s. 6d. (post free.)

THE SONG OF THE CAT: a Legend of the Chancery Court. By a Master out of Chancery. "Lie there, Lord Chancellor."—*Address on putting off the Official Robes.*

Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD, 170, Deansgate.

London: KENT & Co., and SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co. 17

Fourth Edition, enlarged, price 1s., or 1s. 2d., post free.

VACATION THOUGHTS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS. By CHARLES PHILLIPS, A.B. One of Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors.

London: J. RIDGWAY, 169, Piccadilly, W.; A. W. BENNETT, 5, Bishopsgate Street, Without, E.C. 1

THE PSALMIST:

A COLLECTION OF FOUR HUNDRED TUNES.

Under the Superintendence of VINCENT NOVELLO, Esq.; consisting of Adaptations from the Works of Handel, Hadyn, Beethoven, Mozart, Romberg, Bach, Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Croft, Calcott, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., as well as Original Compositions, by

T. ADAMS, Esq., Organist of St. Dunstan's.
T. ATTWOOD, Esq., late Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.
SIR H. R. BISHOP, Organist to Her Majesty.
T. COOKE, Esq., Organist to the Bavarian Embassy.
H. J. GAUNTLETT, Esq., Mus. Doc.
J. GOSS, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's Cath.
W. HAWES, Esq., Almoner of St. Paul's Cathedral.
E. HAWKINS, Esq., late of the Chapel Royal.
W. HORSLEY, Esq., Organist at the Charter House.
E. TAYLOR, Esq., Gresham Professor of Music.
J. TURLE, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey.
S. WEBBE, SEN.
S. WEBBE, JUN.
S. WESLEY, &c., &c.

	s.	d.
With Accompaniment, complete, in cloth . . . . . price	16	0
——— half bound, morocco, cloth sides	18	0
——— in Four Parts, 100 Tunes; each Part, in cloth	4	0
The Vocal Score, comprising the entire Work, strongly bound	6	0
The Separate Parts, viz., the Treble, the Alto, the Tenor, and the Bass, in four vols. small 8vo., bound in cloth, each	2	6
——— roan embossed, gilt edges	3	0
The Psalmist Hymn Book, limp cloth	0	8

RIPPON'S TUNES.

Printed from Engraved Plates, price 8s. half-bound.

Country Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the Money, or order for payment in London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE TRUSTEES, BY

J. HADDON, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

EUSTON ROAD, LONDON,

MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINES.

FOREIGN GENERAL AGENTS.

Baltimore (U. S.)	Messrs. J. C. French and Son
Barbadoes	Messrs. Collymore and Co.
Barcelona, Spain	Miret, Cuyas, and Escribce
Basle, Switzerland	Mr. Roderick Scholp
Brody (Germany)	N. Kornfield, Esq.
Carthagena	Dn. Rafael Cauto, Murella del Mar
Cadiz	Mr. J. Bensusan
Calcutta	Thomas Gardner, Esq.
Cape Breton	Lieutenant J. M'Kinnon
Constantinople	Mr. A. Stampa
Copenhagen	Mr. Michaelson
Cracow	Mr. Muldner
Elsinore	Mr. O. S. Steenberg
Frankfort-on-Maine	Berck, Frères, General Agents for Austria and Germany
Gibraltar	Mr. T. H. Roberts
Guernsey	Mr. Cochrane
Halifax (N. S.)	Messrs. A. and W. MacKinlay
Hamburgh	Messrs. Krauskopf and Co.
Kempten, Bavaria	Mr. M. Gayrhos
Kingston, Jamaica	Miss Kington
Macon (Bibb Co., Georgia, U. S.)	Mr. Thomas Gibson
Madras	R. L. Pereira, Esq.
Melbourne (Port Phillip)	Mr. A. Charlwood
Mexico	Mr Jean Togno
Montreal	Mr. R. Trudeau
New Plymouth (New Zealand)	Mr. R. Parris
New York (U. S.)	Messrs. Firth, Pond, and Co.
Odessa	Wm. Wagnier
Valencia	Mr. Antonio Andreu. 20

THE TIME TO BUY MUSLINS CHEAP.

MUSLINS OF THE LAST SEASON now Selling Off, at Ridiculous Prices for such Goods. Patterns post free.

FRENCH CAMBRIC ROBES, ready for Wear.

Our New Patterns just received; two or three exceedingly pretty. They are made up according to the latest Paris Fashions, by French Artistes; price 12s. 9d. For country orders, size round the shoulders and length of skirt is required.

WHITE AND BUFF MARCELLA JACKETS.

The Prettiest Shape in this very Elegant Article ever produced, and most becoming to the figure; price 12s. 9d. For country orders, size round the shoulders and waist is required.

A PERFECT LADY'S DRESS.

AT A SINGULARLY LOW PRICE.

A Simple Check: the Material Cashmere, with rich Ducape Side Trimming in French Blue. Nut Brown, Black, French Grey, Violet, and the New Green, edged with Velvet; price 14s. 9d. The additional charge for making the Bodice, 1s. A Drawing of the Dress sent post free.

FRENCH MUSLIN JACKETS.

The Prettiest White Muslin Jacket ever produced; it is trimmed with Ribbon. To be had in every Colour, and exceedingly becoming to the figure; price 12s. 9d.

FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

Post Office Orders payable to JAMES REID, Oxford Street. 2

Cheaper Edition, now ready, in fcap., cloth, price 5s.

CONSOLATIONS; OR, LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF LIFE. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D., F.R.S.E.

CONTENTS—The Careful Scrutiny—Perfect Peace—The Way of Peace—The Sure Refuge—Strong Consolation—Neither Forgotten nor Forsaken—Christ Appearing for us—Life's Brief Day—The Troubled Heart—Paternal Presence—The Opening of a Year—The Covenant Ordered and Sure—A People and their God—There is no Difference—The Unpardonable Sin—The Atoning Blood—My Living Redeemer—Nunc Dimittis.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., 25, Paternoster Row. 16

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND CO. ARE NOW PUBLISHING:—

THE CHURCH IN THE CIRCUS. A Brief Narrative of Religious Services at Portsea, with Suggestions for Conducting Special Services for the People. By the Rev. G. F. H. KNAPP, St. John's, Portsea. With Engraving. Crown 8vo., 1s.; Cloth, 1s. 6d. [*In a few days.*

THE LIFE OF ALDERMAN KELLY, Lord Mayor of London. By the Rev. R. C. FELL, M.A. New Edition, 1s. 6d.; Library Edition, with Portrait, 6s. 6d. [*In a few days.*

"Of the utmost value to young men."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

Bible, Tract, and General Catalogues post free for one stamp.

London: PARTRIDGE, & Co., Paternoster Row. 12

Fourth Edition, just ready, elegantly bound, price 6s.

QUIET HOURS. By the REV. JOHN PULSFORD.

"The reader will find in this volume little of the formal theology to which he may be accustomed, but he will find that the humble recognition of the great verities of the Christian faith underlies the whole of the author's thinking. It is refreshing to meet with the work of a real thinker, such as we have before us. And, especially, it is delightful to find a man of this cast of mind so truly spiritual and real."—*Scottish Congregational Magazine.*

"This will be a very welcome book to many quiet, thoughtful, spiritual people; and in these noisy days, we cannot do our readers a better service than to recommend to them devotional books of a really healthy character.

Edinburgh: THOMAS C. JACK. London: HAMILTON & Co. 8

NEW WORK BY THE REV. DR. CANDLISH.

Just published, in crown 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

LIFE IN A RISEN SAVIOUR: being Discourses on the Resurrection. By ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D.

"These discourses are undoubtedly far superior to the general run of sermons, in vigour of style, power of reasoning, and force, if it is not to be called felicity of illustration."—*Spectator.*

Edinburgh: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK. 14

Fourth Thousand, with a Portrait.

HIDDEN LIFE: Memorials of John Whitmore Winslow, Undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin. By his Father, OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. Fcp. 8vo., 3s. 6d. cloth.

UNIFORM WITH "MORNING THOUGHTS."

EVENING THOUGHTS; or, Daily Walking with God. A portion for each Evening in the Year. By OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. January to June, imperial 32mo., 2s. 6d. cloth. July to December, 3s. cloth.

London: JOHN F. SHAW, 27, Southampton Row, and 48, Paternoster Row.

b

Just published.

OMPHALOS: an Attempt to Untie the Geological Knot. With Illustrations on Wood. Post 8vo., 10s. 6d. This work announces and illustrates a grand physical Law, which, though hitherto unrecognised, is proved to have universal application in the organic world—the Law of Prochronism in Creation. On this principle the Author shows that the conclusions of geologists as to the antiquity of the earth are not INEVITABLE—that there is another solution of the facts, at least POSSIBLE.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing this book to be the most important and best written that has yet appeared on the very interesting question with which it deals. We believe the logic of the book to be unanswerable, its postulates true, its laws fairly deduced."—*Natural History Review, January*, 1858.

VAN VOORST, Paternoster Row.

BENGEL'S GNOMON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—Messrs. Clark are now happy to announce the completion of the Translation of Bengel. The difficulty of the translation, the great additions in the way of Notes by the Editors and Translators (Rev. James Bandinel, of Wadham College, Oxford; Rev. James Ferguson, LL.D.; Rev. W. Fletcher, D.D., Wimbourne; and Rev. A. R. Fausset) greatly increasing the value of the book, and their extreme desire that the work should be in all respects, as perfect as possible, must be their excuse for the delay in publication. They trust, however, that the result will prove that BENGEL *can* be translated into English, in a thorough and scholar-like manner, retaining, as far as is practicable, the critical unity of the original.

The Translation is comprised in Five Volumes Octavo, of (on an average) *fully* 500 *pages each*.

SUBSCRIPTION, 31s. 6d., *payable in advance, or free by post*, 35s.

*** The Subscription List will be closed in a short time, when the book will be sold in the regular way at a much increased price. The great outlay incurred by Publishers from the nature of the work, and from their desire to make it, in every respect, as perfect, complete, and accurate as possible, would have justified a subscription price of double a guinea and a-half, and it is only by a very large demand that they can ever hope to be remunerated. It is requested that the Subscriptions may be remitted as early as possible.

The whole work is issued under the Editorship of the Rev. ANDREW R. FAUSSET, M.A., late University and Queen's Scholar, and Senior Classical and Gold Medallist, T.C.D., Editor of Homer's Iliad, Livy, and Terence.

"There are few devout students of the Bible who have not long held Bengel in the highest estimation, nay, revered and loved him. It was not, however, without some apprehension for his reputation with English readers that we saw the announcement of a translation of his work. We feared that his sentences, terse and condensed as they are, would necessarily lose much of their pointedness and force by being clothed in another garb. But we confess, gladly, to a surprise at the success the translators have achieved in preserving so much of the spirit of the original. We are bound to say that this first instalment is executed in the most scholarlike and able manner. The translation has the merit of being faithful and perspicuous. Its publication will, we are confident, do much to bring back readers to the *devout* study of the Bible, and at the same time prove one of the most valuable of exegetical aids. The 'getting up' of these volumes, combined with their marvellous cheapness, cannot fail, we also hope, to command for them a large sale."—*Eclectic Review.*

"This translation is particularly good, characterized by accuracy and strength, and enriched, moreover, with many valuable original notes by the translators. We earnestly commend it to all our readers as one of the very best commentaries on the New Testament Scriptures."—*Church of England Monthly Review.*

For the convenience of such as may wish only a portion of the Commentary, the volumes are sold separately at 8*s. 6d. each* (*except Vol. II.*, 10*s. 6d.*)

Vol. I., Introduction, Matthew, Mark; Vol. II., Luke, John, Acts; Vol. III. Romans, Corinthians; Vol. IV., Galatians to Hebrews; Vol. V., James to end.

Edinburgh: T. and T. CLARK.

London: (for Non-subscribers only) HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co.

Works Published by WARD & Co., Paternoster Row.

THE HOMILIST FOR MAY, (No. 41), Price 1s., Post Free, contains:—

1. Paul driven up and down Adria; or the Voyage of Life.
2. The Revealment of the Gospel.
3. The Parchment and the Cloak; or Man's Needs. By Rev. A. J. Morris.
4. The Ages.
5. The Ever-growing Argument for Evangelism.
6. Christ our Life. By Rev. W. Wheeler.
7. The Spring.
8. Divine Goodness in Human History, &c., &c.

"Were we to say all we think of the *Homilist*, we might lay ourselves open to the charge of excess and exaggeration. We know of no publication marked by a larger amount of originality and power. Every page abounds in bold masculine thought. It is impossible to describe the relief one experiences in turning from the humdrum, dryasdust 'skeletons' and 'outlines' with which many preachers are so painfully and profitlessly familiar, and dipping into these refreshing pages. The intention of the *Homilist* is not to supply sermons for indolent or incompetent preachers, but stimulus and tonic for the true-hearted, hard-working, and genuine teacher. It does not deal in the 'ready-made,' but in the raw material.'"—*Wesleyan Times.*

*** The HOMILIST, No. 42, will be published July 1.

Now ready, Parts II. and III. together, price 3s., cloth, or complete (3 parts in 1), price 4s. 6d., cloth.

THE BIBLICAL LITURGY

FOR EVANGELICAL CHURCHES, compiled by the Rev. DAVID THOMAS. This volume contains Supplementary Services for Marriage, Baptism, and Burial.

*** Sent post free, on application either to the Author or Publisher.

In the press, in fcap. 8vo.

CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE. An Exposition of Psalm XVI. By the Rev. JAMES FRAME, Minister of Queen Street Chapel, Ratcliffe.

Lately published, price 1s. 6d., cloth.

ORIGINAL SIN. By the Rev. JAMES FRAME.

CONTENTS:

1. Definition of Terms, &c.
2. Adam as he came from the Hand of God.
3. Adam constituted the Federal Head of the Race.
4. Adam a Fallen Creature.
5. The Imputation of the Original Sin examined.
6. The Condemnation directly resulting from the Original Sin examined.
7. Cause of the early development of Moral Evil.
8. The Means of Cure.
9. The Method of Cure.
10. Conclusion—Recapitulation.

Second Edition, Vols. 1 and 2, price 1s. 8d., each, or together in one Vol., 3s., cloth.

THE TITLES AND SIMILITUDES OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. A Handbook for Sunday-school Teachers. By JAMES LARGE. With Recommendatory Prefaces by the Rev. JAMES SHERMAN, & the Rev. J. A. JAMES

Now ready, fine paper, 1s.; Popular Edition, 6d.

A CONFIRMATION GIFT; proffered to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES; and to the Protestant Youth of Britain. An Essay on Personal Responsibility, and on the Advantage of Early Piety.

Works Published by Ward & Co.—Continued.

DR. BURDER'S SERMONS.

A few copies only (remainder), price 5s. cloth—published at 12s.

THIRTY SERMONS delivered at St. Thomas's Square Chapel, Hackney. By the Rev. H. F. BURDER, D.D.

"It is a long time since we have seen a volume of sermons so replete with all the best elements of pulpit instruction. And we may add, that for family use it will be found pre-eminently adapted."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

*** A copy of this work will be sent by the publishers, post free, to any Minister or Student on receipt of 5s. 6d. in stamps.

A few copies only, price 3s. cloth, post free.

THINGS THAT DIFFER. A Course of Seven Lectures by Rev. JOHN HALLEY, Norwich.

"It is pervaded by a raciness and a freshness which at once bespeak a business man, and a business mind. * * * * We have there the enunciation of great principles set forth with clearness and force."—*Christian Witness.*

Just published, in one Vol. cloth elegant, price 3s. 6d.

THE HIVE; or, Mental Gatherings. For the Benefit of the Idiot and his Institution.

This book is composed of original contributions in prose and poetry, on miscellaneous subjects, by many gifted and benevolent Authors.

In fcp. 8vo. price 1s. 6d. cloth.

THE ATONING LAMB: a Scriptural Exhibition of our Lord's Vicarious Death. By Rev. W. GRIFFITHS.

CONTENTS:

1. The Victim.
2. The Sacrifice.
3. The Extent of Atonement.
4. The Object of Atonement.
5. The Atonement received by Faith.

In one Vol., crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

THE PENALTIES OF GREATNESS. By the Rev. ROBERT FERGUSON, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.L.

"A gem of literary brilliance. None but an enthusiastic admirer of human greatness could have written it."—*Christian Times.*

"From this book whole passages of pure yet polished English may be quoted as models of the richest vernacular, to which Macaulay presents but a distant second, whilst antithetical point and forcible originality suddenly surprise us with their startling vigour, and the mind feels itself as powerfully interested by the sentiment as the ear is charmed by the diction."—*John Bull.*

"The tendency of the work is admirable. The essay on Cromwell is a masterly dissertation, doing somewhat like justice to one of the mightiest spirits that ever rose among the British people."—*British Standard.*

"A book which, to the thoughtful reader, will be invested with more than the charms of romance."—*United Methodist Magazine.*

"This volume is Dr. Ferguson's last, and, in our judgment, his most masterly and scholarly production. . . The Essays on Paul and Cromwell, contain delineations of character, developments of policy, and explanations of the spirit of the ages in which they lived, which, for historic accuracy, depth of philosophic view, and eloquence of language, we have seldom seen equalled, and, certainly, never surpassed. The volume evinces a cast of thought original and sublime, an unlimited command of imagery, and a style varied, vigorous, and bold. We would undertake, if we had the opportunity, to form a volume of sound and beautiful moral proverbial philosophy from the two preliminary chapters; and these are a fitting introduction to a volume which, while England has a language and a literature, the public cannot 'willingly let die.' It has our warmest recommendation, and the author has our most cordial thanks."—*Lady's Newspaper.*

London: WARD & Co., 27, Paternoster Row.

THE HALLELUJAH;

OR,

DEVOTIONAL PSALMODY,

COMPOSED, EDITED, AND ARRANGED

BY THE

REV. J. J. WAITE, & HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, MUS. DOC.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., contains 395 Choice and Standard Tunes, including 33 Short Metres; 66 Common Metres; 58 Long Metres; 243 Peculiar Metres; 63 Chants; 4 Sanctuses; 2 Doxologies; an Anthem; an Ode, and 2 Renderings of the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

THE HALLELUJAH provides for 136 various Metres found in the hymnals of the Bishop of London, Bickersteth, Burder, the Baptists, Campbell, Congregational Ministers of Leeds, Congregational Union, Christian Knowledge Society, Churches of Islington and Marylebone, Countess of Huntingdon, Doddridge, Elliott, Free Church of Scotland, La Trobe, Montgomery, Newton, Raffles, Reed, Russell, United Brethren, United Presbyterian Churches, Wardlaw, Watts, Wesley, and many others.

THE HALLELUJAH, Parts I., II., III., and IV., may be had separately, or bound together, at the following prices:—

	Either of the four parts separately.	All four Parts bound together.
	s. d.	£ s. d.
Imperial Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, super-fine thick paper, handsome cloth boards, gilt—Drawing-Room copy	5 0	1 0 0
Super-Royal Octavo, Vocal Score and Accompaniment, with Words, inferior paper and binding	3 0	0 12 0
Demy Octavo, Vocal Score, Figured	2 0	0 8 0
——— Treble, Alto, Tenor, or Bass Vocal Parts, Figured .	1 0	0 4 0

Congregations, Psalmody Classes, and Sunday Schools, ordering twenty copies and upwards, will be allowed a reduction of 25 per cent. provided their application be addressed to the Rev. J. J. WAITE, 3, Moorfield Place, Hereford.

N.B. The Congregations of any town or district desirous of improving their Psalmody, and engaging to raise a class of 200 or upwards, may receive a course of Lectures and Exercises from the Rev. J. J. WAITE, on terms which provide simply for a supply of books and the payment of local and travelling expenses.

LONDON: JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

EVERY Student of Music should provide himself with a litt Pamphlet on the Theory of Music (describing the most approved works, w much other useful information), recently printed for gratuitous circulation by H Majesty's Printers, Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. In its pages will be found many valuable information.

THE HOLY FAMILY—Sacred Melodies from the Great Masters. Arranged W. H. Calcott. Book I. Piano solo, 1s. each. Accompaniment for flute, violin, an violincello, 1s. each.

JACOB. Sacred Song, by Miss M. Lindsay. Elegantly decorated, 2s. 6d.

"A beautiful solemnity not unfamiliar to those who are acquainted with Mi Lindsay's compositions. Easy, graceful, and pleasing."—*Hull Advertiser, April* 10.

"Fine song, simple as the narrative itself; at once tender and pleasing."—*Glasgow Times, April* 11.

CLARE'S PSALMODY, 12 books, 3s. each, or in four vols., bound in cloth, 9s. each.

WARREN'S PSALMODY, 4 vols., 2s. each; or in one vol., half-bound in morocco, 8s. each.

BEALE AND WRIGHTON'S NEW PSALMODY, 6s. each.

London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, W., and all Musicsellers.

WHITE AND BUFF MARCELLA JACKETS.

The Prettiest Shape in this very elegant article ever produced, and most becoming to the figure.

THE HALF-GUINEA CLOTH JACKET.

A very Pretty Shape just from Paris, to be had in all the Fashionable Colours. For country orders, size of waist and round the shoulders is required. A drawing sent post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET. 7

THE NEW FRENCH MUSLINS, JUST OUT.

Many of the patterns surpass any ever introduced into this Country. Flounced Muslins from 6s. 6d. Mourning Muslins, the best and largest selection in the kingdom. Last year's patterns selling at ridiculous prices for such goods. Patterns post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET. 6

READY-MADE MUSLIN DRESSES, 4s. 9d.

Plain double Skirt, and flounced, with Jacket, complete. Neat, pretty patterns. They are cut out by one of the first cutters in Paris, and completed them by superior French art sts. A fresh arrival every Wednesday. Patterns post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET. 2

A GEM.

Our new Guinea French Mantle. A drawing sent post-free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET.

Agents for the Ladies' Handkerchiefs, embroidered with Christian Names by the Nuns of Pau. With the new Dietech Needle. Price 1s. 0½d. By post 14 stamps. 5s. 9d. the half-dozen. By post, 6s. 3d. 5

FRENCH CAMBRIC DRESSES.

Our New Patterns are exceedingly choice, and are not to be had elsewhere. They are made up for Morning wear in Paris. So pretty a Breakfast Dress is rarely seen. Patterns post-free. For country orders, size of waist and round the shoulders is required. The price made up is 12s. 9d.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET. 4

A PERFECT LADY'S DRESS FOR SPRING,

At a singularly low price. A Simple Check; the material is Cashmere, with rich Ducape Side Trimming in French Blue, Nut Brown, Black, Violet, French Grey, and the New Green, edged with Velvet. The Skirt is made and lined throughout, the material for Bodice included. Price 14s. 9d.; the additional charge for making the Bodice is 1s. A drawing of the Dress sent post free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY, 16, OXFORD STREET. 3

Just published, 12mo., cloth limp, price 2s.

THE STREET PREACHER; being the AUTOBIOGRAPHY of ROBERT FLOCKHART, late Corporal 81st Regiment. Edited by THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

Edinburgh: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK. 13

Just published, 12mo., cloth, price 5s.

THE SIGNS OF THE SECOND ADVENT OF OUR BLESSED LORD, collected from the words of Jesus and applied to our own times. In Twelve Sermons, preached during the season of Advent, in the years 1856 and 1857, in the Church of St. James, Westend, Southampton. By JAMES WILLIAMS HATHERELL, D.D., Incumbent.

London: T. HATCHARD, 187, Piccadilly; and through any Bookseller.

A HALF-CENTURY OF THE UNITARIAN CONTROVERSY. With particular Reference to its Origin, its Course, and its Prominent Subjects among the Congregationalists of Massachusetts. By GEORGE ELLISS, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the Harvard University (N.E.). Reprinted from the American Edition. 8vo., bound, 7s. 6d.

London: E. T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand.

THE PSALMIST:

A COLLECTION OF FOUR HUNDRED TUNES.

Under the Superintendence of VINCENT NOVELLO, Esq.; consisting of Adaptations from the Works of Handel, Hadyn, Beethoven, Mozart, Romberg, Bach, Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Croft, Calcott, Spohr, Mendelssohn, &c., as well as Original Compositions, by

T. ADAMS, Esq., Organist of St. Dunstan's.
T. ATTWOOD, Esq., late Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.
SIR H. R. BISHOP, Organist to Her Majesty.
T. COOKE, Esq., Organist to the Bavarian Embassy.
H. J. GAUNTLETT, Esq., Mus. Doc.
J. GOSS, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's Cath.
W. HAWES, Esq., Almoner of St. Paul's Cathedral.
E. HAWKINS, Esq., late of the Chapel Royal.
W. HORSLEY, Esq., Organist at the Charter House.
E. TAYLOR, Esq., Gresham Professor o. Music.
J. TURLE, Esq., Organist of Westminster Abbey.
S. WEBBE, SEN.
S. WEBBE, JUN.
S. WESLEY, &c., &c.

	s.	d.
With Accompaniment, complete, in cloth . . . . . price	16	0
——— half bound, morocco, cloth sides . . .	18	0
——— in Four Parts, 100 Tunes; each Part, in cloth . . .	4	0
The Vocal Score, comprising the entire Work, strongly bound	6	0
The Separate Parts, viz., the Treble, the Alto, the Tenor, and the Bass, in four vols. small 8vo., bound in cloth, each	2	6
——— roan embossed, gilt edges	3	0
The Psalmist Hymn Book, limp cloth	0	8

RIPPON'S TUNES.

Printed from Engraved Plates, price 8s. half-bound.

Country Orders must in all cases be accompanied by the Money, or order for payment in London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE TRUSTEES, BY

J. HADDON, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.

THE NEW HYMN-BOOK FOR THE BAPTIST DENOMINAT

Now ready, in 32mo., price 1s. in cloth, and in 18mo., large type, price 3s. 6d. in cl

PSALMS AND HYMN

For Public, Social, and Private Worship.

This New Collection contains One Thousand Psalms and Hymns, a under comprehensive and simple classification, and embraces all that is re in a Hymn-Book for the Sanctuary, the Closet, the Domestic Circle, a Social Gathering.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THIS COLLECTION OF HYMNS.

1. **Its Comprehensiveness.**—It includes the best compositions of most authors. There are nearly Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns.
2. **Its Superior Arrangement.**—The whole of the 1000 Hymns are carefully classified on a simple
3. **Its Adaptation.**—It contains a great variety of Hymns adapted to every phase of Christian exper is equally suitable for private, family, or public use.
4. **Its Cheapness.**—Our poorest members and Sabbath Scholars may now possess the Hymn-Book congregation.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PUBLISHER'S BUDGET.

"My dear Sir,—I have carefully examined your New Book, for purposes which have led an extensive acquaintance with our Hymnology, and can unhesitatingly say that for congr uses it is, as it ought to be, in advance of everything that has preceded it. It is evang sentiment, fervent in feeling, and refined in taste; and with these excellencies it combines of metrical forms, which will enable the use in our churches of some of the finest congre tunes hitherto unknown to them."

"*Canonbury*, April 12th. "HENRY A

"My dear Sir,—I like the book exceedingly. Its arrangement is good, while its se Hymns is admirable, combining as it does the best Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, a of other distinguished authors and compilers, with not a few, both new to the general pu perfectly original. To those congregations of the Baptist Communion desirous of having Selection of Hymns for their metrical worship, the volume must prove a great boon, and have no doubt, have a large and constant demand, as its merits most richly deserve. Yours "ROBERT AS

"The Baptist Hymn-Book lately published by Mr. B. L. Green, is highly approved by th and congregation at Trinity Chapel, Bradford. The uninitiated are no longer perplexed w second, and third *books*—first, second, and third *parts*—old editions and new editions, &c., hymns are readily found, and are, almost without exception, very excellent.

"*Bradford*, Oct. 12, 1857. "H. J. B

"After a careful perusal of the volume of Psalms and Hymns, prepared for the use of th Denomination, and published by Mr. Green, I can conscientiously and with great pleasure re it for the simplicity of its arrangement, the variety of its metre, the general excellence of its tion, and the devout spirit which it everywhere breathes. It is a marvel of cheapness, and its by the churches will contribute alike to their convenience and edification.

"*Rochdale*, Sept. 26, 1857. "WILLIAM F. BU

"My dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the New Hymn-Book gives great satisfacti congregation, and will do so still more when your larger type edition is in readiness. I hav more than once carefully read through the entire volume, and I can most sincerely say tha met with any collection of hymns more calculated for the heart and voice than this.—Yours fa

"*Lee*, Oct. 28, 1857. "ROBT. H. MA

"Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the Hymn-Book which you have just publis seems to me one of the best—in some respects, perhaps, the best—that has appeared. It most of the old hallowed favourites, with a judicious selection of excellent new Hymns. have no doubt it will receive a wide welcome.—Yours, very truly,

"JAMES SP

"My dear Sir, —I am delighted with your new Hymn-Book. The gentlemen to wh work has been delegated seem to have spared no labour, whilst they have been most happy choice. Many a weary spirit will be refreshed by their service. So gratified am I and th at 'Sydenham Chapel' with the entire production, that we have adopted the 'Psalms and as the book of our congregational praise unto God, and we feel that we cannot adequate you for placing it before us at a price within the means of the poorest.—Faithfully yours,

"*Perry Hill House, Sydenham.* "J. W. T

Benjamin L. Green, 62, Paternoster Row, London.

MAY 6 1918

BRITISH PROTECTOR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

27, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON.

CAPITAL, £100,000.

(Fully Subscribed.)

During its last financial year this flourishing Company has issued **1,132** Policies, suring **£158,040**, producing Annual Premiums amounting to **£5,982 15s. 7d.**

Liberal terms will be allowed to active Agents on application to the Secretary,

JOHN PHILLIPS. 15

BEDDOME'S POWDERS. 13½d. the Packet.—A mild Aperient, id a valuable Nursery Medicine for Children of all Ages, in Measles, Whooping ough, and all Febrile and Cutaneous Disorders. Sold by BARCLAY & SONS, Farring- on Street; EDWARDS, 67, St. Paul's Churchyard; SUTTON & Co., Bow Churchyard; id SANGER, 150, Oxford Street. 14

CHEAP BOOKBINDING.

PERIODICALS and WORKS of every description BOUND in any style, with neatness and despatch, at strictly low charges. Cloth, Roan, heep, Stiff, and Magazine Work, on the most liberal terms, per 100 or 1,000. Binding ecuted for the Trade. Packages can be forwarded to London from any part of the ingdom, at a trifling cost.

H. DONKIN, Bookbinder, 17, Newcastle Street, Farringdon Street, London. 3

Post-free for five stamps, enlarged Edition.

CONSUMPTION &c.

nd its only successful treatment, with highly interesting CASES f CURE.—"The extraordinary sale of this little work (23,000 copies) has rried the Author's fame into every part of the kingdom; and his simple but eculiar treatment has been marked with astonishing success, even in cases past help y any other means." To the new edition are added Important Questions for the uidance of patients consulting the Author by letter. By GEORGE THOMAS ONGREVE, Coombe Lodge, Peckham. 13

BANK OF DEPOSIT, 3, Pall Mall East. Established May 1844.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That from this day until further notice, the NTEREST payable on deposit accounts will be increased to £6 PER CENT. per nnum. Parties desirous of investing money are requested to examine the plan of he Bank of Deposit.

Forms for opening accounts and every information post free on application.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Oct. 10, 1857. 12

TRELOAR'S

COCOA NUT FIBRE MATTING

IS THE BEST.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED—LONDON, NEW YORK, AND PARIS.

Catalogue, containing Prices and every particular, Post Free.

WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

TO MINISTERS.

A SUIT OF WOADED BLACK CLOTH, £4 4s.

DRESS OR FROCK COAT, CASSOCK, OR OTHER VEST.

ALSO

THE MILTON WRAPPER,

IN ALL THE NEW CLERICAL MIXTURES,

PRICE, FROM 33s.

The Oxford Mixed Doeskin Trousers £1 1
The Striatus Cloth Vest..... 0
The Cassock ditto..... 0

QUALITY, FIT, AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT, AND PATTERNS, POST-FREE.

S. BATTAM,

Tailor, &c.,

160, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,

FOUR DOORS SOUTH OF SHOOLBRED & CO.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided: a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Post-Office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for an efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 10s. each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS FOR INVIGORATING THE WEAK AND STRENGTHENING THE DEBILITATED.—Mrs. Williams, No. 1, Banbury, was for eleven years a sufferer from bad health, loss of appetite, extreme cold, and only a partial use of the limbs; she tried a variety of remedies, and was under the care of several Medical men during that period, without deriving the slightest benefit—in fact, was given over as incurable—at that time she was induced to try Holloway's Pills, and after persevering with them for a short time, was completely cured. Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden Lane, New York; A. STAMPA, Constantinople, A. GUIDICY, Smyrna, and E. MUIR, Malta.

New Athenaeum, Read Feb 22nd 1858

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.] [FEBRUARY, 1858.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW:

A

Critical Journal

OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTENTS.

ART.		PAGE
I.	THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848	101
II.	PROFESSOR FLEMING'S WORKS	118
III.	GRACE AQUILAR AND MODERN JUDAISM	134
IV.	BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS	156
V.	REVIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN THE YEAR 1857	166
	QUARTERLY REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE	185
	BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS	190

1. The Homilist. 2. Timbs's Popular Errors Explained and Illustrated. 3. The Geologist Magazine. 4. Mrs. Geldart's Glimpses of Our Island Home. 5. Breen's Modern English Literature. 6. Webb's Annotations on Dr. D'Aubigne's Sketch of the Early British Church.

	MONTHLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC EVENTS	194

LONDON:

WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GALLIE, GLASGOW:
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

MADDON, BROTHERS, AND CO., PRINTERS, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

TO MINISTERS.

A SUIT OF WOADED BLACK CLOTH, £4 4s.

DRESS OR FROCK COAT, CASSOCK, OR OTHER VEST.

ALSO

THE MILTON WRAPPER,

IN ALL THE NEW CLERICAL MIXTURES,

PRICE, FROM 33s.

The Oxford Mixed Doeskin Trousers £1 1
The Striatus Cloth Vest..... 0 1
The Cassock ditto..... 0 1

QUALITY, FIT, AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT, AND PATTERNS, POST-FREE.

S. BATTAM,

Tailor, &c.,

160, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,

FOUR DOORS SOUTH OF SHOOLBRED & CO.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage 1s.
Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d.
Post-Office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 10s. each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Post-free for five stamps, enlarged Edition.

CONSUMPTION &c

and its only successful treatment, with highly interesting CASES of CURE. — "The extraordinary sale of this little work (28,000 copies) has carried the Author's fame into every part of the kingdom; and his simple but peculiar treatment has been marked with astonishing success, even in cases past cure by any other means." To the new edition are added Important Questions for the guidance of patients consulting the Author by letter. By GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE, Coombe Lodge, Peckham.

BRITISH PROTECTOR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
Incorporated under 7 & 8 Vic., cap. 110. Capital £100,000 (fully subscribed). Chief Office—27, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

The following is a statement of the progressive Annual Business of the Company:—

Years ending.	Amount assured.	New Annual Premiums.
1854	£62,791	£2,123 19 8
1855	51,413	1,766 14 0
1856	126,182	4,552 16 4
1857	158,040	5,982 15 7

Liberal terms will be allowed to active agents on application to the Secretary.

JOHN PHILLIPS. 5

HAIR DYE.—BATCHELOR'S INSTANTANEOUS COLUMBIAN, in the New York original packets, at R. HOVENDEN'S Warehouses, 57 and 58, Crown Street, Finsbury Square, E.C., and 5, Great Marlborough Street, W. Price 4s. 6d., 7s., and 14s., black or brown.—CHURCHER'S TOILET CREAM may be had as above, price 1s. 14

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

No. 3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

Established A.D. 1844.

THE WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST on Deposit Accounts to the 31st of December are ready for delivery, and payable daily.

PETER MORRISON, *Managing Director.*

Rate of Interest Six per cent. till further notice.
Forms for opening accounts free on application. 8

Dedicated by permission to His Grace the Archbishop of York.

THE PSALMS. A new Metrical Translation; Accentuated for Chanting. An attempt to preserve the characteristics of the Original in the language of the English Bible. Post 8vo., price 5s. 6d.

London: SAMUEL BAGSTER & SONS, 15, Paternoster Row. 6

PRIDEAUX'S CONNEXION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

New Edition, 2 Vols., 8vo., cloth, price 14s.

AN HISTORICAL CONNEXION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS, comprising the History of the Jews and Neighbouring Nations, from the Decline of the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel to the Time of Christ, by HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX, D.D., Dean of Norwich. To which is added an Account of the Rabbinic Authorities, by the Rev. A. M'CAUL, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. New Edition Revised, with Notes, Analysis, and Introductory Review, by J. TALBOYS WHEELER, Author of "The Geography of Herodotus," &c.

*** To be followed by SHUCKFORD'S CONNEXION OF SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY, 2 Vols.; and RUSSELL'S CONNEXION OF SACRED AND PROFANE HISTORY, 2 Vols.—Completing the entire Histories from the Creation to the time of Christ.

London: WILLIAM TEGG & Co., 85, Queen Street, Cheapside. 7

SLACK'S NICKEL SILVER

Is the hardest and most perfect white metal ever invented, and in use retains its silver-like appearance. A sample Tea Spoon will be sent on receipt of 10 postage stamps.

	Fiddle Pattern.	Strong Fiddle.	Thread Pat.	King's Pat.
Table Spoons & Forks per doz..	12s. & 15s.	19s.	20s.	30s
Dessert ditto.	10s. & 13s.	16s.	21s.	25s
Tea Spoons.....	5s. & 6s.	8s.	11s.	12s.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATED

by Messrs. Elkington & Co's patent process, is a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel; a combination of two metals possessing such valuable properties renders its appearance and wear equal to Sterling Silver.

	Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d.	£ s. d.	Thread. £ s. d.	£ s. d.	King's £ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Forks...	1 10 0	& 2 0 0	...2 16 0	... 3 4		
Dessert ditto.	1 0 0	& 1 10 0	...2 0 0	...2 6		
Table Spoons.	1 10 0	& 2 0 0	...2 18 0	...3 6		
Dessert ditto.	1 0 0	& 1 10 0	...2 2 0	...2 8		
Tea Spoons....	0 12 0	& 0 18 0	...1 5 6	...1 11		

Made into every article for the Table, as Spoons, Forks, Candlesticks, Cruet Frames, Tea Pots, &c.,

SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY

Has been celebrated for 50 years for quality and cheapness.

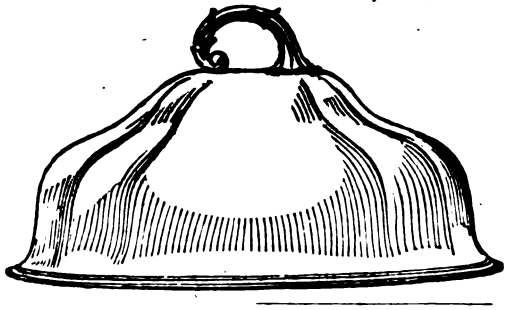
	Tables. £ s. d.	Desserts. s. d.	Carvers a.
IVORY TABLE KNIVES, to Balance, ...	0 14 0	11 0	4 6
ditto ditto ditto	0 18 0	14 0	5 6
ditto ditto ditto	1 0 0	15 6	6 6

Kitchen Table Knives & Forks from 8s. per Doz

The Greatest variety of Cruet Frames in London from 13s. 6d. each.

BATHS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Hip Baths, from 16s. Sponging Bath, 7s. 6d. to 24s. each. Children's Baths, from 9s. Shower Baths, 10s. 6d. to 80s.



DISH COVERS.

Every new pattern always on hand in Electro-Plate, Britannia Metal, and Block Tin.

	£ s. d.	
Block Tin Dish Covers, with handles to take off	0 18 0	set of 6
Ditto, Queen's Pattern	1 8 0	do.
Ditto, with Electro-Plated handles.	2 7 6	do.

SLACK'S GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE.

Families furnishing may effect a great saving by Purchasing at RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK'S old-established IRONMONGERY WAREHOUSE, 336, Strand, opposite Somerset House, where always on sale a most extensive Assortment of Fenders, Fire Irons, Dish Covers, Tea Trays, Table Cutlery, Nickel Silver Wares, and every Article in Furnishing Ironmongery of the best manufacture at prices much lower than other houses. Tea Trays, from 6s. 6d. the set of three; handsome papier-maché, 25s. set of three.

Iron Fenders, 3s. 6d. to 6s.; Bronzed Fenders with Standards, from 10s. to 30s.; Fire Irons, 2s. 9d. to 15s.; Roasting Jacks, 7s. 6d. complete; Meat Screens from 13s.; and every requisite for the Kitchen at equally low prices.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

ORDERS above £2, delivered CARRIAGE FREE per Rail.

RICHARD & JOHN SLACK, 336, STRAND, LONDON

(OPPOSITE SOMERSET HOUSE.)

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.] [MARCH, 1858.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW:

A

Critical Journal

OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTENTS.

ART.		PAGE
I.	THE WATER CURE	197
II.	ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA	217
III.	DEBIT AND CREDIT	234
IV.	MONTAIGNE THE ESSAYIST	243
V.	THE POSITIVE SIDE OF MODERN DEISM	255
VI.	THE CURE OF STAMMERING	266
QUARTERLY REVIEW OF GERMAN LITERATURE		269
BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS		280

1. The United States and Cuba. 2 Dent's Thoughts and Sketches in Verse. 3. A New Metrical Translation of the Psalms. 4. Mercer's Church Psalter and Hymn Book. 5. The Life of John Banim. 6. Musings of a Pilgrim at Jacob's Well. 7. Invocation of Saints. 8. Christianity without Judaism. 9. The Acts of the Apostles Explained. 10. The Proper Names of the Old Testament Scriptures Expounded and Illustrated. 11. Lithographs representing Photographs of the Church of the First-born. 12. The Words of the Lord Jesus. Commentary on Kings and Chronicles. 13. The Penalties of Greatness. 14. The Knights of the Cross. 15. The Saint and his Saviour. 16. Our Home Islands; their Natural Features. 17. Morning Thoughts. 18. Hidden Life.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC EVENTS		296
BOOKS RECEIVED		299

LONDON:

WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GALLIE, GLASGOW:
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

HADDON, BROTHERS, AND CO., PRINTERS, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

BANK OF DEPOSIT, 3, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

Established May, 1844.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that from this day until further notice the Interest payable on Deposit Accounts will be £5 per PER CENT. per annum. Parties desirous of investing money are requested to examine the plan of the Bank of Deposit.

Forms for opening accounts sent free on application.

PETER MORRISON, *Managing Director.*

1*st February*, 1858.

Post-free for five stamps, enlarged Edition.

CONSUMPTION &c.

and its only successful treatment, with highly interesting CASES of CURE.—"The extraordinary sale of this little work (23,000 copies) has carried the Author's fame into every part of the kingdom; and his simple and peculiar treatment has been marked with astonishing success, even in cases past cure by any other means." To the new edition are added Important Questions for the guidance of patients consulting the Author by letter. By GEORGE THOS. CONGREVE, Coombe Lodge, Peckham.

INFLUENZA.—Letter from a Lady at Brighton.

"SIR—Having recently proved this great benefit of your BALSAMIC ELIXIR myself, and a valued servant, in a VERY SEVERE ATTACK OF INFLUENZA (in the latter case, various remedies had been previously tried for the constant racking cough, but without success,) I will thank you to forward me the largest family bottle. In my own case it was very useful, but in the much more severe attack of my attendant *relief was experienced almost with the first dose*, and the cure has been speedy and complete. Nor are these the first cases in which I have proved the usefulness of your invaluable medicine.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

"111, Queen's Road, Brighton, Nov. 30, 1857. "M. G. A. VALANCE."

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

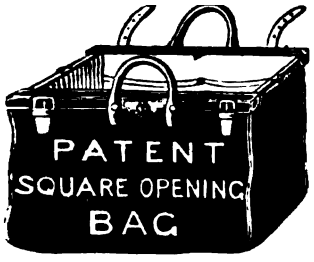
Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 3d. Post-Office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 10s. each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.



ALLEN'S Illustrated Catalogue of Patent Portmanteaus, Despatch Boxes, Travelling Bags with Square Opening, and 500 other Articles for Travelling, forwarded by Post for Two Stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN,
Manufacturers, 18 and 22, Strand.

BRITISH PROTECTOR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated under 7 & 8 Vic., cap. 110. Capital £100,000 (fully subscribed). Chief Office—27, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

The following is a statement of the progressive Annual Business of the Company:—

Year ending	Amount assured.	New Annual Premiums.
1854	£62,791	£2,123 19 8
1855	51,413	1,766 14 0
1856	126,182	4,552 16 4
1857	158,040	5,982 15 7

Liberal terms will be allowed to active Agents on application to the Secretary.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

THE UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

1, ADELAIDE PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE, LONDON.

Established 1840.

Upwards of 16,000 Policies have been issued, and during the last two years nearly 4,000 New Members have joined the Society.

Business from 1st of January, 1857, to 31st of Dec., 1857:—

Policies Issued.	Sums Assured.	Annual Premiums.
2,291.	£322,918.	£11,366 13s. 9d.

Accumulated Capital, £200,000. Annual Income, £70,000.

Consulting Actuary—PETER HARDY, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

Resident Director—W. R. BAKER, Esq.

N.B. The Bonus on Life Polices has ranged from 35 to 75 per cent on the premiums paid. 9

MUSLIN EMBROIDERY. "THE QUEEN," A new and beautifully-designed Collar, price 1s.; Sleeves to match, 2s. 6d. per pair. "The Princess Royal" Collar, 9d.; Sleeves, 2s. Drawn on the best muslin.

EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING. LADIES AND THE TRADE supplied with the Newest Designs on Better Material than any other House.

A List of Prices Free. A Collar for Five Stamps.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS, on Holland, Cambric, &c., with handsome Designs for Embroidery or Braiding.

CHILDREN'S FROCKS, PELISSES, CAPES, LONG ROBES, ETC, marked for Embroidery or Braiding.

LADIES' MARCELLA PETTICOATS, marked for Braiding, and every other Article for Embroidery or Braiding, at

Mrs. WILKINSON'S, 44, Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, W. 8

PROPOSED MEMORIAL
TO GENERAL HAVELOCK.

It was well stated by a noble earl in the House of Lords, on the occasion of the re-assembling of the present session of Parliament, that when the intelligence of the death of General Havelock arrived in England, it filled every heart with sorrow though the whole population had experienced a private and a personal loss. It is altogether needless to speak of the heroic bravery, the undaunted courage, and above the high Christian character and consistency of the lamented general, who in the midst of his triumphs was called away to honours more enduring than any that earth can bestow. There seems however, a very strong desire on the part of Christian England to perpetuate his memory in such a manner as it is thought General Havelock himself would heartily have approved.

The soldiers in his regiment have lost not only a distinguished general, but a true friend. Their spiritual interests were always to him a matter of deep concern. The glorious title "Havelock's saints," has already passed into an imperishable proverb. What could be a more fitting memorial, then, to the constant and untiring efforts of General Havelock amongst his soldiers than to supply them at once with an efficient and Christian guide, who shall endeavour to carry on the good work so nobly begun?

It has been proposed to the Committee of the Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers' Society to take the matter up at once, and appeal to Christians of all evangelical denominations in England for funds to enable them to send, without further delay, a Missionary or Scripture Reader to General Havelock's Regiment. The proposal needs no special paper setting forth its claims—it bears abundantly its own recommendation; and the Committee earnestly trust that the funds required for the permanent maintenance of a Scripture Reader in that Regiment may speedily be obtained; and that the hearts of those brave men who lament their general's death with all the bitterness of a soldier's grief, may be comforted by one who shall set before them the same blessed hopes and promises on which we know General Havelock loved to dwell.

At the Monthly Meeting of the Committee, held on Friday, January 29th, 1858, W. Bramston, Esq., in the Chair, Mr. Blake reported that he had received through the Rev. Carus Wilson, a letter from a friend of the Society, suggesting the desirableness of raising a fund for the employment of additional Scripture readers for the army in India, as a suitable memorial to the late lamented Sir H. Havelock, and promising to obtain subscriptions for this object.

Dear Mr. Blake,—There can but be one opinion as to the duty of the nation to mark its high sense of gratitude to such men as Lawrence and Havelock; and therefore we are glad to see that monuments are to be erected to their memory. As regards the former, it has been well determined to superadd what would not fail to prove the most acceptable memorial to himself, could he be appealed to, viz., the endowment of the schools which he so nobly founded, and munificently supported.

Would it not be well to effect a Havelock Memorial in the appointment and support of a Havelock Scripture Reader, to be attached to that portion of the army in India with which this brave and Christian General was chiefly connected.

Several persons are ready to give their generous support to such a measure, and are only waiting till the project is put into tangible and practicable form.

Eglinton House, Ventnor. Yours sincerely. W. Carus Wilson

Resolved,—on the motion of Col. Goodwyn, seconded by Lieut. Blackmore, That a special fund be at once opened, to be called "The Havelock Scripture Reader Fund for our Soldiers in India," and that an appeal be at once made to the subscribers and Christian Public at large.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, William Bramston, Esq., 9, Blomfield Terrace, Paddington; by the Honorary Secretaries, Rev. R. Baynes, B.A., and Rev. Dr. Leask; by the Secretaries, Rev. J. P. Waldo, B.A., and Mr. William A. Blake, at the offices, 14 and 15, Exeter Hall; Rev. G. Hall, 6, York Place, Edinburgh; Mr. Forsythe, 54, Upper Sackville Street, Dublin; Lieutenant Blackmore, 218, Marylebone Road; Major Conran, Frederick Street, Edinburgh; Major Wilson, 9, Sion Hill, Bath; Rev. Carus Wilson, Eglinton House, Ventnor; Colonel Goodwyn, 8, Blomfield Terrace, Paddington; Rev. F. C. Morton, Sheffield; Captain Love, Ipswich; Rev. A. J. Marshall, Bath; Mr. Witchell, book seller, Cheltenham; Messrs. Nisbet; Hatchard; and Seeley; at the Bankers, Barnett's, London, 450, West Strand.

Post Office Orders to be payable to Mr. William A. Blake, at the Strand Office.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.] [APRIL, 1858.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW:

A

Critical Journal

OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTENTS.

ART.		PAGE
I.	THE GREEK CHURCH	301
II.	PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY	319
III.	THE KINGDOM OF OUDE	352
IV.	TRAVELS IN MEXICO	361
V.	SIR HENRY HAVELOCK	371
VI.	FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS	378
	QUARTERLY REVIEW OF FRENCH LITERATURE	381
	BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS	385

1. The Israel of the Alps. 2. Common Things regarding the Bringing up of our Girls. 3. The Duty of Abstaining from Debt. 4. A Woman's Preachings for Woman's Practice. 5. Adeline: or, the Mysteries, Romance, and Realities of Jewish Life. 6. The Year Nine. 7. The Sheepfold and the Common. 8. The Heirs of the Farmstead. 9. The Stars and the Angels. 10. Reflections on Church Music.

	MONTHLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC EVENTS	394
	BOOKS RECEIVED	396

LONDON:

WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GALLIE, GLASGOW:
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

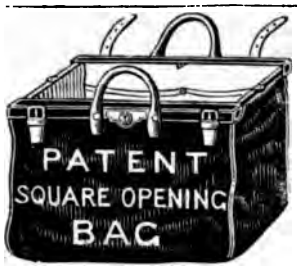
JOHN HADDON, PRINTER, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for Indigest which is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, bein medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called "Natural Strengthener of the Human Stomach." NORTON'S PILLS act as a pov ful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation; safe under circumstances; and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefit be derived from their use —Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each every town in the kingdom.

CAUTION !—Be sure to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded purchase the various imitations.



ALLEN'S Illustrated Catalog of Patent Portmanteaus, Despat Boxes, Travelling Bags with Squa Opening, and 500 other Articles f Travelling, forwarded by Post f Two Stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN,
Manufacturers, 18 and 22, Strai

RUPTURES.- BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the m effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The us a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting po is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER fitting so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be w during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (wh cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the b two inches below the hips being sent to the

Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 8 Post-Office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as b peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for gi efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLIN(the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844,

3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON

Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of BANK OF DEPOSIT, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with ar security.

The Interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Direc

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on Application.

THE UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

1, ADELAIDE PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE, LONDON.

Established 1840.

Upwards of 16,000 Policies have been issued, and during the last two years nearly 5,000 New Members have joined the Society.

Business from 1st of January, 1856, to 1st of January, 1858 :—

Policies Issued.	Sums Assured.	Annual Premiums.
4,859.	£694,965.	£25,361 16s. 7d.

Accumulated Capital, £200,000. Annual Income, £70,000.

Consulting Actuary—PETER HARDY, Esq., F.R.S., &c.

Resident Director—W. R. BAKER, Esq.

N.B. The Bonus on Life Policies has ranged from 35 to 75 per cent on the premiums paid. 19

BRITISH PROTECTOR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Incorporated under 7 & 8 Vic., cap. 110. Capital, £100,000 (fully subscribed). Chief Office—27, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

The following is a statement of the progressive Annual Business of the Company:—

Year ending	Amount assured.	New Annual Premiums.
1854	£62,791	£2,123 19 8
1855	51,413	1,766 14 0
1856	126,182	4,552 16 4
1857	158,040	5,982 15 7

Liberal terms will be allowed to active Agents on application to the Secretary.

JOHN PHILLIPS. 16

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

THE RESULTS OF A COLD.—The original cause of three-fourths of the diseases peculiar to the English climate, and the foundation of all Pulmonary Disorders; from a neglected cough or cold arise many fatal complaints. The most agreeable and efficacious remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which, taken on the first symptoms, at once alleviates and soothes the respiratory organs without having recourse to more powerful antidotes; they are adapted to the infant or most delicate female.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d, and 10s. 6d each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

KEATING'S PALE NEWFOUNDLAND COD LIVER OIL, perfectly pure, nearly tasteless, and free from adulteration of any kind, having been analyzed, reported on, and recommended by Professors TAYLOR and THOMSON, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, who, in the words of the late Dr. PEREIRA, say, that "The finest oil is that most devoid of *colour*, *odour*, and *flavour*," characters this will be found to possess in a high degree. Half-pints, 1s. 6d.; Pints, 2s. 6d.; Quarts, 4s. 6d.; and Five-pint Bottles, 10s. 6d., Imperial Measure.

79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.

MARKING LINEN, SILK, COTTON, BOOKS, &c., with CULLETON'S PATENT ELECTRO PLATES, prevents the Ink spreading and never washes out. By means of this invention, 1,000 pieces of Linen can be marked in one hour. Initial Plate, 1s. Name Plate, 2s. 6d. Set of Moveable Numbers, 2s. 6d. Crest, 5s. Arms, 10s. With instructions sent post free for stamps. Also Patent Lever Embossing Press, with Crest Die for stamping paper, 15s.

T. CULLETON, 1 & 2, Long Acre (one door from St. Martin's Lane). Beware of Imitation.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

47 & 48, KING WILLIAM STREET,

LONDON BRIDGE, LONDON, E.C.

AT the THIRD ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, held on THURSDAY, MARCH 18th, 185[illegible], the Chief Offices, the following Report was unanimously adopted :—

1.—It has hitherto been usual for Life Assurance Companies to make their first division of profit at the end of five, seven, or ten years. The success of the BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY justifies this step at the end of the third year.

2.—**3,196** Policy holders have had Policies granted, assuring **£507,060.** The yearly average of new business has thus amounted to **1,065** new Policies, assuring **£169,020.**

3.—The Annual Income of the Company from all sources estimated for the year 1858 at **£18,000.**

4.—The total payments of deaths has been only **£2,813 0s. 10d.** The sum paid has in some cases rescued families from destitution, and in all afforded most seasonable relief.

5.—The mortality experienced is only one-third of that provided for by the rates of the Company's premiums, and has been more than covered by the premiums received on Policies which have terminated.

6.—It will be seen by the result of the valuation of the Company's affairs, that after providing for all benefits granted under the Company's Policies, and after reserving an adequate portion of the future premiums to cover future expenses of management, there remains a surplus of **£5,191 16s. 11d.**, of which £5,091 16s. 11d. arising from participating business, belongs to the mutual Policy holders, and £100 arising from the non-participating business belongs to the Shareholders.

7.—It is recommended that a reversionary bonus of 1½ per cent. per annum be declared on all Policies for the whole of Life dated on or before December 31st, 1855, and on other business entitled to participate in proportion, and the remainder be carried to the next division of profits. Those participating Policies not entitled to participate in this division, and being entitled to participate in the next division of profits, will then take their profits from the date of entry.

8.—Also that the premiums received on the original shares, with interest thereon, and the £100 profit on the non-participating business, be capitalized, and that 1s 4d per share per annum be paid in addition to the original interest on each original share. This will lay the foundation for an increased dividend at future triennial periods.

9.—The growth of the Company's business having necessitated increased accommodation, and the adjoining house having been offered to the Company on eligible terms, it has been judged advisable to extend the Company's Premises by this means, rather than to seek larger Premises elsewhere, and thus relinquish so commanding a situation.

10.—The Agency of the Company is becoming more and more efficient.

11.—The lives assured have been selected with care, and a high rate of longevity may be expected.

12.—The Mortgage Securities of the Company are upon house property of adequate value, and the deeds have been examined by the Auditors.

13.—The Directors earnestly request the hearty co-operation of all connected with the Company during the next triennial period, convinced that thereby a large access of business will take place, and the profits of the next division in 1861 will be still more satisfactory.

Specimen of Profits on Policies Three Years in force.

Age	Sum	Total Premium Paid	Bonus	Secured at Death	Bonus, per cent. of Prem.
21	£1000	£58 8s. 6d.	£45 0s. 0d.	£1045 0s. 0d.	77
30	500	36 14s. 6d.	22 10s. 0d.	522 10s. 0d.	60

Annual Premiums to Assure a Sum of Money at Death, with Profits.

Age.	To Assure £100	To Assure £250	To Assure £500	To Assure £1.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
30	2 9 0	6 2 5	12 4 10	24 9 8
40	3 6 0	8 4 10	16 9 8	32 19 4
50	4 14 3	11 15 6	23 10 11	47 1 10

Assurances effected daily at the Head and Branch Offices or by Correspondence. A Prospectus and Proposal Form sent on receipt of four postage stamps. There are still some unrepresented districts for which applications for Agencies will be entertained.

Rec'd May 12

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.] [MAY, 1858.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW:

A

Critical Journal

OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTENTS.

ART.		PAGE
I.	READE'S POETICAL WORKS	397
II.	CHRISTIANITY IN RELATION TO ECONOMICAL SCIENCE	415
III.	TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS	422
IV.	PLOTINUS AND THE NEO-PLATONISTS	433
V.	THE FUTURE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA	443
VI.	A LEGEND OF COLOGNE	457
VII.	SCRIPTURE AND SCIENCE	461
VIII.	THE BOOK FOR EVERY LAND	466
	QUARTERLY REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE	469
	BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS	476

1. Posteriana. 2. Anastasia. 3. A Cyclopædia of the Natural Sciences. 4. The Most Holy Book of Psalms. 5. Memoir of the Rev. Samuel Nicholson. 6. Sunday Sunshine. 7. Captivity of Two Russian Princesses in the Caucasus. 8. Wilson's Spas of Germany and Belgium. 9. The Poetical Works of Walter Scott, Edmond Waller, and Sir John Denham. 10. Merope: a Tragedy. 11. The Four Sisters.

	MONTHLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC EVENTS	489
	BOOKS RECEIVED	492

LONDON:

WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GALLIE, GLASGOW:
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

WILLIAM MADDON, PRINTER, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities, render the Skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the Skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the Complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

ALLEN'S Illustrated Catalogue of Patent Portmanteaus, Despatch Boxes, Travelling Bags with Square Opening, and 500 other Articles for Travelling, forwarded by Post for Two Stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN,
Manufacturers, 18 and 22, Strand.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 8d.—Post-Office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

DO YOU DOUBLE UP YOUR PERAMBULATORS?

SEE T. TROTMAN'S PATENT SAFETY FOLDING AND FIRST-CLASS PERAMBULATORS, of all kinds. The New Patent Perambulators, so much in use, are folded and unfolded in a moment, and may be hung where you would hang your stick or your hat. All kinds on view.

PATENT SAFETY CARRIAGE WORKS, High Street Gate, Camden Town, N.W. 10

THE UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

1, ADELAIDE PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE, LONDON.

Established 1840.

Upwards of 16,000 Policies have been issued, and during the last two years nearly 900 New Members have joined the Society.

Business from 1st of January, 1856, to 1st of January, 1858 :—

Policies Issued.	Sums Assured.	Annual Premiums.
4,859.	£694,965.	£25,361 16s. 7d.

Accumulated Capital, £200,000. Annual Income, £70,000.
Consulting Actuary—PETER HARDY, Esq., F.R.S., &c.
Resident Director—W. R. BAKER, Esq.

N. B. The Bonus on Life Policies has ranged from 35 to 75 per cent. on the premiums paid.

It has always been the practice of this Office, and always will be, to pay claims, which fall in during the days of grace. Policies are considered in force until the days of grace are expired.

The Annual Meeting will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Monday, 17th May, at Two o'clock. 18

BRITISH PROTECTOR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

Incorporated under 7 & 8 Vic., cap. 110. Capital, £100,000 (fully subscribed). Chief Office— 27, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

The following is a statement of the progressive Annual Business of the Company:—

Year ending	Amount assured.	New Annual Premiums.
1854	£62,791	£2,123 19 8
1855	51,413	1,766 14 0
1856	126,182	4,552 16 4
1857	158,040	5,982 15 7

Liberal terms will be allowed to active Agents on application to the Secretary,

JOHN PHILLIPS. 17

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

THE RESULTS OF A COLD.—The original cause of three-fourths of the diseases peculiar to the English climate, and the foundation of all Pulmonary Disorders; from a neglected cough or cold arise many fatal complaints. The most agreeable and efficacious remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which, taken on the first symptoms, at once alleviates and soothes the respiratory organs without having recourse to more powerful antidotes; they are adapted to the most delicate female.

Prepared and Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.

MARKING LINEN, SILK, COTTON, BOOKS, &c., with CULLETON'S PATENT ELECTRO PLATES, prevents the Ink spreading and never washes out. By this invention, 1,000 pieces of Linen can be marked in one hour. Initial Plate, 1s. Name Plate, 2s. 6d. Set of Moveable Numbers, 2s. 6d. Crest, 5s. With instructions sent post free for stamps. Also Lever Embossing Press, 10s. with Crest Die for stamping paper, 15s.

T. CULLETON, 2, Long Acre (one door from St. Martin's Lane).

Beware of Imitation.

Post free for five stamps, enlarged Edition.

CONSUMPTION &c.

and its only successful treatment, with highly interesting CASES of CURE.—"The extraordinary sale of this little work (23,000 copies) has carried the Author's fame into every part of the kingdom; and his simple but peculiar treatment has been marked with astonishing success, even in cases past help by any other means." To the new edition are added Important Questions for the guidance of patients consulting the Author by Letter. By GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE, Coombe Lodge, Peckham. 11

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844.

3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of THE BANK OF DEPOSIT, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with ample security.

The Interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application. 6

ALLEN'S Illustrated Catalogue of Patent Portmanteaus, Despatch Boxes, Travelling Bags with Square Opening, and 500 other Articles for Travelling, forwarded by Post for Two Stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN,
Manufacturers, 18 and 22, Strand.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 10s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 8d.—Post-Office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Salem Athenaeum. Rec'd Jan 21/58

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. III.] [JUNE, 1858.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW:

A

Critical Journal

OF

BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTENTS.

ART.		PAGE
I.	THE WARS OF THE CAMISARDS	493
II.	THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH	512
III.	BALZAC	522
IV.	HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION	534
V.	THE STIPENDS OF NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS	560
VI.	THE FREE-CHURCH ESSAYS	570
	QUARTERLY REVIEW OF GERMAN LITERATURE	572
	BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS	582

1. Christian Hope. By John Angell James. 2. Meliora: a Quarterly Review of Social Science. The Moral Statistics of Glasgow. 3. The Eighteen Christian Centuries. 4. Hallelujah; or, Britain's Second Remembrances.

	MONTHLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC EVENTS	585
	BOOKS RECEIVED	588

TITLE AND INDEX TO VOL. III.—NEW SERIES.

LONDON:

WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

W. OLIPHANT AND SON, EDINBURGH: G. GALLIE, GLASGOW:
G. AND R. KING, ABERDEEN: AND J. ROBERTSON, DUBLIN.

This day is published,

REVIVAL OF RELIGION, what it is, and how to be [illegible] and manifested. By JOHN BROWN, D.D., Edinburgh. Third Edition, [illegible] 1s. 3d. cloth.

THE THREE GATHERINGS of the Outcasts of Israel—[illegible] Gentiles to those Outcasts—Of all Israel and of the Fulness of the [illegible] By JOHN BROWN, D.D., Edinburgh. Price 1s. 6d. cloth.

Edinburgh: A. & D. PATON. London: HAMILTON, ADAMS & [illegible]

MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ART TREASURES [illegible] sisting of 260 specimens of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great Masters. [illegible] 1st will be published, in elegant cloth gilt, complete in one volume, price [illegible] CASSELL'S ART TREASURES EXHIBITION. The Work will consist of [illegible] paper, impl. 8vo. The Engravings, upward of 260 in number, executed in [illegible] style of art, comprise portraits and specimens, accompanied by biographical [illegible] and historical notices of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Wilkie, Landseer, [illegible] Gainsborough, Constable, Turner, Wilson, Hogarth, Lance, Vandyck, [illegible] Rubens, Sneyders, Rembrandt, Ostade, Potter, Cuyp, Jordaens, [illegible] Teniers, Claude, Valentin, Desportes, David, Durer, Murillo, and many other [illegible] Kent and Co.

REV. J. A. JAMES' NEW WORK ON CHRISTIAN HOPE.

To complete the three Treatises on Faith, Hope, and Charity.

This day is published, price 4s., cloth.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Second Edition, price 4s. 6d., cloth.

THE COURSE OF FAITH.

Sixth Edition, price 4s., cloth.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY EXPLAINED.

By the Rev. JOHN ANGELL JAMES, of Birmingham.

London: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co. Birmingham: HUDSON & [illegible]

MUSLIN EMBROIDERY. "THE QUEEN," a new and [illegible] fully-designed Collar, price 1s.; Sleeves to match, 2s. 6d. per [illegible] "[illegible] Princess Royal" Collar, 9d.; Sleeves, 2s. Drawn on the best muslin.

EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING. LADIES AND [illegible] TRADE supplied with the Newest Designs on Better Material than any [illegible] House.

A List of Prices Free. A Collar for Five Stamps.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S JACKETS, on Marcella [illegible] Holland, Cambric, &c., with handsome Designs for Embroidery or [illegible]

CHILDREN'S FROCKS, PELISSES, CAPES, LONG [illegible] ETC., marked for Embroidery or Braiding.

LADIES' MARCELLA PETTICOATS, marked for Braiding [illegible] every other Article for Embroidery or Braiding, at

MRS. WILCOCKSON'S, 44, Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 03009 8274

Post free for five stamps, enlarged Edition.

CONSUMPTION &c.

and its only successful treatment, with highly interesting CASES of CURE.—"The extraordinary sale of this little work (23,000 copies) has carried the Author's fame into every part of the kingdom; and his simple peculiar treatment has been marked with astonishing success, even in cases past by any other means." To the new edition are added Important Questions for guidance of patients consulting the Author by Letter. By GEORGE THOMAS CONGREVE, Coombe Lodge, Peckham.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844.

3, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON.

Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of the BANK OF DEPOSIT, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with absolute security.

The Interest is payable in January and July.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Forms for opening Accounts sent free on application.

ALLEN'S Illustrated Catalogue of Patent Portmanteaus, Despatch Boxes, Travelling Bags with Square Opening, and 500 other Articles for Travelling, forwarded by Post for Two Stamps.

J. W. & T. ALLEN,
Manufacturers, 18 and 22, Strand

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS

Is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the

Manufacturer, Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d. Post-Office orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, SOCKS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

The material of which these are made is recommended by the faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 16. each. Postage, 6d.

JOHN WHITE, MANUFACTURER, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.